THE VISION OF MAC CONGLINNE

KUNO MEYER

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Hyde Beside the Fire 47
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THE VISION OF MacCONGLINNE

A MIDDLE-IRISH WONDER TALE

EDITED

WITH A TRANSLATION (BASED ON W. M. HENNESSY'S), NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY

BY

KUNO MEYER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILHELM WOLLNER

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 270-271, STRAND
1892

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TO

WHITLEY STOKES.

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PREFACE.

THE famous Irish tale known as "The Vision of Mac-Conglinne" is now for the first time printed in the different versions which have come down to us. The longer of these versions, to which, on account of its literary merits, I have assigned the chief place, is taken from the huge vellum codex known as the *Leabhar Breac*, or *Speckled Book*, now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, by which it was published in facsimile in 1876. This MS. was compiled from various sources in the fourteenth century. It is noteworthy that, with the exception of the Vision and a version of the mediæval legend of Alexander, the contents of this MS. are almost wholly ecclesiastical and religious.

The second shorter version, printed *infra*, pp. 114-129, and translated on pp. 148-155, is taken from a paper MS. of the end of the sixteenth century, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, where it is classed H. 3. 18 (pp. 732-742).

In printing the text, I have added a punctuation of my own. I have separated words according to the method followed by Windisch and Stokes. I have extended contractions, using italics in all cases where there could be the smallest doubt as to the correctness of such extensions. Long vowels are marked by an accent wherever this is the case in the MS., and by a horizontal line in cases where the scribe has omitted

to put the accent. Obvious corrections are received into the text, but the reading of the MS. will then be found at the foot of the pages, where I have also put some few conjectural emendations. After the text was in print, I had an opportunity of comparing the facsimile of *Leabhar Breac* with the original. The results of this comparison will be found in the Corrigenda.

As regards the translation, my first intention was simply to republish the late W. M. Hennessy's spirited rendering of the *Leabhar Breac* version in *Fraser's Magazine* of September 1873. However, on carefully comparing it with the original, I soon became convinced that this was not feasible. Mistakes, inaccuracies, and omissions were too frequent. I should have had to alter and to add so much that the character of Hennessy's work would have been completely changed. Nor did I feel that Hennessy had been happy in his style. Like many of his countrymen, he seems to have been over-fond of Romance words, and to have preferred these where the simpler Saxon equivalents were at least as effective. For these reasons I decided to make a translation of my own, basing it on Hennessy's, and adopting his rendering wherever it seemed accurate and forcible. I thought it right, however, in the notes to indicate where my rendering differs most from his, as also to give a list of the more serious mistakes into which he has fallen. I hope no one will think that this was done in a fault-finding spirit. I honour the memory of W. M. Hennessy as one of the few native scholars who did not shut their eyes to the progress of Celtic research on the Continent, and as one who was generous enough to place his intimate knowledge of his mother-tongue at the disposal of any student wise enough to consult

him. It is always instructive to see how and where a man of Hennessy's learning went astray. One of the snares into which he often fell was his habit of reading older Irish with modern pronunciation, as I have repeatedly heard him do: a source of error, against which native students cannot too carefully guard themselves.

In the Glossary I have collected all words not found in Windisch's *Wörterbuch*, as well as some the form or meaning of which he has left doubtful. Although many riddles offered by the text remain unsolved, I hope my work will be of some use to the Irish lexicographer, whose advent we are still expecting.

"The Vision of MacConglinne" will prove a mine where the folk-lorist as well as the student of mediæval institutions may find much precious material. It is rich in allusions to customs and modes of thought, many of which I at least was unable to illustrate or explain. But wherever I was able to throw light on these, either from Irish or general literature, I have done so in the notes.

As to the place of the Vision in Irish and general mediæval literature, its source and origin, and its author, I do not feel myself entitled to speak. Division of labour is as yet unknown in Irish studies, and the editor of an Irish text, besides adding a translation and a glossary, without which his work would only serve the very small number of Irish students, is also expected to say something on such points. But this implies a knowledge of the most varied branches of mediæval learning and literature, a knowledge which I do not possess. Under these circumstances, I rejoice that my friend, Professor Wilhelm Wollner, of Leipsic University,

has consented to contribute an Introduction treating the problems indicated above.

There remains only one question on which the reader may desire me to say something, the question as to the probable age of the Vision. In the absence of any published investigations into the characteristics of the Irish language at different periods, I cannot speak with certainty. But from a comparison of the language of the *Leabhar Breac* text with that of a fair number of dateable historical poems in the *Book of Leinster* and other early MSS., I have come to the conclusion that the original from which this copy is descended must have been composed about the end of the twelfth century. That the tale itself, in some form or other, is older, is proved by the second version, which, though much more modern in its language, represents, as Prof. Wollner will show, an older form of the tale.

I may add that an incident in the story itself seems to confirm the date of the *Leabhar Breac* version. The ironical conscientiousness, with which MacConglinne offers the monks of Cork tithes on his bit of bread and bacon (p. 22), seems to me to derive its point from the novelty of the introduction of tithes into Ireland, and from the strictness with which they were then first exacted. Though mentioned earlier, tithes were not generally paid in Ireland till the second half of the twelfth century, and then not without much opposition. At the synod of Kells, in 1152, Cardinal Paparo, the Pope's legate, ordained that tithes should be paid. On this, Lanigan, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, iv, p. 146, remarks: "On this point he was very badly obeyed; for it is certain that tithes were, if at all, very little exacted in Ireland until after the establishment

of the English power." In 1172, at a synod held at Cashel, it was again ordered that tithes should be paid to the churches out of every kind of property. See Lanigan, *ib.*, p. 205.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the several friends who have encouraged me by their interest, and aided me in various ways by advice and help. Dr. Whitley Stokes has throughout assisted me with most useful criticism and many valuable suggestions, more especially in the Glossary. My kind friends and colleagues, Professors J. M. Mackay and W. A. Raleigh, have ever been ready to help me in my endeavours to make the translation as faithful and idiomatic as the great difference between the two languages will allow. To the Rev. Professor E. O'Growney, Maynooth, I am indebted for many a fruitful suggestion drawn from his scholarly knowledge of the modern language. Lastly, Mr. Alfred Nutt has, by his generous offer of bearing the risk of publication, as well as by the liberality which he has shown in the worthy equipment of the book, added another to the many claims which he has on the gratitude of Celtic scholars.

KUNO MEYER.

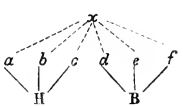
University College, Liverpool.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following investigation into the nature, origin, and authorship of the curious Irish mediæval tale called The Vision of MacConglinne, we have first to consider the mutual relations of the two versions which have come down to us. I hope to show that the shorter of the two, that contained in the MS. H. 3. 18 (H.), the later in point of date as far as MS. tradition is concerned, represents an older and purer stage of the story, though one far removed from the original form, and that the longer version, that of *Leabhar Breac* (B.), which supplies the staple of the present volume, is the extravagantly embroidered production of a minstrel genius who had a special grudge against the Church. An analysis of the various portions of our tale shows that the origin of this luxuriant growth of fanciful imaginings must be sought for in a group of popular tales, allied to those found among other pastoral peoples, concerning a wonderful land of abundance, and not in such mediæval lore as the *fabliaus de Coquaigne*, or the *Bataille de Karesme et de Charnage*. Finally, the central conception of the story, that of possession by a devouring demon of voracity, is shown to be a favourite one on Irish soil, and to have retained its vitality among the people to the present day.

I.—The Two Versions.

In the two versions of the tale known as The Vision of MacConglinne[1] we can more or less clearly distinguish two elements differing in treatment—a poetical one, the Vision itself, and an historical one, comprising MacConglinne's quarrel with the monks of Cork, the revealing to him of the vision by means of which he cures King Cathal, and his reward for the cure. The treatment of the Vision is equally confused in both versions, and is interlarded with various obscure allusions, whilst the historical part contains much that clearly points to a common original source, the very wording of which can in some cases be established. On the other hand, discrepancies are found which lead to the conclusion that different versions of this original must have existed, and that B. and H. each go back to one or more of these versions, though not to the same, a relation which may be expressed graphically thus:



Lastly, much is found in B. of which we can say with certainty that it belongs to that version only.

The author of H. is a sober and modest man. He is a mere copyist, who adds nothing of his own, keeping strictly to tradition. His object is the faithful rendering

[1] It is noteworthy that the title, "The Vision of MacConglinne", occurs only in *Leabhar Breac* (B.), whilst *H.* 3. 18 (H.) is without any heading, and concludes: "Thus was Cathal cured from his craving, and MacConglinne honoured."

of the story as it has been handed down. His narrative is simple, terse, logical. Rarely does he make a small mistake.

The author of B., on the other hand, is a man of poetical ambition. He has imagination and humour, and does not scruple to show them. He puts himself freely into his work. His defects are neglect of logical consistency and a want of restraint. He spends loving skill in devising variations of an existing motive rather than in inventing new situations. Detail is his delight. Absorbed in the pleasure of adorning and illustrating the matter in hand, he generally forgets what went before and what is to follow. Thus it happens that he often contradicts himself, that he repeats himself, that he piles up effects. He will describe something with the nicest precision, exhaust himself in minute details, and a few lines further on a new idea crops up at complete variance with all that he has just said.[1]

The narrative in B. is therefore neither accurate nor faithful; and if we want to know how the original version may have run, we must turn to H., where, in many cases, we actually find it, as a few examples will show.

The verses—

> "My lad,
> Why should we not have a duel in quatrains?
> A quatrain compose thou on the bread,
> I will make one on the condiment,"

are, on p. 14, addressed by MacConglinne to the servant

[1] As a typical instance of his manner, I may mention his description of the woman on p. 96, where he sets down thirty-five details as against five in H. (p. 153). On p. 98, 3 and 5, all this is forgotten.

of the monastery. This is senseless. He surely cannot expect a response from the lay-brother. But they would be in their place if addressed to a companion in misery who could take his share in the satire. Now this is the case in H. (p. 148), where MacConglinne in the church at Kells obtains food by a poetical duel with his attendant, the Scabbed Youth. This quatrain in B. is thus a trace in that version of how MacConglinne and his companion obtained food by a satirical contest.

In a further quatrain (p. 16), MacConglinne speaks of the "oaten ration of Cork", although he has been offered nothing but a cup of the church whey-water (p. 14, 1). Again, on p. 18, 25, in answer to MacConglinne's complaint of having been left without food, the Abbot says: "Thou hadst not gone without food, even though thou hadst only got a little crumb, or a drink of whey-water in the church." Observe: MacConglinne is offered whey-water, his satire is directed against an oaten ration, and here he is told, "You cannot speak of having been left starving, even if you had obtained nothing but whey-water"; but this is exactly what he did get. It is beyond doubt that the ration offered to MacConglinne in the original of B. was oats. A combination of the two quatrains and the mention of whey-water by the Abbot lead to the supposition that we have here another trace of the episode mentioned above.

On p. 24, the words "now take me to the Lee", and again, "he was taken with all his bonds and guards towards the Lee", stand in no connection whatever with the preceding narrative. MacConglinne had asked (p. 22) as a boon to be allowed to eat the portion of food he had in his satchel. This was granted, and,

according to an Irish custom, pledges were given for the fulfilment of the request, as is the case everywhere where the narrator inserts a "boon", which he does often. He then eats, and the pledges are redeemed. But, without further intimation, he is taken to the Lee. For what object? To be once more soused and drenched? The drinking-scene with the brooch follows, MacC. abuses the monks, and tells them that he will not move, "for I have pledges in my hands" (p. 26). The monks, in their perplexity, treat with him, that he may restore the pledges to the guarantors.

Meanwhile it grows late, the monks themselves ask for delay of the execution. But first MacC. fetches his "passion-tree". It is evident that this form of the episode is not original, and merely furnishes a desired opportunity of inserting a tirade against tithes, abuse of the monks, and a parody on the passion of Christ.

The clumsiness of this whole episode of the tithes is shown by MacC.'s address to the people (p. 22). He wants to make out that no one stands in greater need of the tithes than he. He has eaten and drunk nothing since his arrival in Cork. Why then did he not touch his provisions? The reason cannot be found in B. Here, again, H. has the true original version. The festival of St. Barre and Nessan is being celebrated in Cork, and the men of Munster go to Cork to fast, as a preparation for the festival. B. says no word of this, but it does mention "bacon with a streak across its middle" (p. 8, 23), which, being no food for fasting, had to remain untouched. MacC. goes on to say that on the day before he had travelled farther than any of his audience—probably originally an allusion to the people

who had come to Cork for the festival. "I had eaten nothing on the road." Why not?

In H., MacC., after he had spent the night in the abbot's bed, where St. Mura appears and relates the vision to him, is brought in the morning before Cathal and the nobles of Munster, who, we must assume, were in Cork for the festival. He asks to be allowed to drink, and to draw the water himself. He then drinks with the brooch, receives respite till the next day, the story thus developing naturally and logically, whereas the author of B. sacrifices everything to the drastic description of MacC.'s bad treatment by the monks.

After he has been soused in the Lee, beaten, stripped naked, and locked up, judged unjustly on the next day, he is compelled to cut and fetch his own "passion-tree", and then, tied naked to a pillar-stone, left to suffer hunger and cold (p. 30). True, this latter circumstance contradicts MacC.'s own statement in the Vision (p. 70, 7), that he passed the night in a beautiful canopied bed; but then the Vision is a long way off yet. The author kills two birds with one stone: he rouses pity for the miserable plight of his hero, and, in making an angel reveal the Vision, the truth of his narrative is borne out by the "Angel's Ridge", near Cork. To the local name we doubtless owe the introduction of the angel, who has supplanted in B. the patron saint of H.

The vision "revealed by the angel" is put into rhyme by MacC., and his authorship is thus established.

In H., St. Mura of Fahan comes to the assistance of his countryman. He sings a song to him, by which to cure Cathal and thus save his own life. In B. the angel says no word of the salutary power of his story; yet MacC. turns it into verse, "which would serve to

relate what had been manifested to him". To whom is he going to relate it?

It is now necessary for B. to bring Cathal and MacC. together. This is again unskilfully managed. The abbot has had a dream revealing to him that Cathal would be cured by the Vision. The simplest thing would surely have been that when MacC., without any apparent motive, unless to show off, asks the boon of reciting his poem, the abbot should remember his dream. But no! he refuses to listen to the Vision. MacC. has to press it on him; and then only, reminded of his dream, does he command MacC. to go to Cathal.

The bargain about MacC.'s reward, which now follows, is quite out of place, as MacC., who has tried everything to prolong his life, would, one would fancy, be content with getting off on any terms. However, he demands the abbot's cloak, and, in spite of the latter's remonstrance, this has to be deposited with the bishop.

Here MacC.'s quarrel with the monks ends. He binds himself, in return for his spared life and for the cloak, to cure Cathal.

One would think his having come to cure Cathal would be the best introduction to Pichan. But that would be too simple for our author, so MacC. must dress himself up and begin, quite unexpectedly, a juggling performance of the lowest kind (the disapproval of which is evidently pretended), in order to attract attention (p. 42). Having succeeded, he makes a special bargain with Pichan, though he has already had his reward for curing Cathal. He engages to restrain Cathal from eating for twenty-four hours. Cathal comes, and begins to eat. MacC. enters upon his bargain by preventing him from eating all the apples. Cathal

falls into a rage, and here the anecdote of the scholar of Emly Ivar is introduced not unskilfully.

MacConglinne now says he is going away; but first he craves a boon, and is, as usual, very particular about pledges. Why he should demand, and Cathal grant, a boon, the fanciful author alone knows. Cathal soon has occasion to repent of his readiness when he hears that he is to fast. The preliminary cure now begins, a fast of thirty-six hours. "What is the good of all this, son of learning?" the tormented king cries out, and we cannot but echo the cry. The good is that the author gets an opportunity of making MacC. preach a sermon which draws three showers of tears from his audience (p. 58). Then he dresses as cook, has Cathal bound fast, and tantalises the demon in him by passing food before Cathal's mouth, after which he wishes Cathal to expound the Vision which he is going to tell. Meanwhile, three days have passed since the Vision; yet MacC. begins (p. 66, 12):

"A vision I beheld *last night*";

and again (p. 70, 7): "As I lay *last night* in my beautiful canopied bed." The pillar-stone, as we saw before, has entirely escaped his memory.

In H. the opening is quite logical, as MacC. saw the Vision in the preceding night, which he spent in the abbot's bed.

After the demon has been expelled through the Vision, MacC., according to B., receives rich reward, among other things, the abbot's cloak. A jester's family then appears on the scene, and makes a satire on the abbot, beginning (p. 108):

"Manchin went (a brilliant feat!)
To *plead* against MacConglinne."

The preceding narrative is here contradicted in three points: (1) Nothing has been heard previously of Manchin's pleading; (2) Manchin has deposited the cloak, much against his will; (3) Manchin has remained in Cork, and has not met Cathal at all. The song is, therefore, unintelligible as it stands. It is again in H. that we find the solution. Here Manchin is present at the cure, he and his monks having accompanied the king to Pichan, in order to crucify MacC. on the next day. MacC. is granted his life by Cathal, whereupon the abbot protests against the slanderer of the Church getting off scot-free. MacC. then proposes to call together the brehons, and let them decide whether or no he has slandered the Church. He deposits a sum; so does Manchin. The brehons decide that the remark on the oaten ration was no slander. MacC. is thus awarded Manchin's deposit, and asks for the cloak. "Thou shalt have it, with my blessing."

Manchin's presence did not suit the author of B., who had made MacC. go to Cathal alone. But, as he did not want to lose the effect of the satirical poem at the end, he simply cut out the episode of Manchin's pleading; but he did not cut out enough. On p. 104, while the demon sits on the roof, MacC. says quite unexpectedly:

"Well now, ye men of Munster, yonder is your friend."

If we here alter "Munster" into "Cork", we have a natural taunt addressed by MacC. to his enemies, the monks, whom he further annoys by calling the demon "an unworshipful monk".

So far concerning what I have called the historical part. I have, I trust, made it clear that H. represents in the main a more original version, which however,

amplified and mixed up partly with the author's own fancies, partly with popular traditions, can also be recognised in B.

II.—The Vision.

Our investigation so far shows that, of the two versions which have come down to us, H. approaches the original nearer than does B., which must be regarded as an amplified and frequently corrupted form of that original. This result, however, applies only to the narrative which precedes and follows the Vision, not to the Vision itself. Several details in the latter do indeed show a like relation of B. to H.; yet, on the whole, the account of MacConglinne's journey to the Wizard Doctor, of what he saw on this journey and at the Hermitage, is equally confused and full of unintelligible matter in both versions.

It might be assumed that this is owing to corrupt tradition, but the same obscure passages occur in both versions, and must have formed part of the versions from which B. and H. sprang; these we have seen reason to consider as different forms of one common original, which must thus itself have contained these obscurities. Technically speaking, the tradition is good rather than bad.

The reason must be sought elsewhere. The Vision consists of poetry and prose. It is introduced by two poems connected by the words "and he said further" (pp. 66, 68). That they are actually two poems is shown by the different metres. Then follows a new section called "the Fable", in prose, without any connection with the preceding poems, and with a new and

separate beginning. We are told, briefly in H., with great detail in B., how MacConglinne is met by a Phantom, who, on his complaining of great hunger, directs him to the Wizard Doctor.

The description of MacConglinne's journey follows. He sails across New-Milk Lake. Here H. interrupts the prose by a poem. The land and residence of the Wizard Doctor (Chief Cleric in H.) are described. MacConglinne appears before him. Here H. again inserts a poem. The Doctor asks after his complaints, and prescribes a cure. B. then adds: "Thus far the Vision, etc." (*ocus araile*). H. relates how the Chief Cleric gives his blessing to MacConglinne, who sets out for the Tribes of Food. Then follow the names of these Tribes, which are no names at all, and finally: "Those are the chiefs of the Tribes of Food."

The narrative then returns to Cathal, whose cure is described.

B., it will be seen, includes the narrative of MacConglinne's journey in the Vision, while H. does not so include it.

Before we proceed, some remarks on the relation between H. and B. are necessary. The reader is at once struck by the different use made of two poems, the first of which, that inserted in the Vision in H., describes the voyage across New-Milk Lake. B. does not include it in the Vision or Fable related to Cathal at all, but, on p. 34, makes MacConglinne recite it to Manchin as the vision revealed by the angel. The second poem, beginning "Wheatlet, son of Milklet", contains in H. the answer to MacConglinne's question respecting the name of the Chief Cleric. It is quite out of place, as MacConglinne has just addressed to the Cleric the same elaborate pedigree which in B. he

addresses to Manchin before relating the Vision to him (see pp. 22 and 151).

B. makes use of the poem "Wheatlet" as an answer to MacConglinne's question respecting the name of the Phantom. But here, again, it is out of place, as the Phantom has just given his name (Buarannach, etc., p. 74, 9).

Thus, in "Wheatlet, son of Milklet", we have a poem which neither in H. nor in B. stands in its proper place.

The poem on p. 34 (B.) is used in H. in a still more curious manner. It contains, to a large extent, the same things as the prose in which it is inserted, and it is evident, from a comparison of the two, that the prose must be regarded as a paraphrase of the poem. That this poem originally belonged to a tale dealing with Cathal is probable, from the mention of Cathal in the last stanza.

The following points are to be considered:

(1) The poem is found in both versions, and therefore existed in the versions from which B. and H. sprang.

(2) It is quite out of place in H., and must therefore have had a different function in the original version.

(3) The poem seems to show by its close that it originally belonged to some narrative about Cathal.

(4) In B. the poem is recited to Manchin as the vision revealed by the angel.

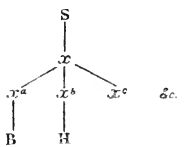
I conclude as follows:

It is no mere arbitrary whim of the author of B. to call this poem "The Vision". For once in a way, B. is right. In an earlier version this poem actually was the Vision, and, as I think, the whole of the Vision. It was only later that, in place of this poem, those additions were introduced which in B. and H. represent the

Vision, viz., the poems on pp. 56 and 68, and the prose of "The Fable".

The original signification of the poem on p. 34 is almost wholly obliterated in the present form of the work. The poem has been superfluously inserted in H., whilst in B. it is wholly left out where the Vision is dealt with (p. 66). The replacing of the Vision proper (the poem on p. 34) by what now stands in its stead must have taken place in the version underlying B. and H., as both these agree in their treatment of the Vision.

The pedigree of the two versions which I sketched on p. x can be thus carried back a step further. I assume an oldest version, in which the Vision was the poem on p. 34, and I call it the Source (S.):



We must imagine S. as a shorter narrative of Cathal's cure by a recitation of the Vision. Whether S. was wholly in verse or prose I leave undecided. The cure was effected by the scholar MacConglinne. S. further contained something about a mantle as the subject of a quarrel between MacConglinne and the abbot Manchin, and which the former obtained. What kind of episode this was we cannot judge from H. and B. Of one thing we can be sure, namely, that this episode of the mantle stood in connection with the cure of Cathal, as is proved by the jester's song on p. 108. In this the name of MacConglinne is handed down. This song

already existed in S., and was mechanically taken over by the author of X.[1]

The shorter narrative S. was then remodelled by a later hand into a longer work, X. The existing motives were utilised and given a new turn. The figure of MacConglinne stepped into the foreground and became the centre of interest, whereas in S. Cathal had been the chief person. Cathal and his cure now served merely as a foil to MacConglinne.

The quarrel about the mantle developed into a conflict between MacConglinne and the monks of Cork. The author thus obtained an opportunity for invectives against the clergy generally, and he could endow his hero with new and interesting features. By this expansion of the figure of MacConglinne the narrative part of the work assumed larger dimensions. In comparison with the rest, the Vision, which consisted of about sixty lines, may have appeared too scant to the redactor. At any rate, he set about expanding the Vision as well. For this purpose he found material ready to his hands in a folk-tale cycle of which I shall treat more in detail later on. I will here only remark that he seems mainly to have drawn on a tale the figures of which are partly found in the poem "Wheatlet, son of Milklet." It treated of a wonderful people living in a land of abundance. All that the redactor had to do was to combine this material with the story of Cathal's cure, and embody it in the Vision. This problem he solved, or at any rate tried to solve, at the

[1] In H. as well as in B. the episode of the mantle plays quite a secondary part. Even H. is content with a mere allusion to a jester's family, who recite the poem, without giving us any information about these people, who lost all significance as soon as the episode in which they played a part ceased to be of interest.

same time providing his favourite hero with a further adventure. Wheatlet was changed into a *fáthliaig, i.e.*, a Seer-Leech or Wizard Doctor, a kind of medicine-man combining the gift of prophecy with medical skill,[1] a figure well known from other Irish tales.

That he makes a pagan *fáthliaig* appear amid the Christian surroundings of a Hermitage, or himself play the part of a Cleric, might seem strange in any other redactor but ours, who, as we have repeatedly seen, is by no means consistent.

That the Wizard Doctor has taken the place of Wheatlet I conclude from the following circumstances.

In H. the Wizard Doctor, answering MacConglinne's question concerning his name, says, "Not hard to tell .... Wheatlet, son of Milklet," etc. As I have shown above, both answer and poem are out of place here. Now, this interpolation can best be explained by the author's wish to establish the identity of the Wizard Doctor and Wheatlet. The simplest means to effect this was to make the Wizard Doctor himself say that he is Wheatlet. This is no doubt a clumsy proceeding, but it is not the only one in the prose. The son of the Wizard Doctor is called Ugadart in H. In the household of Wheatlet the bridle-boy of Wheatlet is called Ugadarc. I shall endeavour to show presently that this figure Ugadart-Ugadarc belonged to the legend used by the author. But in our narrative it is episodic,

[1] One of the things a *fáthliaig* was evidently expected to do was to be able to tell, from the aspect of a wound, what sort of person had inflicted it. See the story of Fintan mac Cethirn and the *fáthliaig* Fingin, who was leech of the Ulster King Conchobar (*Book of Leinster*, p. 89*b*). The pupils of another *fáthliaig*, on approaching the house in which a wounded man lay, and hearing his cries, were able to tell from them what instrument had inflicted the wound (*ibid.*, p. 329*a*).

and has no significance whatever. Hence I conclude that it was mechanically taken over from the original source. And I further conclude, from the parallelism Ugadart-Wizard Doctor and Ugadarc-Wheatlet that the prose is derived from a legend of Wheatlet, and that just as Ugadart = Ugadarc, so the Wizard Doctor = Wheatlet.

I assume, then, that the author of X. changed Wheatlet into a *fáthliaig*, to whom MacConglinne travels to find a cure. A cure from what? As he is travelling into a land of plenty, it was natural to make him suffer from hunger.

In carrying out this idea the author took little trouble. The original Vision, changed into prose, supplied him with a description of the journey. But the Vision being thus used up, the difficulty arose that MacConglinne's adventures had still to be related in the form of a vision.

The redactor had another happy thought. To form an introduction, MacConglinne has a vision of the Phantom, who comes from the land of plenty, and directs him to the Wizard Doctor.

In B. the Phantom says that he comes from the Fairy-knoll of Eating. One would imagine that the Wizard Doctor dwelt there too. But no. The Fairy-knoll of Eating is not mentioned again, and the Hermitage of the Wizard Doctor, according to the description on p. 84, lies at the mouth of the pass to the country of O'Early-eating, that is, at the entrance of this country, and not in it. If this country of O'Early-eating is an Irish land of Cockayne, this would be interesting.

H. has a similar allusion. The Church lies in the pass of Meat-juice, in the land of O'Early-eating.

But the author was either unable or too careless to carry out his plan of treating the prose as a vision.

He begins quite logically: "As I lay last night in my beautiful canopied bed, I heard a voice, but I answered not. Whereupon it said again." Then H. goes on: "When the voice had spoken to me again, I arose. Then I saw a phantom approaching me," and then the narrative proceeds. MacConglinne is no longer dreaming; he relates his actual experiences.

In B. this is still more striking. MacConglinne does not stir when he hears the voice, but sleeps calmly on. "At early morn on the morrow I arose, and went to the well to wash my hands, when I saw a mighty phantom approaching me" (p. 70). Here, again, we have not a vision, but experience.

And yet I am almost inclined to believe that the author's original intention was to parody in his vision the celebrated visions of Irish saints. I see indications of such an intention in the voice[1] which MacConglinne hears in his sleep, in the "dark, lardy mist,[2] that arose around us so that we could see neither heaven nor earth"; in the church[3] of the Wizard Doctor—motives which occur in several visions; lastly, in the Phantom,

[1] Compare *e.g.* the vision of the monk of Evesham in Matthew of Paris (*sub anno* 1196), ed. Luard, ii, 427). Thurchill's vision, Matth. Par., ii, 497.

[2] "Nigra erat terra, et regio tenebrosa" (*Patrick's Purgatory* Matth. Par., ii, 195), "venerunt ad vallem valde terribilem ac tenebrosam et mortis caligine coopertam" (*Visio Tnugdali*, ed. Wagner, p. 12).

[3] Thurchill is led by Julianus hospitator, who appears to him, to a *basilica mirae structurae* (Matth. Par., ii, 498). In the *Purgat. Patr.* the knight Owen comes to an *aula* . . . . . *parietes non habebat, sed columnis erat per gyrum subnixa, ut claustrum solet monachorum* (*ib.*, ii, 194).

who has taken the place of the guardian angel who receives the soul on leaving the body.[1] However, if a parody was intended, it has not been carried out. The parody on the greeting of welcome (p. 150), that of the benediction (p. 82, p. 154), "In the name of Cheese," are simply such parodies of sacred things as occur throughout the narrative.

Thus the prose narrative was not cast into vision form. The poem of p. 34 was used up, and therefore not at the author's disposal. Yet the story demanded a vision.

The redactor took things easily. He inserted before the prose narrative two popular poems, which, like that on p. 34, treated of eatables, and which profess explicitly to be dreams. These are the poems on pp. 66 and 68.

He also kept the poem on p. 34, in order to use it at a fitting opportunity. It was handed down with the rest; and thus we find it in B. recited to Manchin as the Vision; its curious position in H. may be set down to the helplessness of the author, who could find no better place for it. The poem "Wheatlet" supplies, as we have seen, a like instance of helplessness.

The assumption that the author of X. and his successors held in reserve such unemployed materials as the poem of p. 34 and "Wheatlet" may seem strange. Let me therefore anticipate what I shall endeavour to demonstrate in the following chapter, namely, that the Vision of MacConglinne is the work of a gleeman. If I succeed in this demonstration, the above assumption follows naturally from the known character of such works.

[1] Cf. the address of the guardian angel in Tnugdal's Vision! "*Ave, Tnugdale, quid agis?*" with that of the Phantom.

It has been assumed that native legends were used for the amplification of the Vision. I cannot claim to have recovered the several materials in whole or in part. The indications in the "Fable" are not sufficient for that. But it is possible to argue from them the general character of the legendary cycle and of its heroes.

MacConglinne stands in marked contrast to the other persons of the fable. One and all treat him contemptuously as an inferior being. So does the Phantom, so does Ugadart (in H.), the doorkeeper (in B.), and so, finally, does the Wizard Doctor himself.

What is the significance of this? Says Ugadart to MacConglinne: "You are the first face that appears in this isle to which you have come," that is to say, "You are a specimen of a race different from us."

The apparition is called "a mighty phantom" (*scál mór*) in B. It tells MacConglinne, when he longs to go to the land of plenty, that if he wants to get on well there, he must have a very broad, four-edged belly, five hands in diameter, etc., *i.e.*, a belly such as people there have. He is directed to Becnat, the daughter of the son of Baetan, the monstrous eater (*brasslongthech*). He comes to an enormous fort. The crown of the doorkeeper (the Chief Cleric in H.) consists of seven times the produce of seven ridges of leek. The cords of his whip consist of twenty-nine puddings; every drop that fell to the ground from the end of these would be enough for a priest (p. 88); every drop trickling down from his stick would contain the full of seven vats. The angling-rod of the Wizard Doctor's son is thirty hands long.

It is indifferent how much of this description was contributed by the redactor. We at any rate see his endeavour to produce the impression of something colossal. This intention is manifest in both versions, *e.g.*, in

H., in the contemptuous remark of the Wizard Doctor: "That meal (*i.e.*, the meal you call great feeding) is not greater than what a child of one month would eat in this island."

In short, MacConglinne has here to do with giants who despise him, the puny imp. That is why he seeks courage in a draught from the well of tremanta, "that my heart may not fail me on the road".

The residence of the Wizard Doctor lies between Butter-mount, Milk-lake, and Curd-point; and Butter-mount, Milk-lake, and Curd-point are about the limits of the gastronomic imagination of the prose. The range of this rustic *gourmandise* includes no more than, firstly, white-meats (*bánbiad*), then milk, and its endless preparations—buttermilk, butter, various kinds of cheese, curds, custard; further, fat, suet, lard, tallow, bacon, flitches of boar, tripes, sausage, corned beef, pot-meat, hung meat. Of vegetables we have onions, leek, carrots. Then soups, meat-juice, broth, pottage, porridge, gruel. Of baked food, bread, cakes, wheaten cakes. Hardly any game; the boar and deer are mentioned once or twice. The only condiments quoted are honey and salt.

It is noteworthy how little stress the Vision lays upon intoxicating drinks. Mead and bragget are mentioned incidentally, but one has the impression that this is done for completeness' sake. Compare, on the other hand, the recipe for MacConglinne's "little drop" (p. 100). With what gusto is not the favourite drink of the people between Butter-mount and Milk-lake described!

A hasty comparison of the descriptions of the Irish story with those of the Land of Cockayne, the Pays de Coquaigne, the German Schlaraffenland, etc., shows at

once an essential difference between the two. In these latter we have the ideal picture of a life of lazy enjoyment, extravagant as the fancy of the people and of the poet could make it. This lazy life stands in direct contrast to that of the ordinary workaday world. On the one hand, scanty dress, toil, lack of money; on the other, undiluted idleness, all the dainties of the world, flying into the very mouth of the recipient—whose laziness will not even allow him to stretch out his hand for them—dresses of the most precious materials, gold, silver, and jewels strewn in the streets; in fine, miserable reality here, there the most wonderful of dreamlands.

This Utopian trait is wholly wanting in the Irish "Fable". True, plenty reigns in the land of the Wizard Doctor, nor is aught talked of but eating; but this plenty is of a most primitive kind—abundance of the simplest materials. Of precious things—gold, silver, and the like—not a word; nor do the inhabitants lead a lazy life.

It is, then, a vain endeavour to seek points of contact between our "Fable" and those French and English poems with which, at first blush, it would seem to be connected. At most one might be inclined to see, in the description of the doorkeeper and his horse, an analogy with the accoutrement of Charnage or Karesme.[1] But the similarity consists merely in this, that the dress is made of various kinds of food. The point of the French poem—the fight between Lenten foods and meat foods—is wholly foreign to the Irish work. For the same reason, it would not be permissible to seek, in the war between the Tribes of Butter-pat and Cheese (p. 86, 20) and the Wizard Doctor, an analogy with the battle between Karesme and Charnage. Whence this

[1] *Bataille de Karesme et de Charnage*, Méon, iv.

essential difference between the Irish narrative and the non-Irish mediæval descriptions of Cockayne? The subject did not demand it; a picture of Cockayne would have answered the redactor's purpose as well as that he has given.

The explanation is simple. The redactor mechanically followed his original, the contents of which were no version of the Cockayne story, but a legend of a vanished golden age, a tale told by shepherds or peasants of the days of their forefathers.

Only among a cattle-breeding population of a primitive stage of culture could a legend arise, the epical apparatus of which is so entirely taken from peasant life as is the case in our tale. What do we find in the "Fable" save the products of agriculture and farming, of the dairy and beehive? Wheat, oats, barley are the only cereals, leek, onions, carrots the vegetables, the apple- and nut-tree the only fruit-trees.

The primitive character of this cycle of legends has been preserved with distinctness, though the single legends are no longer to be clearly recognised.

It is well known that similar legends of a golden age exist among other peoples. I may instance the description of the *aurea aetas* in Ovid (*Metam.*, i, 89), in Hesiod (Ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι, 109), and the old Norse legend of King Froði's rule.[1]

The following piece of Swiss folk-lore has a special interest in this connection. It is orally current in the Kanderthal, in the Berner Oberland:

[1] See Uhland, *Schriften zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung und Sage*, iii, 237. Compare also, on this as well as on the descriptions of Cockayne, Fr. Joh. Poeschel, *Das Märchen vom Schlaraffenlande*, Halle, 1878; and Menzel, *Odin*, Stuttgart, 1855, p. 196: Vom Wunschland.

"There lived formerly a tall race of people in the Simmenthal. They had cattle which were too big for stables, and were therefore always kept in the open air. Every cow yielded daily three vats of milk, for which reason they were milked into a lake instead of into a pail. The staircase that led down to this lake was made of cheeses. The butter was stored in hollow oak-trunks. The walls of the houses and the barn-doors were polished with butter, and floors and dishes were washed with milk. The people sailed on the lake in an oak-trunk to skim the cream, which was cast on the bank with shovels. Once a violent gale blew, the milk-lake flooded the land, and drowned the tall people."

A variant from the Berner Oberland and the Freiburger Ormund says: "Every evening the cowherd (*Sennbub*) sailed in a boat on the milk-lake and skimmed the cream. Once he struck against a rock, consisting of a large lump of butter, and was drowned. However, when all the milk had been churned into butter, they found his body, which was buried in a cave of wax made by bees, every comb of which was bigger than the town-gate at Brugg or Freiburg."[1]

Uhland[2] quotes the following variant as a shepherd's tale among the Romance population in the Ormont Alps. "One day, when a beautiful shepherd went on the lake to skim the cream, the boat was capsized by a vehement gust of wind, and the poor youth was drowned. Lads and lasses put on mourning and searched for the body, which was at last discovered in a gigantic butter-keg in the midst of the foaming waves of cream.

[1] See E. L. Rochholz, "*Gold, Milch und Blut*," *Germania*, vii, p. 400.

[2] In his *Abhandlung über das Volkslied*, Schriften iii, p. 238.

They carried it into a spacious cave, the walls of which were wainscoted with honeycombs as big as the former city-gates of Lausanne."[1]

Uhland compares this Swiss legend with the Norse tale of King Froði of Denmark and King Fiölnir of Sweden. Both were kings of the golden age; both lived in superfluity. Froði once treated Fiölnir to a drinking-banquet on a mead-vat, which was many ells high and made of rafters. The mead was drawn through a hole between the top-rafters; but, in the night, Fiölnir, overcome with sleep and drink, fell in, and, as a skald sings, "the windless sea (*vâgur vindlaus*) drowned him."[2]

There can be no doubt that Ugadart's death in the lake of lard, as told in our "fable" (p. 90), belongs to the same group of legendary lore. The *tertium comparationis*, the drowning in plenty, is found. But a mere indication of the legend is all that remains. In H. (p. 151), Ugadart fishes in a lake of new milk, but no mention is made of his drowning. B. has substituted a lake of lard (*loch usca*). It seems certain to me that the lake was originally of milk, and I think it highly probable that the Irish legend, of which a remnant has been preserved in this episode of Ugadart, was one very like the Swiss.

Ugadart angles in a lake of milk, or catches flitches of bacon and salt-beef in a lake of lard. This is obviously wrong. It is possible that Ugadart, or whatever else

[1] Uhland quotes as source Fr. Kuenlin, *Die Schweiz und ihre Ritterburgen*, i, 113. Cp. *Deutsche Sagen*, p. 150. W. Menzel, *Odin*, quotes *Mémoires de l'Acad. Celtique*, v, 202; Wyss, *Reise ins Berner Oberland*, 416; and Schwab, *Ritterburgen der Schweiz*, i, 113.

[2] Uhland, *l. c.* Cp. the quotations on p. 338, *Anmerkung*, 269.

he was called, originally played the same part in the Irish tale as the cowherd in the Swiss one. Neither in H. nor in B. is anything said about Ugadart's attitude, nor how he came to be drowned. The reader presupposes that he was sitting on the bank angling; but this may have been different in the original, where, perhaps, he sailed about on the lake skimming the cream. This trait may not have suited the redactor, who made him angle.

In the variant quoted by Uhland, lads and lasses go out dressed in mourning to search for the body. It is buried in a specially-prepared cave. In our tale it is said that a celebrated elegy was made on Ugadart's death. In both cases the death of the young hero is an event of importance for his people.

The setting of both legends is similar. The scene of both is among a giant race, in both the milk-lake plays a part, and dairy-products are similarly used in both.[1]

I have tried to show that the heroes of the Irish legend underlying the prose narrative are giants. It is true, we find no trace of gigantic cattle; but, if I am right in my equation of Ugadart with the cowherd, Ugadart's employment as skimmer of the milk-lake would presuppose these.

Finally, Wheatlet, whom the poem makes the master of Ugadart, while in the prose the Wizard Doctor is called his father, is to be regarded as the patriarchal ruler of this Irish shepherd-people.

What Beccnat (lit. "The Little Woman"), the Tribes of Food, and the Children of Early-Eating are to signify

[1] Would it be too daring to see a trace of the original story in the servants of the Wizard Doctor, with their shovels of dry bread (p. 90, 11)?

—whether they belong to the same legend or are remains of other legends—I do not venture to say.

The prose narrative is called "the fable". The Irish *fáball* is also said to mean "a lie". One might suppose that our "fable" is a kind of *Lügenmärchen*. These stories, which are to be found in most popular literatures, are mixtures of impossibilities, contradictions, and absurdities. Several details in our "fable" are of this nature, *e.g.*, "I struck with my back against a tombstone of curds. It almost shattered the bones of my skull to pieces" (p. 150); or, again, many details in the description of the door-keeper.

But these absurdities are restricted to the description in which food is exclusively employed. The narrative itself is lacking in the essential of the *Lügenmärchen*, the intentional and wild improbability of the story, as an example of which may be quoted the well-known English nursery-rhyme:

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle,
> The cow jumped over the moon;
> The little dog laughed
> To see the sport,
> While the dish ran after the spoon."

Some of the mediæval and modern *Lügenmärchen* also employ descriptions of Cockayne; but in these Cockayne rather has the significance of an inverted world, and the whole is conscious nonsense.

The prose narrative does not, then, seem to me to have the character of a *Lügenmärchen;* so it is likely that the expression *fáball* does not mean "lie", but simply "narrative". Perhaps the Irish gleeman ren-

dered by it the expression *fable*, by which his French colleagues denoted their smaller stories.[1]

III.—The Author.

B., after having in the Introduction (p. 2) mentioned MacConglinne himself as the author, repeatedly quotes the *Books of Cork* as one of the sources from which the story is drawn, as well as the oral tradition of "elders and shanachies", *i.e.*, professional story-tellers. H. says nothing either about author or source.

MacConglinne's authorship is of course a pious fancy of the redactor of B.; but it is worth close examination. H. calls him a splendid "scholar". MacConglinne himself tells the phantom that he is a poor "scholar". Cathal speaks of him as a "bard", and, as such, refuses to crucify him. This is all consistent: at the suggestion of the Scabbed Youth, MacConglinne had given himself out to be an ollave. B. has much to say about the personality of our hero. He is a famous scholar, with abundance of knowledge, a dreaded satirist, to whom no one dare refuse anything (p. 8). Cathal calls him "student" or "son of learning". On p. 30 he is spoken of as a "sage", and regarded as an instrument of divine power. On p. 12 it is considered extraordinary that no one came to visit him or do reverence to him. He preaches with great success (p. 58). The devil himself says that he possesses the grace of God, abundance of wisdom, acuteness of intellect, etc. (p. 104). According to MacConglinne's own words (p. 40),

[1] See Gaston Paris, *La Littérature Française au Moyen Age*, p. 111.

Heaven is open for him, and the heavenly hosts im patiently await his soul; and on p. 56 he says himself that his treasure is only in Heaven, or in the wisdom and poetry of earth.

From all this, then, it would seem that he was a learned, wise, pious, and generally-esteemed man; at the same time, a poet and satirist, whom the people respected. But the description which the Wizard Doctor gives of him to his people contradicts this (p. 86). He, too, attributes several good qualities to him, but calls him also "a troublesome party, fierce, furious, impatient, voracious, ungenerous, greedy—a man who must be fed well or he will abuse his host".[1]

Again, he is not received in Cork as an honoured guest; on the contrary, he is most ignominiously treated.

He himself behaves in an extraordinary fashion for a grave and respected scholar (p. 42). He puts on a peculiar "short" dress, and begins to juggle before Pichan and his guests, like a buffoon of the lowest degree, *obscenis partibus corporis*, like those, *qui crebro sonitu aerem foedant, et turpiter inclusum turpius produnt*, of whom John of Salisbury marvels that they are not turned out of the house (*Polycrat.*, I, chapter viii, quoted by Warton (ed. Hazlitt), iii, p. 162, note 3).

How are we to understand this? Simply, I think, by assuming that in MacConglinne we have one of those

[1] It is important to note that this description by the Wizard Doctor is only found in B. It is, again, one of those passages ntroduced with a view to the audience, but quite inconsistent with the context. Even the Wizard Doctor himself seems afraid of MacConglinne's satire, and gives orders to have him well served. Immediately after the author forgets his part, and, in spite of this admonition, MacConglinne is by no means honourably received, but slips with difficulty into the house.

vagrants (*vagantes*) which were at the same time the plague and the delight of mediæval Europe.

The one other place in Irish literature in which MacConglinne's name occurs is a poem in the notes on the *Calendar of Saints*, ascribed to Oengus, a poem much like the one in our tale on p. 6. Here he is mentioned, together with some of his fellow-students at Armagh :

> " Critan was MacRustaing's name,
> Garbdaire was MacSamain's name,
> Aindiairr was MacConglinne's—
> Many lays he made."[1]

The popular conception of MacConglinne thus seems to have been that of a clerical student, who was also a poet. As we have seen, our tale represents him as a jongleur or jester. An expression which occurs twice in our tale seems to corroborate this latter view. On p. 12, while MacConglinne is left starving in the guest-house at Cork, it is said : " This came of original sin, and of MacConglinne's hereditary sin, and his own bad luck." A similar expression occurs on p. 18. I take this to mean that, beyond the general consequences of the fall of man and the blows of fortune, MacConglinne suffered from the discredit attaching to his hereditary profession as a gleeman or jongleur, a profession that was always regarded by the Church as one of the most sinful. Gleemen were not admitted to communion, and were only allowed exceptionally to partake of the sacraments, under condition of abstaining from their trade two weeks before and after. Hugo a Sancto Victore doubts whether jongleurs should be admitted to monastic life : *joculatores ante conversionem leves, cum ad*

[1] See Stokes' edition, p. cxlv.

conversionem veniunt, saepius usi levitate, leviter recedunt. They have no hope of salvation.[1] The secular law was no less severe on them: the *Sachsenspiegel* declares gleemen to be outlaws; they forfeit their right of inheritance, unless the father has also been a gleeman who has sold his honour.

The costume which MacC. assumes as he approaches Pichan's house is none other than the professional garb of the minstrel or jester. A *short* cloak and *short* garments. Strutt (*The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, p. 189) relates the following anecdote from the time of Edward III. A young nobleman appears at a festival in a dress called coatbardy, cut short in the German fashion. This causes great stir, and an old knight, well known to him, asks: "Where, my friend, is your fiddle, your ribible, or suchlike instrument?" The young nobleman replying that he could play none of these, "Then," returned the knight, "you are much to blame, for if you choose to debase yourself and your family by appearing in the garb of a minstrel, it is fitting you should be able to perform his duty."[2] Strutt further instances a pillar in St. Mary's Church, Beverley, Yorkshire, bearing the inscription: "This pillar made the mynstrells." The capital of this pillar is adorned with the figures of five men in short coats, one of whom holds an instrument like a lute.[3]

[1] *Habent spem ioculatores? Nullam; totâ namque intentione sunt ministri Satanae.* (Honor. August., quoted by Scherer, *Deutsche Dichtung im* 11 *und* 12 *Jahrhundert*, p. 19.)

[2] Strutt quotes as his authority Harl. MS. 1764.

[3] In older Russian literature the short-skirted garment (*krotopolie*) of the minstrels is likewise mentioned. These minstrels came to the S.E. Slavonic countries from Germany and the

It is true that the two passages from B. referred to above proceed from the last redactor, and did not exist in the versions on which B. and H. are based; but the fact that B. added them shows, I think, that they were regarded as being in harmony with the character of the hero.

MacConglinne, then, is a vagrant scholar, or one of those vagrant clerics called *lotrici* (*loterphafen* in the German of the Middle Ages) or *goliardi*,[1] who were the rivals of gleemen and jugglers, and who allowed their hair to grow, in direct opposition to the clerical order (*loterphafen mit dem langen hâre—lotrici et vagi scolares cum longâ comâ*).

The intention of presenting the condition of the vagrant scholar as advantageously as possible, and of abusing the hated clergy, the hereditary enemy of gleemen, as much as possible, is specially clear in B. We have seen above how MacConglinne is extolled. The

West generally. They even kept their German name (*spilman*). See Alex. Wesselofsky's excellent paper on mediæval minstrels and jugglers in his *Roumanian, Slavonic, and Greek Christmas Carols* (*Researches in Russian Spiritual Popular Poetry*, vii, ii, p. 128-222, St. Petersburg, 1883, written in Russian), from which the above remarks are mostly taken.

[1] "At the end of the twelfth and during the thirteenth century we meet with frequent mention of a class of persons distinguished by the jocular name of goliards. In Latin they were termed *goliardi* and *goliardenses;* their profession was termed *goliardia;* the verb *goliardizare* was used to signify *goliardorum more agere* .... The *goliardi*, in the original sense of the word, appear to have been in the clerical order somewhat the same class as the jongleurs and minstrels among the laity, riotous and unthrifty scholars who attended on the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practising the profession of buffoons and jesters." (Thomas Wright, *The Latin Poems of Walter Mapes*, p. x.)

spite against the clergy vents itself repeatedly. In B. the quarrel with the monks is protracted for the sole reason that the author may have an opportunity for invectives against the monks: "Ye curs and robbers and dung-hounds, ye monks of Cork!" (p. 22, 30). "Your own treachery has come about you, ye curs and robbers, ye monks of Cork!" (p. 24, 26). "It is a sentence of curs" (p. 26, 21). "Ye curs and ye robbers and dung-hounds and unlettered brutes, ye shifting, blundering, hang-head monks of Cork!" (p. 28, 21). When the demon has been expelled, MacConglinne says: "Well, now, ye men of Munster" (instead of "ye monks of Cork"), "yonder is your friend" (the devil). "Shut your mouths, that I may speak with that unworshipful monk" (p. 104, 8). Where anything good is said of the monks, there is a special reason for it. Two passages occur to me; on p. 20, when MacConglinne is being judged, it is said: "Though a deal of wisdom and knowledge and learning had they, lawfully he was not convicted on a point of speech for which he could be crucified." Here the mention of their wisdom merely serves to set off MacConglinne's innocence. Another laudatory passage, on p. 104, is clearly meant ironically, being put in the mouth of the devil.

At the conclusion of the tale, MacConglinne is greatly honoured by the king, at whose right hand he is to sit, and whose food he is to carve. The abbot, on the other hand, is disgraced, and is left to the mockery of the jesters.

Such a glorification of the vagrant state can only be conceived of as penned in the interest of gleemen or vagrant scholars, and as originating in their circle.

We have seen that in B. the original form of the

tale is much disguised by additions of various kinds; but these very additions are of great importance in determining the question of authorship.

The parading of the *soi-disant Books of Cork*, the acquaintance with other versions of story-tellers, the statement about the heavenly origin of the Vision—all this is quite in the gleeman style. He insists upon the high value of his tale: it was revealed to MacConglinne by an angel of the Lord; its truth is undoubted; it has been transmitted from of old by elders and historians; it is written in the annals of Cork; the scene of the revelation, the Angel's Ridge, is still to be seen at Cork; proverbial sayings have their origin from incidents of the tale (p. 62, p. 64). The narrator is thoroughly well informed; he knows the history of how Cathal became possessed; he inserts an anecdote of the scholar of Emly-Ivar, to explain Cathal's favourite oath; in short, he seeks to make the impression of a earned and credible man.

A further characteristic of the gleeman's workmanship is his anxiety for reward. Though he does not interrupt his narrative at some point of thrilling interest by the remark that he will not continue, or that he will kill off his hero, unless he is given something to drink, as is the case in German productions of the kind, yet the Irish "reader" takes his opportunity to remind his hearers of the reward to be given him. Shortly before the end, he says: "Cathal left his grace and blessing on every one who would read and preserve it" (p. 108). To "read" here means, of course, not to read by oneself, but to read aloud to others—to recite. The "preserver" is the reciter.

The hearers are promised that nothing sorrowful shall

be heard by them; that it will be a year's protection to them. To hear the tale recited will be of special benefit to them in thirty cases, four of which are specified (p. 112).

Lest there should be any mistake, the reciter himself says what his dues are. A cow, or a shirt, or a woollen cloak with a brooch, from a king and queen, and from married couples; and then follows an enumeration, from which the reciter probably selected what was suited to the present circumstances, and omitted the rest.

In the same way, the hero of the tale demands a boon wherever he can. He makes both the abbot and Pichan reward him for curing Cathal, quite apart from what he gets from the king himself. Nor does the author fail to detail these rewards minutely.

The characteristic description which the Wizard Doctor gives of MacConglinne is directed at the same time *ad auditores*. Not only MacConglinne, but the gleeman, is "fond of eating, voracious, greedy, charming, if he will, but provided he is well served. He is a man great at thanksgivings and upbraidings; and no wonder, for he has wit both to censure and to praise the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle, rich, merry, mead-circulating house. 'Let me have my proper food and drink,' is his cry, 'or woe to you; I shall abuse you.'"

The form of the narrative also points to a gleeman. Consider the frequent display of learning in matters religious and ecclesiastical (p. 12, 9; 18, 27; 40, 10; 50, etc.); the constant repetitions, the Vision repeated no less than three times, according to the indications of the author, and actually related twice; the return of runs and typical passages; the amplifications; the

satirical treatment of Church-matters, and the parody of sacred things; and compare with all these features what F. Vogt, in his Introduction to *Salman und Morolf*, p. cxviii, says of the manner of composition of gleemen, and it will be allowed that, *ceteris paribus*, the treatment described is that of B.

To sum up, I am convinced that we have here to do with the work of a gleeman. H. is a shorter version, in which much is only indicated. B. is the copy of a detailed gleeman's book, which served for recitation.

If this supposition is correct, the loose patching together of the various sections becomes explicable. In a book intended for private reading, such rude patchwork would not be permissible; but in a libretto used for recitation, the extent of which might vary, and which might often be interrupted, the patchwork arrangement is highly useful, if merely as allowing for pauses, which the reciter makes when collecting money or comforting himself by a drink; or facilitating the selection made by the reciter according to the character of the public actually before him.

IV.—Parallels.

In conclusion, a few analogues to the story of Cathal's cure require notice. Only remote parallels are afforded by Greek legend, as in the case of Erysichthon plagued by Demeter with a demon of voracity for having done violence to a sacred tree.[1] In Ovid's description the culprit is embraced by Fames:

> "altoque sopore solutum
> (noctis enim tempus) geminis amplectitur ulnis,

---

[1] Callimachus, Hymn. 6.

> seque viro inspirat, faucesque et pectus et ora
> afflat, et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis."[1]

Fames then returns to his solitary haunt, while Erisichthon, tormented by hunger, consumes all he has and is beggared. Ovid finally makes him sell his daughter, and when he has spent the purchase-money:

> "ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu
> cœpit, et infelix minuendo corpus alebat."[2]

In mediæval literature, the following story, told by William of Malmesbury (ii, p. 164), may serve as an example of other similar ones: "Ruricola quidam in viciniâ Melduni, notus monachis et urbi, pessimo afflatus demone torquebatur, cibos nec humanos nec coctione conditos voragini ventris immergens." He was cured by St. Aldhelm, who had him placed before the altar.

These three analogues, to which others might no doubt be added, have nothing else in common with the case of Cathal but the personification of an unnatural craving for food in the shape of a demon. The superstition that such craving originates from a devil having taken up his abode in the body of the patient is found in modern times as well.[3] Thus, before a Court of Inquisition in the last century, a young girl stated that an old woman had given her a piece of bread smeared with old fat. When she had eaten it, her bowels began to creak like a cart, whence she concluded that she had a devil

[1] *Metam.* viii, 817-20. [2] *Ib.* 877.

[3] There may possibly be a realistic basis for the conception in the existence of persons with a diseased craving for food. See the very repulsive cases cited by Tardieu. The "great eater" is a constant figure of the folk-tale, and appears in Wales as early as the twelfth century (Kulhwch), and in Iceland in the thirteenth century (Snorri's Edda). Herakles, under one of his aspects, probably goes back to an early Greek "great eater".

in her body. When he wanted to eat, he made himself small, crept up into her mouth, and pinched her till she was forced to eat something, when he was appeased. If he wished to eat "Eierback" or "Stuten", he would call to her out of her body, "Stuten!" "Eierback!" and when he was satisfied he said "Stop!" after which she was unable to eat anything more.[1]

In a dissertation for the degree of doctor at Wittenberg, written in 1757, the candidate treats the case of a celebrated eater of the time, whom the people considered possessed. The Senate of the University had instituted an inquiry into this case, and placed the minutes at the disposal of the author.[2]

According to an English superstition, it is the presence of a wolf in the stomach that produces an unnatural craving for food. Thus, in *The Dialect of Craven in the West Riding of York* (2nd ed., London, 1888), vol. ii, p. 8, the word "wolf" is explained—"an enormous unnatural appetite, vulgarly supposed to be a wolf in the stomach."[3] Or take this passage from the *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, by Robert Forby, London, 1830: "Wolf, (1) a preternatural or excessive craving for

[1] Ernst Gottfried Kurella, der Arzneygelahrtheit Doktors, *Gedanken von Besessenen und Bezauberten*, Halle, 1749. On p. 12 the author quotes the proceedings of the Court of Inquisition from a disputation by Prof. Detharding of Rostock, *Von Besessenen und von besessen-Gehaltenen.*

[2] Christ. Godofred. Frenzelius, *De polyphago et allotriophago Wittenbergensi*, p. 4: "Putabant vero plurimi illum miraculosâ et præternaturali ratione ea peragere, ideoque suspectum et a diabolo forte obsessum esse communiter dicebant." In chapter ii the author, with much learning, gives "alia phagonum exempla".

[3] Cf. the slang use of "to wolf" = to eat gluttonously.

food—'Surely he must have a wolf in his stomach'; (2) a gnawing internal pain proceeding from cancer or other ulcer, which, as a ravenous beast, preys upon the intestines." The author tells that a poor woman, whose husband had been dissected, informed him that the doctors had found the wolf and carried it away. He adds these remarks: "Had she supposed it to be a morbid part of the body, she would certainly not have allowed this; but she believed *bonâ fide* that it was a voracious animal, which had somehow found its way in, and had been detected and turned out too late."[1]

In his paper *Deutscher Aberglaube*,[2] Liebrecht quotes from the *Myreur des Histors, Chronique de Jean des Preis dit Doutremeuse*, the story of Eraclius, Bishop of Liéges, who in a dream was cured by St. Martin of an ulcer on his leg. The chronicler says that the Bishop had "une plaie qui mangoit cascon jour dois gros porcheais, si la nommons le leuve".

Finally, I would quote a modern Greek incantation, in which the stomach-ache (*γαστήρ*) is personified[3]: *Γαστήρ, γαστέρα τρομερέ, τρομερὲ καὶ φοβερέ! κάτω 's τὸ γιαλό, κάτω 's τὸ περιγιάλι εἶνε τρία σκουτελάκια, τ' ὤνα μέλι, τ' ἄλλο γάλα, τ' ἄλλο τ' ἄντερα τ' ἀνθρώπου. Φάε μέλι, φάε γάλα, κι' ἄφες τ' ἄντερα τ' ἀνθρώπου.* "Stomach-ache, terrible stomach-ache, terrible and horrible! Below on the shore, on the beach are three dishes, one with honey, another with milk, another with human entrails. Eat honey, eat milk, and leave the human entrails."

All these legends are various forms of the belief, prevalent at all times and with all peoples, that certain

[1] Quoted by Felix Liebrecht, *Otia Imperialia*, p. 171.

[2] *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 348.

[3] See Liebrecht, *l. c.*

diseases are evil beings, which can only be expelled through witchcraft and incantation.

But these parallels are insufficient to explain the definite form which this idea has assumed in Irish legend, and of which we have an early example in the specific Irish form of Herod's punishment preserved in the *Leabhar Breac* (p. 143*a*), according to which he was possessed by a demon of voracity called a *Ion cráis*, as in the Vision of MacConglinne.

The following curious tale of the Irish saint Fursa, from the notes on the *Calendar of Oengus*, may also be quoted[1]:

Now Fursa chanced to visit Maignenn of Kilmainham. They make their union, and exchange their tribulations in token of their union, viz., head-ache or piles[2] (?) that was on Fursa to be on Maignenn, and a beast that was in Maignenn to go into Fursa, so that it was his custom every morning for ever to eat three bits of bacon, so that he might suppress the beast's violence. Fursa happened to go over sea, and came to a certain great city, where he observes his usual practice, and he is brought to the Bishop of the city to be censured. "Not good devotion is thy life," quoth the Bishop. "Thou art permitted, O cleric," quoth Fursa, "to try that which inflicts this on me." Forthwith then leaps the beast into the Bishop's throat. Now, when every one knew that, Fursa calls the beast back to him again.

The way in which the demon is enticed out of Cathal's throat by food being shown to it reminds one of numerous stories of snakes that have been swallowed and are

[1] *Félire Oengusso*, ed. Stokes, p. xxxv.

[2] Lit. red-disease.

made to come forth by milk being placed for them. I might quote many versions, but believe the thing itself to be too well known.

All the analogues hitherto mentioned stand, however, only in a more or less remote relation to the story of Cathal. Indeed, a wholly analogous legend is not known to me. The form that comes nearest to it is found on Gaelic ground.

Campbell of Islay, in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, ii, p. 366, has the following story of an Islay doctor (*ollamh Ileach*):

He was called to see a young lady, daughter of Mackay of Kilmahumaig, near Crinan. When approaching the house, attended by a servant, the latter remarked a sweet female voice which he heard singing a song:

"'*S binn an guth cinn sin,' ars 'n gilleadh.*
'*S binn,' ars ant Ollamh, 'air uachdar losguin.*'"

"'Sweet is that head's voice,' said the lad.
'Sweet,' said the Doctor, 'above a toad.'"

The poor young woman had an enormous appetite, which could not be satisfied, but she was reduced to a skeleton. The doctor, on hearing her voice, knew what her disease was, and ordered a sheep to be killed and roasted. The lady was prevented from getting any food, from which she was in great agony.

She was made to sit by the sheep while it was being roasted, and the flavour of the meat tempted the toad she had swallowed to come up her throat and out of her mouth, when she was completely cured. The reptile she had swallowed was called the *lon craois*.

A similar story is found in Douglas Hyde's collection

of Irish tales called *Beside the Fire*,[1] p. 47. According to a note on p. 183, traces of this story are found throughout Ireland.

I believe, then, that the story of Cathal's cure is of Irish local origin; for, whether the cause of the unnatural appetite is a *lon crâis* or demon, as in the case of Cathal, of Herod, and the lady of Islay, or a newt (*alp lúachra, lissotriton punctatus*), as in Hyde's version, in each case the essential element of the story is the bringing out of the monster by exciting his appetite, either through hunger or thirst.

[1] *Beside the Fire:* A Collection of Irish Gaelic Folk-Stories. Edited, translated, and annotated by Douglas Hyde. With Additional Notes by Alfred Nutt. London: David Nutt. 1890.

W. Wollner.

THE VISION

OF

MacCONGLINNE.

THE

VISION OF MacCONGLINNE BEGINS.

THE four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention.

The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.

Cathal MacFinguine was a good king, who governed Munster; a great warrior prince was he. A warrior of this sort: with the edge of a hound, he ate like a horse. Satan, viz. a demon of gluttony that was in his throat, used to devour his rations with him. A pig and a cow and a bull-calf of three hands, with three score cakes of pure wheat, and a vat of new ale, and thirty heathpoults' eggs, that was his first dole, besides his other snack, until his great feast was ready for him. As regards the great feast, that passes account or reckoning.

The reason of the demon of gluttony being in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine was, because he had, though he had never seen her, a first love for Lígach, daughter of Mælduin, king of Ailech; and she sister to Fergal, son of Mælduin, also king of Ailech, who

INCIPIT DO

AISLINGE MEIC CONGLINNE.

CETHARDAI as cuintesta da cach elathain, issed as cuintesta don eladain se .i. locc [ocus persu] ocus aimser ocus *fāth* airicc.

Locc don eladain se Corcach Mōr Muman, ocus persu dī Anér mac Conglinde di Eoganacht Glennabrach. I n-aimsir Cathail meic Fhinguine meic Concengairm nō meic Concenmāthair dorónad. Is hē di*diu* *fāth* airicc a dēnma .i. do díchor in luin crāeis bói i m-brāgait Cathail meic Fhinguine.

Cathal mac Finguine, rí maith rogab Mumai: araile læch māl mór ēsside. Amlaid bōi in læch sin: co n-gēri chon, co longad chapaill. Sattan (.i. lon crāis bōi ina brāgait) nomeled a chuit laiss. Mucc ocus mart ocus ag *teor*a ferglacc, la trī *fichte* bairgen do fhírcruithnecht, ocus dabach do nūa chorma ocus *tricha* og rerchirce, ba hí insin a prīmairigid,[1] cenmotha a [fh]rithairigid,[1] co m-ba herlam a mōrfheiss dó. Dāig in mōrfheiss, nī thalla rím nō āirem furri-sene.

Is hē tra *fāth* airicc in luin crāis i m-brāgait Cathail meic Fhinghuine: daig bōi cētshercus ēcmaise dó fria Lígaig ingin Mōile Dúin rīg Oilig, ocus derbshiur side do Fhergal mac Mōile Dúin, rí Oilig beos, ocus ba

airaigid

was then contending for the kingship of Ireland against Cathal MacFinguine, as is plain from the quarrel of the two hags, when they had a duel in quatrains at Freshford :

"He comes from the North, comes from the North,
The son of Mældúin, over the rocks,
Over Barrow's brink, over Barrow's brink,
Till kine he take he will not stay."

"He shall stay, shall stay," said the Southern hag ;
"He will be thankful if he escapes.
By my father's hand, by my father's hand,
If Cathal meets him, he'll take no kine."

Then kernels and apples and many sweets used to be brought from Lígach, Mældúin's daughter, to Cathal MacFinguine, for his love and affection. Fergal, son of Mældúin, heard this, and his sister was called unto him. And he gave her a blessing if she should tell him truth, and a curse if she should deny him it. The sister told him ; for great as was her love and affection for Cathal MacFinguine, she feared her brother's curse reaching her. Then she told the true story.

The brother told her to send the apples to himself. And a scholar was summoned unto him, and he promised great rewards to the scholar for putting charms in those numerous sweets, to the destruction of Cathal MacFinguine. And the scholar put charms and heathen spells in those numerous sweets, and they were delivered to Fergal, who despatched messengers to convey them to Cathal. And they entreated him by each of the seven universal things, sun and moon, dew and sea, heaven and earth, day [and night . . . . that he would eat] those apples,

cosnamaid[1] Ērenn ēsside an inbaid sin i n-agaid Cathail meic Fhinguine, am*al* is follus a himarbáig in dā chaillech dīa n-d*er*nsat in dí chammrand i n-Achad Ūr saindrud :

"Dosfil atūaid, dosfil atūaid
mac Mōile Dúin dar ailechu,
dar Berba brú, dar Berba brú,
co ruca bú nī aineba."

"Anfaid, anfaid,"—ar in chaillech aness—
"bid buide lais dīa n-ērnaba.
Dar laím m'athar, [dar lāim m'athar,]
dīanustáir Cathal, nīsbēra bā."

Dobertīs īarum ettne ocus úbla ocus ilblassa ō Ligaig ingin Móli Dúin do Cathal mac Finguine for a sheirc ocus inmaine. Atcūala Fergal mac Mōile Dúin inní sin, ocus dogarad a shiúr a dóchumm. Ocus dombert bennachtain dī for fír d' indissi dó, ocus mallacht dīa sénad fair. Ro-indis in shiur dó ; ar cīa bói dīa sheircc ocus grād Cath*ail meic* Fhinguine aicce, rop ōmun lee mallacht a brāthar dīa rochtain. Ro-indis īar sin in scél fíre.

Atbert in brāthair fria na húbla do tachor chuice. Ocus rogairmed scolaige ina dóchumm, ocus doruachell lógu mōra don scolaigi ar thūathi do chur isna hilblassaib út do admilliud Cathail meic Fhinguine. Ocus rolā in scolaigi tūathi ocus gen*tlecht* isna hilblassaib sin, ocus rothidnacit chuca ina hilblassa, ocus cartaid timthirid dīa tidn*acul* do C[h]athal. Ocus rogāidetar for nach *sechta* coitcend .i. grīan ocus ésca, drúcht ocus muir, nem ocus tal*am*, lā . . .[2]

[1] cosn*a*maig

[2] Space left vacant for about ten letters

since it was out of love and affection for him they were brought from Lígach, daughter of Mǽldúin.

Cathal thereupon ate the apples, and little creatures through the poison spells were formed of them in his inside. And those little creatures gathered in the womb of one—in that animal, so that there was formed the demon of gluttony. And this is the cause why the demon of gluttony abode in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine, to the ruin of the men of Munster during three half-years; and it is likely he would have ruined Ireland during another half-year.

There were eight persons in Armagh at that time of whom these lays were sung:

I heard of eight to-night
In Armagh after midnight;
I proclaim them with hosts of deeds,
Their names are no sweet symphonies.

Comgán was the name of the Two Smiths' son.
Famous was he after the hunt.
Critán was Rustang's noble son,
It was a full fitting name.

The Two Tribes' Dark One, a shining cry,
That was the name of Stelene's son,
Dun Raven, a white nun, of Beare,
Rough Derry was the name of Samán's son.

Never-Refused was MacConglinne's name,
From the brink of the sweet-crested Bann.
Wee Man, Wee Wife, bag of carnage,
Were Dead Man's sire and dam.

My king, king of high heaven,
That givest hosts victory over death,
Great son of Mary,—Thine the way—
A confluence of cries I heard.

na n-uball út, ūair is ar a grād ocus inmaine tucc*ad* ō Lígaig ingin Móli Dúin.

Doromel Cathal na húbla īarum, ocus dorigne míla eptha dīb ina medōn. Ocus timoirsit na míla eptha sin i m-broind ōen . . . . . .[1] isin anmunna sin, co n-derna lon craís de. Conid hē sin *fāth* o[i]ricc in luin chráis do attreib i m-brágait Cathail meic Fhinguine do aidmilliud fer Muman co cend *teor*a lethbl*iadan ;* ocus is dōig nomille[d] Ēirinn co cend lethbl*iadna* ele.

Bōi *ocht*ar i n-Ard Macha an inboid sin. ocus is dōib-side rocanait in lāid se :

Atcūala *ocht*ar anocht
i n-Ard Macha īar midnocht :
fortgillim co m-búidnib band,
nīdat cuibde a comanmand.

Comgán ar mac Dā Cherda,
ba herdraic i n-dīaid shelga,
Critān for mac Rustaing rán,
ba hainm comadais comlān.

Dub Dā Thūath, ba togairm n-glē,
ba hē ainm meic Stelene :
Don[n]fhiach[2] caillech Berre bán, [ci]
Garbdaire for mac Samán. [ci]

Aniér for mac Conglinde
do brú Banda barrbinde,
Becān, Becnait, bolg donī ār,
athair sceō māthair Marbán.

Mo ríg-se, ri nime nāir,[3]
dobe*ir* for buidne būad nāis,
m*ac* mūad Muire, mod notba,
comur n-gāire rochūala. Atcūala ochtar.

[1] Space left vacant for about sixteen letters.
[2] There seems to be *punctum delens* under *th*.
[3] nais

One of these eight, then, was Aniér MacConglinne, a famous scholar he, with abundance of knowledge. The reason why he was called Aniér was because he would satirise and praise all. No wonder, indeed; for there had not come before him, and came not after him, one whose satire or praise was harder to bear, wherefore he was called Anéra [*i.e.* Non-refusal], for that there was no refusing him.

A great longing seized the mind of the scholar, to follow poetry, and to abandon his reading. For wretched to him was his life in the shade of his studies. And he searched in his mind whither he would make his first poetical journey. The result of his search was, to go to Cathal MacFinguine, who was then on a royal progress in Iveagh of Munster. The scholar had heard that he would get plenty and enough of all kinds of whitemeats; for greedy and hungry for whitemeats was the scholar.

This came into the mind of the scholar on a Saturday eve exactly, at Roscommon; for there he was pursuing his reading. Then he sold the little stock he possessed for two wheaten cakes and a slice of old bacon with a streak across its middle. These he put in his book-satchel. And on that night two pointed shoes of hide, of seven-folded dun leather, he shaped for himself.

He arose early on the morrow, and tucked up his shirt over the rounds of his fork, and wrapped him in the folds of his white cloak, in the front of which was an iron brooch. He lifted his book-satchel on to the arched slope of his back. In his right hand he grasped his even-poised knotty staff,

Ba hān tra don ochtar sin .i. Aniēr mac Conglinne, scolaigi amru ēsside co n-immad eōlais. Is aire atbertha Aniér friss .i. no-ērad ocus nomolad cāch. Deithbir ón, ūair nī thānic remi ocus ní ticc dīa ēissi bu duilge ēr nō molad, conid aire atbertha Anēra friss, īarsinnī ní fētta éra fair.

Tānic móit mōr for menmain don scolaigi .i. dol ra filidecht ocus a lēgend do [fh]ācbāil. Ar ba doinmech dó a betha for scáth a fhogluma. Ocus roscrūtus*tair* ina menmain cīa leth nob*er*ad a chétchūairt fhilidechta. Issed tra tuc dīa scrūt*ain*, a dula co Cathal mac Finguine bói for cūairt rīg i n-Ūib Ech*ach* Muman. Atchūala in scolaige immad ocus oirer cacha bánbíd do fhāgbāil dó; ūair ba sánntach soaccobrach mbánbíd in scolaige.

Is and tānic inní sin im-menmain in scolaigi aidche Sath*air*n saindrud ic Russ Commán; or is ann bói oc dēnmus[1] a légind. Īarsin recaid in m-bec sprédi bōi acca .i. for dā bairgin do chruithnecht ocus for thócht sensaille co sīthfi[2] dar a lār. Dosrat sin ina théig lib*air*. Ocus *c*ummais dī chūarán corra coidlide[3] do dondleth*ar* sechtfhillte dó in adaig[4] sin.

Atraacht moch īarnabárach ocus gabaid a lēnid i n-ardgabāil ōs mell*ach* a láruc, ocus gab*aid* a lummain find fortōcbalta i forcip*ul* imme. Mílec[h] īarnaide[5] ūasu ina brutt. Tūarcaib a théig lib*air* for stūagleirg a dromma. Rotgab

[1] den*m*u*s* [2] tithfi [3] coidlige [4] agaid [5] iarnaige

in which were five hands from one end to the other. Then, going right-hand-wise round the cemetery, he bade farewell to his tutor, who put gospels around him.

He set out on his way and journey, across the lands of Connaught into Aughty, to Limerick, to Carnarry, to Barna-trí-Carbad, into Slieve-Keen, into the country of the Fir-Féni, which is this day called Fermoy, across Moinmore, until he rested a short time before vespers in the guest-house of Cork. On that Saturday he had gone from Roscommon to Cork.

This was the way in which he found the guest-house on his arrival, it was open. That was one of the days of the three things, viz., wind and snow and rain about the door; so that the wind left not a wisp of thatch, nor a speck of ashes that it did not sweep with it through the other door, under the beds and couches and screens of the princely house. The blanket of the guest-house was rolled, bundled, in the bed, and was full of lice and fleas. No wonder, truly, for it never got its sunning by day, nor its lifting at night; for it was not wont to be empty at its lifting. The bath-tub of the guest-house, with the water of the night before in it, with its stones, was by the side of the door-post.

The scholar found no one who would wash his feet. So he himself took off his shoes and washed his feet in that bath-tub, in which he afterwards dipped his shoes. He hung his book-satchel on the peg in the wall, took up his shoes, and gathered his hands into the blanket, which he tucked about his legs. But, truly, as numerous as the sand of the sea,

a t[h]rostán comthromm cōicduirn (.i. ón beind co a chēli) cutruma for bolcsén ina desláim. Dolluid desel relci. Bendachais dīa fithir (.i. aite). Atnagar soscēla imme.

Docummlai i cend shētta ocus imdechta dar crích Connacht i n-Echtgi, do Luimnech, do Charnd Feradaig, do Berna Trí Carpat, i Sléib Cāin, i tīr Fer Fhéni, frisi rāiter Fir Muige indíu, dar Mónaid Móir, co n-dessid sel becc rīa n-espartain i taig áiged Chorcaige. Ō Ross Comān co Corccaig dia Sathairn saindrud.

Is amlaid dorala in tech āiged, oslaicthe for a chind. Hil-lathi na teorai in lá sin .i. gāth ocus snechta ocus fleochud ina dorus, conā fārcaib in gāth sifind tuga nō minde lúatha cen scūabad lee dar in dorus aile fo cholbaib ocus fo immdadaib ocus fo clīathaib in rīgthige.

Sētigi in tige āiged ocus sē timmthasta timmairthi ina lebaid, ocus ba mílach dergnatach ēside. Deithbir ón, ar nísfāgbad[1] a grīanad il-lō nō a thōcbáil i n-aidche, ar nī ba gnāth dó beith folam fria thōcbāil. Lothomur in taige āiged co n-usci na haidche remi ind, cona clochaib hi tāib na hursand.

Niconfūair in scolaige ēn dogneth a fhósaic. Benais fén īarum a chūarānu de, ocus indlais asin aithindlat út. Mescais a chūarānu and īarum. Tócbais a thēig libair for a luirg isin fraigid, ocus tecbaid a chūarānu, ocus teclumaid[2] a lāmu laiss isin sētigi, ocus imnaiscis imma chossa. Acht cena ba liridir fri

[1] fadbad

[2] Sign of aspiration added over t in paler ink.

or sparks of fire, or dew on a May morning, or the stars of heaven, were the lice and fleas nibbling his legs, so that weariness seized him. And no one came to visit him or do reverence to him.

He took down his book-satchel, and brought out his psalter, and began singing his psalms. What the learned and the books of Cork relate is, that the sound of the scholar's voice was heard a thousand paces beyond the city, as he sang his psalms, through spiritual mysteries, in lauds, and stories, and various kinds, in dia-psalms and syn-psalms and sets of ten, with paters and canticles and hymns at the conclusion of each fifty. Now, it seemed to every man in Cork that the sound of the voice was in the house next himself. This came of original sin, and MacConglinne's hereditary sin and his own plain-working bad luck; so that he was detained without drink, without food, without washing, until every man in Cork had gone to his bed.

Then it was that Manchín, abbot of Cork, said, after having gone to his bed: "Lad," he said, "are there guests with us to-night?"

"There are not," said the attendant.

However, the other attendant said: "I saw one going hastily, impatiently across the green a short time before vespers, a while ago."

"You had better visit him," said Manchín, "and take him his ration. For he has been too lazy to come back for his allowance, and moreover the night was very bad."

His allowance was brought out, and these were

gainem mara nō fri drithrenna tened nō fri drúcht im-matain cétamain nō fri renna nime míla ocus dergnatta ic guilbniugud a choss, condagaib emeltius. Ocus nīstānic nech dīa fhiss nō dīa umalōit ina dochum.

Tucc fadessin a théig lib*air* chuca, ocus benais a shaltair essi, ocus forbairt cantain a shalm. Issed atfiadat eōlaig ocus libair Chorccaige, co closs míle cēmend sechtair cath*raig* immach son a gotha in scolaigi oc cētul a shalm tria rúnib spīr*t*alta, for aillib ocus annālaib ocus ernalib, for diapsalmaib ocus sinsalmaib ocus decáidib, co paitrib ocus cantaccib ocus immnaib hi forba cacha *coec*ait. Ba dóig im*moro* fria cach fer i Corccaig, bá isin tig ba nessa dō nobith son in foguir. Issed ró-imfulaing, in comra*rgu* bunatta ocus a p[h]eccad búnadgendi ocus a mīrath follusgnéthech fodēin, corerfhuirged cen dig cen bīad cen indlat, co n-dech*aid* cach duine i Corccaig ina immdaid.

Con[id] ann asbert Manchīn abb Corccaige īar n-dul dó ina lepaid: "A scolócc," ol sē, "in filet áigid occaind innocht?"

"Nī filet," ol in timthirid.

Ar sē in timthirid aile: "Itconnarc-sa ēn co díscir denmnetach dar fiarut na faigthi gar becc rīa n-espartain ō chíanaib."

"Is ferr a fhiss," ol Manchín, "ocus a chutig do br*eith* dó. Or bōi dīa lesca les-side tidecht 'na [fh]rithing aridisi for cend a chota, ocus bōi tra d' olcc na haidche."

Berar a chuitig-sium amach, ocus is ī proind ruccad

the rations that were taken to him : a small cup of the church whey-water, and two sparks of fire in the middle of a wisp of oaten straw, and two sods of fresh peat.

The servant came to the door of the guest-house, and fear and terror seized him at the gaping open pitch-dark house. He knew not whether anybody was within, or not; whereupon one of the two asked, in putting his foot across the threshold :

"Is there any one here?" says he.

"There is some one," answered MacConglinne.

"It is a breaking of the spells that are on this house to put it in order for one man."

"If ever the spells on it were broken," said MacConglinne, "they were to-night; for their breaking was fated, and it is I who break them."

"Rise," said the attendant, "and eat thy meal."

"I pledge my God's doom," said he, "that since I have been kept waiting till now, until I know what you have there, I shall not rise."

The gillie put the two sparks of fire that were in the middle of the wisp of oaten straw, on the hearth, and pulled another wisp from the bed. He arranged the two sods of fresh peat round the wisps, blew the spark, lighted the wisp, and showed him his repast; whereupon MacConglinne said :

"My lad," said MacConglinne,
"Why should not we have a duel in quatrains?
A quatrain compose on the bread,
I will make one on the relish.

Cork, wherein are sweet bells,
Sour is its sand,

ann : cūachān (.i. corcca) do médgusci na hecla*ise*, ocus dā óibell tened im-medón suipp sílcátha corcca, ocus dā fhót do úrmónaid.

Ticc in timt[h]irid co dorus in taigi óiged, ocus rosgab gráin ocus ecla frisin tech n-óbéla n-oslacthi n-imdorcha. Nīconfetar in rabi ēn and, fó nā rabi. Conid ann atbert indalanāi oc tabairt a choisse dar in tairsech :

"In fil nech sund?" ol sē.

"Fil ēn," ar Mac Conglinde.

"Is cóll gessi don tig sea a thach*ur* for ēnfer."

"Mārocollit rīam a gessi," ar Mac Conglinne, "rocollit innocht, .i. bōi a n-dán a coll, ocus is mē choilles."

"Erg," ol in timthirid,[1] "ocus tomil do próind!"

"Atbiur mo dōbroth," ol sē, "ōramfuirged cusin trāth sa, nocofesser cid fil and, noco n-ērus."

Atnaig in gilla in dī ōibill a medōn int shuip shílcátha corcca isin tell*ach*, ocus ticc sopp asin lepa chuca, cōirgis in dí fōt úrmónad imna suppu, sétis ind óibill, lassais in sopp, ocus follsigis dō a proind. Ut dixit Mac Conglinne :

"A scolóʃi]e," ar Mac Conglinne,
"cid nā dénum dá chammrand?
Déna-su rand ar arán,
co n-dēn-sa rand ar annland.

Corcach i fil cluca binde,
goirt a gainem,

[1] timt*h*irig

Its soil is sand,
Food there is none in it.

Unto Doom I would not eat,
Unless famine befel them,
The oaten ration of Cork,
Cork's oaten ration.

Along with thee carry the bread,
For which thou'st made thy orison;
Woe worth him who eats this ration,
That is my say, my lad."

The attendant remembered the quatrains, for his understanding was sharp.

They take the food back to the place where Manchín was, and declared the quatrains to the abbot.

"Well," said Manchín, "the ill word will tell you the boy. Little boys will sing those verses, unless the words are avenged on him who made them."

"What do you mean to do, then?" said the gillie.

"This," said Manchín; "to go to the person who made them, to strip him of all his clothes, to lay scourges and horsewhips on him, until his flesh and skin break and sever from his bones (only let his bones not be broken): to put him in the Lee and give him his fill of the muddy water of the Lee. Then let him be put into the guest-house, without a stitch of clothing." (And there was no clothing in that house but the blanket, in which lice and fleas were as plentiful as May dew.) "There let him sleep that night, in the most wretched and darkest plight he ever was in. Let the house be closed on

gainem a grīan,
noconfil bīad inde.[1]

Co brāth noco n-ísaind-sea,
acht minusteema gorta,
cñachān corca Corccaige,
cñachān Corccaige corca.

Geb-si chucat in n-arān
ima n-dernai[s]-siu t' oróit.
In chuit si is mairg dosméla :
is īat mo scéla, a scoló[i]c." A scolō[i]c.

Mébraigis in scolōc[2] na runda, ūair bā háith á inntlecht.

Atnagut leō in m-bīad co hairm a m-bōi Mainchín, ocus taisselb*aid* na runna don abbaid.

"Maith," ol Manchín, "atmait meicc mīfhoccuil. Gébdait mecc beca na runda sin, minā dīgailt*ir* forsintí dorigne."

"Cid fil lat-su desin ?" or in gilla.

"Fil liumm," or Manchín, "dul cusintí dorigne, ocus ulidétaid a ētaig do bein de, slipre ocus echlusca do gabáil dō, coromuide ocus coroet*ar*scara a fheōil ocus a chraiccend ō chnámu, acht nammā nā robrist*er* a chnámu ; a chor isin Sábraind, ocus a bodarshāith d' us*ci* na Sábrainde dó. A chor isin tech n-ōiged īarum cen meth*er* n-étaig do lēcud leis inund." (Ocus nī bōi tall d' étach acht in sétige, ocus ba lilithir drucht cētemain a mīla-side ocus a dergnuta.) "Fessid ind in aidche sin feib as doccra ocus as dorcha bōi rīam remi. Forīatar in tech fair

[1] sin*de*

[2] scolaigi

him from outside until morning, in order that he may not escape, until my counsel together with the counsel of the monks of Cork shall be held on him to-morrow, even in the presence of the Creator and of St. Barre, whose servant I am. Our counsel shall be no other than his crucifixion to-morrow, for the honour of me and of St. Barre, and of the Church."

So it was done. And then it was that his hereditary transgression and his own plain-working sin rose against MacConglinne. The whole of his clothing was stripped off him, and scourges and horsewhips were laid on him. He was put into the Lee, and had his fill of its dead water. After which he lay in the guest-house until morning.

Early at morn Manchín arose on the morrow; and the monks of Cork were gathered by him, until they were in one place, at the guest-house. It was opened before them, and they sat down on the bed-rails and couches of the house.

"Well, you wretch," said Manchín, "you did not do right in reviling the Church last night."

"The church-folk did no better," said MacConglinne, "to leave me without food, though I was only a party of one."

"Thou hadst not gone without food, even though thou hadst only got a little crumb, or a drink of whey-water in the church. There are three things, about which there should be no grumbling in the Church; viz. new fruit, and new ale, and Sunday eve's portion. For however little is obtained on Sunday eve, what is nearest on the morrow is psalm-singing, then bell-ringing, Mass, with preaching

co matain dīanechtair, ardāig nā roélád, coraib mo chomairle-si fair le comarli muntiri Corccaige immbārach i fīadnaise in dúilemun cena ocus Barre 'gátó-sa. Nī ba comairle aile acht a c[h]rochad imbārach imm enech-sa ocus enech Barra ocus ina heclaisi."

Dorigned am*ail* sin. Ocus is ann sin tānic a chomrarcu bunata ocus a p[h]eccad follusgnēthech fén fri[s]-sium. Robenad ulidétaid a étaig de, ocus rogabad slipre ocus echlusca dó. Rofuirmed hē isin Sábraind co tartad nī fair,[1] a sháith do bodarusci na Sabrainde dó. Fessid īar sin isin tig óiged co matain.

Atracht Manchīn matain moch īarnabārach, ocus rotinōlit muinnter Chorccaige ō Manchīn, co m-bātar i n-ēnbaile .i. isin tech n-óiged. Auroslaicther rempu, ocus fessait for colbadaib ocus immdadu in tigi.

"Maith, a t[h]róig," ol Manchín, "ní dernais cóir in eclais do écnach aréir."

"Nírbo fherr do lucht na heclaisi," ar Mac Conglinde, "mo beth-si cen bīad occu, ocus rob ūathad mo dám."

"Nírbeith cen bīad deitt, cein co fāgtha acht ablaind m-bic nō dig do medgusci isind eclais. Fil tréda darnā dlegar oirbire ind-eclais .i. nūathorud ocus nūa cormma ocus cuit aidche Dómnaig. Ar cid bec isna haidchib Domnaig, issed is nessam arabārach: sailm do ghabāil, cloc íar sin, celebrad la precept ocus oiffrend, sāsad bocht. Esbuid na haidche

[1] *fora*

and the Sacrament, and feeding the poor. What was a wanting on the eve of Sunday will be got on Sunday or on the eve of Monday. You began grumbling early."

"And I profess," said MacConglinne, "that we acted in humility, and there was more than enough in requital."

"But I vow before the Creator and St. Barre," said Manchín, "thou shalt not revile again. Take him away with you, that he may be crucified on the green, for the honour of St. Barre and of the Church, and for my own honour."

"O cleric," said MacConglinne, "let me not be crucified, but let a righteous, just judgment be given on me, which is better than to crucify me."

Then they proceeded to give judgment on MacConglinne. Manchín began to plead against him, and every man of the monks of Cork proceeded, according to rank, against MacConglinne. But, though a deal of wisdom and knowledge and learning had they, lawfully he was not convicted on a point of speech for which he could be crucified.

Then was he taken without law to Ráthín Mac n-Aeda, a green in the southern quarter of Cork. He said:

"A boon for me, O Manchín, and ye monks of Cork!"

"Is it to spare thee?" asked Manchín.

"That is not what I ask," said MacConglinne, "though I should be glad if that would come of it."

"Speak," said Manchín.

Domnaig is dia Domnaig nō aidche Lūain fogabar. Ocus moch dorindis oirb*ir*e."

"Fuisidim-si tra," ar Mac Conglinne, "co n-d*ern*samm i n-umalōit, ocus fuilled ro-imarcraid indaithi."

"Acht gillim fīad n-duilemain ocus Barri," ol Manchín, "nī ba hāir bess duit. Tucc*ar* lib siut co croch*ar* i n-enech Barri ocus na heclaisi ocus im' enech-sa forsin fhaithche."[1]

"A c[h]lērig," ar Mac Conglinne, "nīdamcrochtar, acht berar br*eth* fírian indraicc form is ferr oltā mo[2] chrochad."

Atnagar ann sin hi cend br*eith*i do br*eith* for Mac Conglinne. Atnaig Manchīn oc taecra friss. Atnagar cach fer īar n-urd do muintir Chorcc[aig]e co Mac Conglinne. Cīa bói d' immbud cēnai ocus eōlais ocus aircetail leō, nī [fh]rith loc labartha i n-dligud dō trīasa crochthá.

Berair īar sin cen dlig*ed* co Ráthín Mac n-Aeda i n-descertleth Cho[r]ccaige (.i. fai[th]chi). Co n-epert budessin :

"Asccaid dam, a Manchín ocus a muinter Chorccaige !"

"Ōt anocul sin ? " ol Manchín.

"Nī head condaigimm," ar Mac Conglinne ; "fó liumm cé notísad de."

"Apair," ol Manchīn.

[1] faichthe [2] mo mo

"I will not speak," said MacConglinne, "until I have pledges for it."

Pledges and bonds stout and strong were imposed on the monks of Cork for its fulfilment, and he bound them upon his pledges.

"Say what it is you want," said Manchín.

"I will," said Aniér: "to eat the viaticum that is in my book-satchel before going to death, for it is not right to go on a journey without being shriven. Let my satchel be given to me."

His satchel was brought to him, and he opened it, and took out of it the two wheaten cakes and the slice of old bacon. And he took the tenth part of each of the cakes, and cut off the tenth of the bacon, decently and justly.

"Here are tithes, ye monks of Cork," said MacConglinne. "If we knew the man who has better right, or who is poorer than another, to him would we give our tithes."

All the paupers that were there rose up on seeing the tithes, and reached out their hands. And he began looking at them, and said:

"Verily before God," said he, "it can never be known if any one of you stands in greater need of these tithes than I myself. The journey of none of you was greater yesterday than mine—from Roscommon to Cork. Not a morsel or drop tasted I after coming. I had eaten nothing on the road, I did not find a guest's welcome on my arrival, but I received [insult], ye curs and robbers and dung-hounds, ye monks of Cork! The whole of my clothing was stripped off me, scourges and horsewhips were laid on me, I was plunged into the Lee, and

"Ni epér," ar Mac Conglinne, "co m-bet cuir dam fria."

Atnagar rátha ocus nadmand tenna ocus tre*bair*e for muintir Chorccaige fria comall, ocus naidmis for a churu.

"Apair," ol Manchīn, "cid condige."

"Atbēr," ar Aniér; ".i. pars fil am' théig lib*air* do chaithem ré n-dul for cel; ar nī dlegar escómlad cen dol do láim. Tuethar mo thīag lib*air* dam!"

Doberar a théig dó, ocus oslaicis hí, co m-ben dī bairgin (.i. cruith*nechta*) essi la tócht senshaille. Ocus gab*ais* dechmaid cechtarnāi ocus b*e*nais dechmaid in tóchta co himargide ocus co hindraicc.

"Fil dechmaid sund, a muinter Chorccaige," ar Mac Conglinne. "Dīa fhesmais intí bud chóru nō is bochta a céli, dó dobērmais ar n-dechmaid."

An robōi ann do bochtaib atrachtatar sāas ic décsi na dechmaide, ocus sínid a lámu ūadib. Ocus gab*ais* sill*ed* forru īarum ocus atbert:

"Fīa[d] Dīa ām," ol sē, "nī festa cid mó nóriss*ed* ēn ūaib a less in dech*mad* si oldá-su fessin. Nī bā mó uide neich ūaib indé oldá m' uidi-sea .i. ō Rus Chommán co Corccaig. Nīrthóimless mír nō banna īar tidecht, nī rochaithes for sēt, nī fūarus fīad fhīróiged īar tidecht, acht fūarus [ ], a matadu ocus a latrannu ocus a c[h]onu cacca .i. a muinter C[h]orccaige! Robenad ulidēta[i]d m' étaig[1] dimm, rogabad slipre ocus echlusca dam, domratad isin

[1] *in* étaid

clean injustice was practised upon me. Fair play was not given me. In the presence of the Maker," said MacConglinne, "it shall not be the first thing the fiend shall lay to my charge after going yonder, that I gave to you these tithes, for ye deserve them not."

So the first morsel that he ate was his tithes, and after that he ate his meal—his two cakes, with his slice of old bacon. Then, lifting up his hands, and giving thanks to his Maker, he said:

"Now take me to the Lee!"

On that he was taken, bonds and guards and all, towards the Lee.

When he reached the well, the name of which is "Ever-full", he doffed his white cloak, and laid it out to be under his side, his book-satchel under the slope of his back. He let himself down upon his cloak, supine, put his finger through the loop of his brooch, and dipped the point of the pin over his back in the well. And while the drop of water trickled down from the end of the brooch, the brooch was over his breath.

The men that guarded him and held him in bonds grew tired.

"Your own treachery has come about you, ye curs and robbers, ye monks of Cork! When I was in my cell, what I used to do was to hoard what bits might reach me during five or six days, and then eat them in one night, drinking my fill of water afterwards. This would sustain me to the end of three days and three nights without anything

Sábraind, rohimred fír n-indlig*id* form, nī rodamad fír dlig*id* dam. I fhīadnaise in dūileman," ar Mac Conglinne, "nī ba hē cētní aicēras demun form-sa īar n-dul anúnd, in dech*maid* sa do thabairt dūib-si, ar nīsdligthi."

Conid é cētmír adūaid indsin, a dech*mad*; ocus caithis a próind īarum .i. a dí bairgin cona thócht senshaille. Tócbaid a lámu ocus atlaigis buide dia dúil*emain*.

"Mo br*eith* inn-dóchum na Sábrainne festa!" ar Mac Conglinne.

Īar sin berair hē lín a chuimrig ocus a chométaid[1] a dóchum na Sabrainne.

In tan rosīacht in tiprait dīanad ainm Bithlán, romben a lumain fhind de, ocus dosrat foa thōeb, ocus a théig lib*air* fo leirg a droma. Rosléic fān for a lummain, atnaig a mér trīa drol a delci, ocus tummais rind in delgai dar a ais isin tiprait. In céin nobíd banna oc snige a cind in delca sís, nobíd in delc ūas a anáil.

Rostorsig in lucht coimēta ocus c*um*rig.

"Tānic in brēc f*or* timchell, a matuda ocus a latranda, a muinter Chorccaige! Inbuid robá-sa 'cóm boith, issed dognínd: inamtoirched co cend cōic trāth nō sé do blogaib, a taiscid co caithind i n-ōen-adaig,[2] mo sháith do us*ci* ina n-dīaid sin,

[1] chométaig
[2] adaid

else, and it would not harm me. I shall be three days and nights subsisting on what I ate just now, three days and nights more doing penance, and another three days and nights drinking water, for I have pledges in my hands. I vow to God and St. Barre, whose I am here," said MacConglinne, "though neither high nor low of the monks of Cork should leave the place where they are, but should all go to death in one night, and Manchín before all or after all, to death and hell,—since I am sure of heaven, and shall be in the Presence, to which there is neither end nor decay."

This story was told to the monks of Cork, who quickly held a meeting, and the upshot of the meeting was that MacConglinne should have a blessing on his going in humility to be crucified, or else that nine persons should surround him to guard him until he died where he was, that he might be crucified afterwards.

That message was delivered to MacConglinne.

"It is a sentence of curs," said he. "Nevertheless, whatever may come of it, we will go in humility, as our Master, Jesus Christ, went to His Passion."

Thereupon he rose, and went to the place where were the monks of Cork. And by this time the close of vespers had come.

"A boon for us, O Manchín!" said the monks of Cork themselves.

"O my God, what boon?" cried Manchín.

"Respite for that poor devil until morning. We have not tolled bells, neither have we celebrated

no[m]b*er*ed co cend nómaide ce*n* ní īar sin, ocus nī lāud f*or*m. Bēt nómaide for ar'chaithius ō chīanaib ; bēt nómaide aile oc athrige, ocus nómaide aile ic ól us*ci*, or atāut cuir frim' lāmaib. Fortgellaimm Dīa ocus Barre 'catú," ar Mac Conglinne, "cen co tig ūasal nō ísel do muintir C[h]orccaige asin baile itāt, co n-digset écc uli i n-ēnaidchi, ocus Manchīn rīa cách ocus īar cách, do bás ocus dochumm n-iff*ir*n ;—or am derb-sa do nim, ocus bīat i frecnarcus forsnā fil crích nō erchra."

Rohindissed do muintir Chorccaige in scēl sin, ocus dorigset lūathchomarc, ocus issed tuccad asin cho*marc* : bendacht do Mac Conglinne for a dul fén ar umalōit dia chroch*ad*, nō nónbur timchill*ed* dia chom*ēt*, co n-dig[s]ed éc áitt a m-bōi, ocus co rocroch*ad* īar tain.

Roráided fri Mac Conglinne inní sin. Asbert Mac Conglinne :

"Is matroga," (.i. is roga mataid, nō is mat*ad* intí hō tuccad in roga.) "Acht ōenní chena, cid ed bess de, régmait fri hum*alóit* feib rochōid ar mágist*ir* Īsu Crist fria c[h]ésad."

Atraig co háit i m-bātar muinter Chorccaige. Ocus tāncatar crīcha espartan ann sin.

"Ascaid dún, a Manchīn!" ol muinter C[h]orccaige fodēin.

"A mo Dé, cissi ascaid ?" ol Manchīn.

"Dál co matain[1] cen croch*ad* don tróg út. Nī

[1] commatain

Mass, nor preached, nor made the Offering. The poor have not been satisfied by us with food against the Sunday, nor have we refreshed ourselves. Grant us a respite for him till morning."

"I pledge my word," said Manchín, "that respite shall not be given, but the day of his transgression shall be the day of his punishment."

Ochone! in that hour MacConglinne was taken to the Foxes' Wood, and an axe was put in his hand, his guard being about him. He himself cut his passion-tree, and bore it on his back to the green of Cork. He himself fixed the tree. And the time had outrun the close of vespers, and the one resolve they had was to crucify him there and then.

"A boon for me, O Manchín, and ye monks of Cork!" said MacConglinne.

"I pledge my word," said Manchín, "that no boon shall come from us."

"It is not to spare me I ask you, for, though it were asked, it would not be granted to me of your free will, ye curs and ye robbers and dung-hounds and unlettered brutes, ye shifting, blundering, hang-head monks of Cork! But I want my fill of generous juicy food, and of tasty intoxicating sweet ale, and a fine light suit of thin dry clothing to cover me, that neither cold nor heat may strike me; a gorging feast of a fortnight for me before going to the meeting with death."

"I vow ~~to thee~~," said Manchín, "thou shalt not get that. But it is now the close of the day; it is Sunday. The convent, moreover, are entreating a respite for thee. But thy scanty clothing shall be stripped off thee, and thou shalt be tied to yonder

rosbensom clucu, nō nī dernsamm celebrad nō p*r*ecept nō oiffrend. Nī rosást*a* boicht lind 'na caithium co cend in Dom*naig*, cen sāss*ad* dún fessin. Cairde dún co matin dō!"

"Atbiúr br*ēth*ir," ol Manchīn, "nā rega in dál sin, acht lathi a imorbois bid hē lā a phennati."

Monūar! Isin ūair sin berair Mac Conglinne fo Chaill na Sindach, ocus doberair bīail 'na láim, ocus lucht coimēta immaille friss. Benais fén a chēsadc[h]rand, ocus nosimarch*uir* fri ais co faithc[h]i Chorccaige. Sáidis fén in crand. Ocus lingis ind amser dar crīch n-espartan, ocus nī bōi comairle aile leō, acht a chrochad in tan sin.

"Ascaid dam, a Manchīn ocus a muinter Chorccaige!" ar Mac Conglinne.

"Atberim mo br*ēth*ir tra," ol Manchīn, "conā tēt ascaid ūaind."

"Nī maithem n-anocuil connaigimm foraib; or cīa chuinger, nīstá dam dia b*ar* n-deoin, a matuda ocus a latranda ocus a chonu cacca ocus a brúti nemliterdhai .i. a muinter chorrach cómrairc*nech* cendísel Corccaige! Acht mo sháith do bíud olardai inmárdai ocus do lind shoōil shomesc shomilis; ocus clith n-ālaind n-étrom do étach thana thīrmaide torum, nā romf*o*rgi fūacht nō tess, corup lónfheiss cōict[h]igis dam rīa n-dul i n-dáil báis."

"Fortgillim," ol Manchīn, "nī fhúigbe[1]-siu inní sin. Acht is deriud lái, is Dómnach and. Fil di*du* in popul oc irguide dála duit. Acht benfaider dít

[1] f*h*úidbe

pillar-stone, for a fore-torture before the great torture to-morrow."

So it was done. His scanty clothing was stripped off him, and ropes and cords were tied across him to the pillar-stone.

They turned away home, Manchín going to the abbot's house, that the poor and guests might be fed by them. They also ate something themselves. But they left that sage to fast, who came, having been sent by God and the Lord for the salvation of Cathal MacFinguine and the men of Munster, and the whole Southern Half to boot. The justice of law was not granted him.

He remained there until midnight. Then an angel of God came to him on the pillar-stone, and began to manifest the vision unto him. As long as the angel was on the pillar-stone it was too hot for MacConglinne, but when he moved on a ridge away from him, it was comfortable. (Hence the "Angel's Ridge" in the green of Cork, which was never a morning without dew.) At the end of the night the angel departed from him.

Thereupon he shaped a little rhyme of his own, which would serve to relate what had been manifested to him, and there he remained until morning with the poetical account of his vision ready.

Early at morn the chapter-bell was tolled on the morrow by the monks of Cork, and all came to the pillar-stone.

"Well, you miserable wretch," said Manchín, "how is it with you to-day?"

"It is well," said he, "if I am allowed to make known to thee a few short words that I have,

do bec n-étaig, ocus cengelt*ir* don chorthi út, corob[1] frithpīan fogab*ar* rēsin mōrphéin imbārach."

Dorónad fon sam*ail* sin. Bent*air* de a bec n-ētaig, ocus rocengl*ad* téta ocus refeda taris don chorthi.

Tiagat ūad dia tig. Luid Manchīn don tig abbad, corosásta boicht ocus óigid leō. Rothomailset fén ní. Rolécsit troscud in ecnadu út tānic īarna fóided do Dīa ocus don Choimdid do thesarcain Cathail meic Fhinguine ocus fer Muman ocus Lethi Moga Nūadat olchena. Noch*a* dam*ad* fír n-dlig*id* dó. *Nocho n-damad*

Fessid co medōn óidche ann. Īarsin ticc aingel Dé chuci for in corthi, ocus fororbairt in aislingthi do foillsiugud dó. Cēin bói int aingel forsin cloich, ba rothē dó. Intan téged for imaire ūad, bā sofhulaing dó. (Conid de sin fil Imaire in Aingil hi fhaichthi Chorccaige ; nī bōi-sium matain cen drúcht.) Doll*uid* ūad int aingel deōd n-aidche.

Cumaid-sium īarum cennpurt m-bec ūad fodén bīd imchub*aid* re ais*nēis* amail rofhaillsiged dó ; ocus ataig annsin co matain co cendport a aislingt[h]i do lóri lais.

Bent*air* cloc tinōil oc muintir Corccaige matan moch īarnabārach. Tecat uli cusin corthi.

"Maith, a t[h]róig," ol Manchīn, "cindus filt*er* lat indíu ?"

"Is maith," or sē, "dīa lécther dam in cumair

[1] corom

for a vision appeared to me last night," said MacConglinne, "and, if a respite is given me, I will relate the vision."

"By my word, I say," quoth Manchín, "if the race of Adam were of my thinking they would not give thee respite even for a day or a night. As for myself, I will not give it."

"We pledge our word," said the monks, "though it be disagreeable to you, he shall have a respite, that he may relate his vision. Inflict on him afterwards whatever you wish."

Then it was that he traced Manchín up to Adam, according to the pedigree of food, saying:

"Bless us, O cleric, famous pillar of learning,
Son of honey-bag, son of juice, son of lard,
Son of stirabout, son of pottage, son of fair speckled fruit-clusters,
Son of smooth clustering cream, son of buttermilk, son of curds,
Son of beer (glory of liquors!), son of pleasant bragget,
Son of twisted leek, son of bacon, son of butter,
Son of full-fat sausage, son of pure new milk,
Son of nut-fruit, son of tree-fruit, son of gravy, son of dripping,
Son of fat, son of kidney, son of rib, son of shoulder,
Son of well-filled gullet, son of leg, son of loin,
Son of hip, son of flitch, son of striped breastbone,
Son of bit, son of sup, son of back, son of paunch,
Son of slender tripe, son of cheese without decrease,
Son of fish of Inver Indsén, son of sweet whey, son of biestings,
Son of mead, son of wine, son of flesh, son of ale,
Son of hard wheat, son of tripe, son of . . .
Son of fair white porridge, made of pure sheep's milk,

m-brīathar fil occum do rélad duit-siu .i. aislingt[h]i domarfaid arér," ar Mac Conglinne, "ocus dīa lécther dál dam, indisfet in aislingthi."

"Atbiur dom' brēthir," ol Manchīn, "dīa m-betís sīl n-Adaim dom' rēir, conā tibratís dál lái nō aidche duit. Mē fēn nīcontibér."

"Atberam ar m-brēthir," ol in popul, "cid lonn lat-su, léicthir dál dó, coro-indise a aislinge. A n-us tol lat-su īarum, tabair fair."

Conid indsin ruc-som Manchīn īar n-genelach bíd co hAdam :

"Bennach dūn, a c[h]lérig, a c[h]lī cloth co cómgne,[1]
Mac midbuilce mela, meic bela, meic bloince,
Meic buaidrén, meic brothchāin, meic borrthoraid brecbāin,
Meic borrchrothi blāthi, meic blāithche, meic brechtāin,
Meic beōiri būaid mbainde, meic brócoti binde,
Meic cainninde caimme, meic shaille, meic imme,
Meic indrechtāin lánméith, meic lemnachtai immglain,
Meic messai, meic thoraid, meic holair, meic inmair,
Meic hítha, meic ārand, meic clethi, meic gūaland,
Meic lonloingen láinte, meic láirce, meic lūabann,
Meic lessi, meic lethind, meic loinge brond ballai, [ch]
Meic míre, me[i]c lomnai, meic drommai, meic tharrai,
Meic thremantai thanai, meic thainghe cen trāethad,
Meic ēisc Inbeir Indsén, meic millsén,[2] meic mōethal, [i]
Meic meda, meic fhína, meic cárna, meic corma,
Meic cruithnechta rigne, meic inbe, meic onba,
Meic fhindlitten gile d' ass chōerach co n-glaine,

[1] leg. comge

[2] *meic* míllsén *meic* millsén

Son of soft rich pottage, with its curls of steam,
Son of rough curds, son of fair oatmeal gruel,
Son of sprouty meat-soup, with its purple berries,
Son of the top of effeminate kale, son of soft white midriff,
Son of bone-nourishing nut-fruit, son of Abel, son of Adam.
Fine is thy kindred of choice food, to the tongue it is sweet,
O thou of staid and steady step,—with the help of pointed staff."

"That hurts me not, MacConglinne," said Manchín. "Little didst thou care about slandering me and the Church when thou didst compose a food-pedigree to commemorate me, such as has not been invented for any man before me, and will not be invented till Doom."

"It is no slander at all, O cleric," said MacConglinne, "but a vision that was manifested to me last night. That is its prelude. The vision is not out of place, and, if respite or leave be granted me, I will relate it."

And Manchín said, as before, that he would give no respite. But MacConglinne began to recount his vision, and it is said that from here onward is what the angel manifested to him, as he said:

A vision that appeared to me,
An apparition wonderful
I tell to all:
A lardy coracle all of lard
Within a port of New-milk Loch,
Up on the World's smooth sea.

We went into the man-of-war,
'Twas warrior-like to take the road

Meic scaiblín buic blādmāir cona gáblaib gaile,
Meic gruthraige gairge, meic garbáin cháin chorcca,
Meic crāibechān crāebaig cona chōeraib corccra,
Meic bairr braisce bíthe, meic bolgāin buic bánghlain,
Meic cnómessa cnáimfhéil, meic Ābáil, meic Ādaim.
Maith do dú[th]chus dégbīd, is milis re tengaid,
A chéim fosad fostán al-los trostān bennaig.' Ben. b. d.

"Nocon-olc dam-sa ón, a Mic Conglinne," ol Manchīn. "Bec lat-su āil form-sa ocus forsind eclais co n-dernais genelach bíd i cúmni dam nā dernad do duine romum is nā dīgnestar co brunni brātha."[1]

"Nī hāil etir sin, a c[h]lērig," ar Mac Conglinne, "acht aislingt[h]i domarfás arcir. Is ed siut a cennport. N'imcubaid[2] in aisslingthe, ocus dīa tucthar dál nō cairde dam, innisfet in aislingt[h]i īarsin."

Ocus atbert Manchín in ecétnai, nā tibred dál. Tēit-sium īarsin hi cend a aislingt[h]i, ocus atberut is ōthá sin sís rofhaillsig int aingel dó, ut dixit:

Aislingi domarfas-[s]a,
taidbsi ingnad indisimm
i fhīadnaise cháich:
curchān gered gerthige
i purt locha lómnachta
ōs lind betha[3] blāith.

Lódmar isin lōechlestar,
lāechda in chongaib chonaire

[1] „cobratha,, cobrunni [2] leg. Is imchubaid? [3] bethad

O'er ocean's heaving waves.
Our oar-strokes then we pulled
Across the level sea,
Throwing the sea's harvest up,
Like honey, the sea-soil.

The fort we reached was beautiful,
With works of custards thick,
Beyond the loch.
New butter was the bridge in front,
The rubble dyke was wheaten white,
Bacon the palisade.

Stately, pleasantly it sat,
A compact house and strong.
Then I went in :
The door of it was dry meat,
The threshold was bare bread,
Cheese-curds the sides.

Smooth pillars of old cheese,
And sappy bacon props
Alternate ranged ;
Fine beams of mellow cream,
White rafters—real curds,
Kept up the house.

Behind was a wine well,
Beer and bragget in streams,
Each full pool to the taste.
Malt in smooth wavy sea,
Over a lard-spring's brink
Flowed through the floor.

A loch of pottage fat
Under a cream of oozy lard
Lay 'tween it and the sea.
Hedges of butter fenced it round,
Under a blossom of white-mantling lard,
Around the wall outside.

dar bolclenna lir ;
[corbensom] na sesbēmend
dar muncind in murtrâchta,
co tochrad a murthorud
murgrīan amal mil.

Cōem in dúnad rāncamár,
cona rāthaib robrechtán,
resin loch anall :
bā himm úr a erdrochat,
a chaisel bā gelchruithnecht,
a shondach bā sáll.

Bā suairc segda[1] a shuidiugud
in tige trēoin trebarda,
i n-dechad īartain :
a chomla do thīrmcharnu,
a thairsech do thurarán,
do mæthluib a[2] fraig.

Ūaitne slemnai sencháise,
sailghe saille súgmaire
serndais imasech ;
sessa sena[3] senchrothi,
fairre finda fírgrotha
foloingtís in tech.

Tipra d' fhín 'na fhírīarthar,
áibne beóri is brocóti,
blasta cech lind lán ;
lear do braichlis blāithlendai
ōs brú thopair threm*an*tai
dorói dar a lár.

Loch do braisig belaiche
fó barr úscai olordai
eturru ocus muir ;
erbi imme oc imaire
fo chír blonci bratgile
imon múr amuig.

[1] sin [2] do [3] segda H. 3. 18.

A row of fragrant apple-trees,
An orchard in its pink-tipped bloom,
Between it and the hill.
A forest tall of real leeks,
Of onions and of carrots, stood
Behind the house.

Within, a household generous,
A welcome of red, firm-fed men,
Around the fire.
Seven bead-strings, and necklets seven,
Of cheeses and of bits of tripe,
Hung from each neck.

The Chief in mantle of beefy fat
Beside his noble wife and fair
I then beheld.
Below the lofty cauldron's spit
Then the Dispenser I beheld,
His fleshfork on his back.

The good Cathal MacFinguine,
He is a good man to enjoy
Tales tall and fine.
That is a business for an hour,
And full of delight 'tis to tell
The rowing of the man-of-war
O'er Loch Milk's sea.

He then narrated his entire vision in the presence of the monks of Cork until he reached its close (but this is not its close), and the virtues of the vision were manifested unto Manchín.

"Excellent, thou wretch," said Manchín, "go straight to Cathal MacFinguine, and relate the vision to him; for it was revealed to me last night that this evil which afflicts Cathal would be cured through that vision."

Ecor d' áblaib fírchumra,
fid cona blāth barrchorcera
eturra ocus slīab ;
daire forard fírlossa,
do chainnind do cherrbaccán.
for cúl tige tīar.

Muinnter enig inichin
d' ócaib dercaib tennsadchib
im thenid astig :
secht n-allsmaind, secht n-episle
do cháisib, do chōelānaib,
fo brāgait cech fhir.

Atconnarc nī, in airchindech
cona brot[h]raig bōshaille
'má mnái mīadaig maiss ;
atconnarc in luchtaire
fó inb*iur* in ardchori,
'sa æhel ria ais. A.

Cathal maith mac Finguine,
fó fer dīanad oirfited
airscéla bind braiss ;
maith in menar ōenūaire,
is āibind ria indisi,
immram luipe kechlestair
dar ler locha ais.[1] A. d. a.

Ro indis-[s]ium a aisl*ing*i uli annsin i fīadnaise muintire Corccaige, coroacht a deriud (cencop ē so a deriud), ocus rofallsiged do Manchīn rath in aisl*ing*i.

" Maith, a t[h]róig," ol Manchīn, " ēirg do s[h]aigid Cathail meic Fhinguine, ocus indis dó in aisl*ing*i ; ūair rofallsiged dam-sa arēir int olc sa fil i Cathal do híc trīasin aisl*ing*i sin."

[1] lais

"What reward shall I have for that?" asked MacConglinne.

"Is not the reward great," said Manchín, "to let thee have thy body and soul?"

"I care not for that, though it should be done. The windows of Heaven are open to receive me, and all the faithful from Adam and Abel, his son, even to the faithful one who went to Heaven in this very moment, are all chanting in expectation of my soul, that I may enter Heaven. The nine orders of Heaven, with Cherubim and Seraphim, are awaiting my soul. I care not, though Cathal MacFinguine and the men of Munster, along with all the southern Half, and the people of Cork, and Manchín first or last, should go to death and hell in one night; while I myself shall be in the unity of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"What reward dost thou require?" asked the monks of Cork.

"Not great indeed is what I ask," said MacConglinne, "merely the little cloak, which he refused to the clergy of the Southern Half, and for which they fasted on the same night, viz., Manchín's cloak!"

"Little is that thing in thy sight, but great in mine," said Manchín.

"Verily," he added, "I declare, in the presence of God and of St. Barre, that if the whole country between Cork and its boundary were mine, I would sooner resign it all than the cloak alone."

"Woe to him that gives not the cloak," cried all present, "for the salvation of Cathal and Mog's Half is better than the cloak."

"Cia lóg dobēr*ad* dam-sa aire?" ar Mac Conglinne.

"Nach mōr in lōg," ol Manchīn, "do chorp ocus t 'anim do lēcud duit?"

"Cumma lem inní sin, cia dogneth*er*. Senistre nime at urslacthi frim, ocus in uile fíreon atō Ādam ocus Ābēl a mac ocus cosin fírian frecnaire dolluid docúmm ríchid isin punc amsire hitāmm, at*āt* uli oc clascetul for cind m' anma *co*tīas in-nem. Atāt nōi n-grāid nime im Hirophín ocus Sarophīn i frestul m' anma. Is cumma leam cia dig Cathal mac Finguine ocus fir Muman co Leth Mog Nūadat ocus muinter C[h]orccaige ocus Manchīn ría cách ocus īar cách ind-éc ocus ind-iffirn a n-ēnoidche; ūair bēt fessin i n-ēntaid in Athar ocus in Meic ocus in Spir*ta* N*æim*."

"Cia lóg condigi?" ar muinter C[h]orccaige.

"Nīt mór ēm a n-condigim," ol Mac Conglinne, ". i. in cochall bec ima ro-éraid clērig Lethi Moga, ocus 'bár-troiscset i n-ēnaidchi .i. cochall Manchīn."

"Bec fīad-su inní sin ocus mōr fīadum-sa," ol Manchīn.

"Acht ēnnī," ol Manchīn, "dobiur-sa br*ēth*ir i fīadnaise Dé ocus Barri, damad lemm-sa a fil eter Corccaig ocus a *ter*mun*d*, robad usa a sechna uli oltās in cochall a ēnar."

"Mairg nach tibre" ol cách, "in cochall; ol is ferr in Cathal ocus Leth Moga do tesarcain oldās in cochall."

"I will give it then," said Manchín, "but I never gave, nor shall I give, a boon more disagreeable to me; that is to say, I will give it into the hands of the bishop of Cork, to be delivered to the scholar if he helps Cathal MacFinguine."

It was then given into the hands of the bishop of Cork, and the monks of Cork were to deliver the cloak with him; but in the hands of the bishop it was left.

"Now go at once to Cathal!"

"Where is Cathal?" asked MacConglinne.

"Not hard to tell," answered Manchín. "In the house of Pichán, son of Maelfind, King of Iveagh, at Dún Coba, on the borders of Iveagh and Corcalee, and thou must journey thither this night."

MacConglinne thereupon went hastily, eagerly, impatiently; and he lifted his five-folded well-strapped cloak on to the slope of his two shoulders, and tied his shirt over the rounds of his fork, and strode thus across the green to the house of Pichán, son of Maelfind, to Dún Coba, on the confines of Iveagh and Corcalee. And at this pace he went quickly to the dún. And as he came to the very meeting house where the hosts were gathering, he put on a short cloak and short garments: each upper garment being shorter with him, and each lower one being longer. In this wise he began juggling for the host from the floor of the royal house, (a thing not fit for an ecclesiastic) and practising satire and buffoonery and singing songs; and it has been said that there came not before his time, nor since, one more renowned in the arts of satire.

When he was engaged in his feats in the house of

"Dobēr-sa amail seo," ol Manchīn, "ocus nī tardus ocus nī thibar ascaid is andsa lemm .i. dobēr hē i n-ērlaim esp*uic* C[h]orccaige fria aisec don scolaige, dīa cobra Cathal mac Finguine."

Rohaithned īarsin i n-ērlaim esp*uic* C[h]orccaige, ocus m*uinter* C[h]orccaige dia hidnocul leis in cochaill; acht is al-lāim in esp*uic* rofācbad.

"Imthig fodechtsa do saigid Cathail!"

"Cia hairmm i fil Cathal?" ar Mac Conglinne.

"Nī *hansa*," ol Manchīn. "I taig Pichāin meic Mōile Finde rīg hūa n-Echach ic Dún Choba i cocrīch hūa n-Echach ocus Corco Láigde; ocus sochsi innocht connice indsin."

Luid Mac Conglinne īarum co daidbir[1] díscir deinmnetach; ocus tōcbais a lummain cōicdiabulta cengalta i fán a dá gūaland, ocus cenglaid a lēnid ōs mellach a lārac, ocus cingis dar fiarláit na faithchi[2] fon samail sin co tech Pichā[i]n meic Mōilfinde co Dún Coba i cocrīch hūa n-Echach ocus Corcu Láigde. Ocus cingis co dīan a dóchumm in dúnaid fon tōchim sin. Ocus feib rosīacht in slūagtech saindrud i mbádus oc tinōl na slóg, gab*ais* gerrchochall ocus gerrétach imme: girru cach n-ūachtarach lais, ocus libru cach n-īchtarach. Fororbairt fuirseōracht fon samail sin dont shlōg do lár in rīgthige (.i. ní nārba comadais dia p[h]ersaind) [ocus] cáintecht ocus bragitōracht ocus dūana la filidecht do gabāil, corohasblad[3] hē nā tānic rīam nō īarum bīd errdarcu i cerdu cáintechta.

Intan bōi forna splegaib[4] i tig Pichāin meic Mōil-

[1] leg. dethbir? [2] faichthi [3] leg. hasbrad? [4] spledaib

Pichán, son of Maelfind, then it was that Pichán said aside: "Though great thy mirth, son of learning, it does not make me glad."

"What makes him sad?" asked MacConglinne.

"Knowest thou not, O scholar," said Pichán, "that Cathal MacFinguine with the nobles of Munster is coming to-night; and though troublesome to me is the great host of Munster, more troublesome is Cathal alone; and though troublesome is he in his first meal, more troublesome is he in his prime feast; but most troublesome of all is his feast again. For at this feast three things are wanted, viz., a bushel of oats, and a bushel of wild apples, and a bushel of flour-cakes."

"What reward would be given me," said MacConglinne, "if I shield thee against him from this hour to the same hour to-morrow, and that he would not avenge it on thy people or on thyself?"

"I would give thee a golden ring and a Welsh steed," said Pichán.

"By my oath, thou wilt add unto it when accepted," said MacConglinne.

"I will give thee besides," said Pichán, "a white sheep for every house and for every fold, from Carn to Cork."

"I will take that," said MacConglinne, "provided that kings and lords of land, poets and satirists are pledged to me for the delivery of my dues and for their fulfilment, so that they shall reach me in full, viz., kings to enforce the dues, lords of land to keep spending on the collectors while they are levying my dues, food and drink and necessaries; poets to scathe and revile, if I am cheated of my dues;

finde, conid ann asbert Pichān secha: "Cid mōr do muirn-si, a mic lēgind, nīmdēnann-sa subach di."

"Cid dosgní mifech ?" or Mac Conglinne.

"Nā fet*ar*a-su, a scolaige," ol Pichān, ". i . Cathal mac Finguine co maithib Muman do thidecht innocht; ocus cid doilig lemm mōrshlúag Muman, is annsa Cathal a ēnur ; ocus cid doilig ēssium ina p[h]rímchutig, is doilge ina p[h]rīmairigid, ocus is doilgide a fhrithairigid[1] doridisi. Fil trēdi condagur icon [fh]rithairigid sin . i . mīach cūachān ocus míach fīaduball ocus míach minaráin."

"Cia lóg dob*ēr*tha dam-sa," ar Mac Conglinne, "dīa n-dīngbaind dītt hē ōn trāth sa cusin trāth arabárach, ocus nā dīgnesta a aithe for do[2] thūaith nā fort fén."

"Dosb*ēr*aind fal*aig* n-oír ocus ech Bretnach duit," ol Pichān.

"Dom' débroth! fullfi friss," ar Mac Conglinne, "intan gébth*ar*."

"Dob*ēr*-sa beos" ol Pichān, "cāra find cacha tige ocus cacha trillsi o Charnd co Corccaig."

"Gébut-sa sin," ar Mac Conglinne, "acht corab rīg ocus brug*aid*, filid ocus cáinte dam fri taisec fhīach ocus da comall*ad* conomtorsit immlán . i . rīg do aithne na fhīach, briug*aid* do imfhulang do chaithem bíd ocus lenda ocus lessaigthi leō céin bēd ic tobach m' fhīach. Dīa fhéllt*air* form' fīach*aib*, filid dia n-āir ocus glāim n-dícind, cáinte dia sílad ocus dia n-

[1] rithairige [2] da

and satirists to scatter the satires, and sing them against thee and thy children and thy race, unless my dues reach me." And he bound him then on his pledges.

Cathal MacFinguine came with the companies and hosts of horse of the Munstermen; and they sat themselves down on bed-rails and couches and beds. Gentle maidens began to serve and attend to the hosts and to the multitudes. But Cathal MacFinguine did not let the thong of his shoe be half-loosed, before he began supplying his mouth from both hands with the apples that were on the hides round about him. MacConglinne was there, and began smacking his lips at the other side of the house, but Cathal did not notice it. MacConglinne rose and went hastily, impatiently, like the fiend, in his furious rush and warlike bold pace across the royal house. And there was a huge block and warriors' stone of strength on which spears and rivets were wont to be fastened, and against which points and edges were wont to be ground; and a warrior's pillar-stone was that flag. And he lifted it on his back and bore it to the place where he had been before on the bed-rail, thrust the upper end of it in his mouth, rested the other end of it on his knee, and began grinding his teeth against the stone.

What the learned, and the elders, and the books of Cork relate is, that there was no one in the neighbourhood of the dún inside or outside, that did not hear the noise of his teeth against the stone, though it was of the smoothest.

Thereat Cathal raised his head.

"What makes thee mad, son of learning?" asked Cathal.

gabāil duit-siu ocus dot' chloind ocus dot' c[h]enēl, ināmtísat mo fhéich." Ocus nádmis iarum for a chura.

Tānic Cathal mac Finguine co m-búidnib ocus marcshlōg fer Muman, co n-dessitar for colbadu ocus imscinge ocus imdadu. Gabsat ingenai míne macdachta fósaic ocus frithailem dona slōgaib ocus dona sochaidib. Nícon-dam Cathal mac Finguine fria lethéill a bróci do bein de, intan bói oc tidnocul a beōil ō chechtar a dí lám dona hublaib bátar forsna sechedaib imme sechnón. Is andsin bói Mac Conglinne. Atnaig oc blassachtaig isin leth aile don tig, ocus níconráthaig Cathal sin. Ērgis Mac Conglinne co díscir deinmnetach dīabulda ina ruathur bodbda ocus ina chēim curata dar fiarlāit in rīgthige. Ocus buí rell dermaír ocus nertlia míled forsa n-indsmatís slega ocus semmunna ocus fria meltís renda ocus fæbra; ocus bā corthi curad in lecc sin. Ocus tócbais fria ais co háit a m-bói remi for in colba, ocus indsmais in cend n-uachtarach ina beōlu di, ocus araile for a glún, ocus forobairt ic tomailt a [dé]t frisin cloich.

Is ed adfiadut eōlaig ocus senōire ocus libuir Corccaige, nātbōi i fhoccus in dúnaid ar medōn nō dianechtair nā cūala fūaim a dét frisin cloich bōi ina beōlu, cia bōi dia slémnu.

Tócbais Cathal a chend ársin.

"Cid dotgní mer, a mic légind?" or Cathal.

"Two things," said MacConglinne; "viz., Cathal, the right-beautiful son of Finguine, the high-king of the great Southern Half, the chief defender of Ireland against the children of Conn of the hundred battles, a man ordained of God and the elements, the noble well-born hero of pleasant Onaght of Glennowra, according to the kindred of his paternity,—I grieve to see him eating anything alone; and if men from distant countries were within, soliciting request or gift, they will scoff if my beard wags not in mutual movement with thine."

"True," said Cathal, giving him an apple, and jamming two or three into his own mouth. (During the space of three half-years that the fiend abode in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine, he had not performed such an act of humanity as the giving of that one wild apple to MacConglinne after it had been earnestly asked.)

"Better two things than one in learning," said MacConglinne.

He flung him another.

"The number of the Trinity!"

He gives him one.

"The four books of the Gospel, according to the Testament of Christ!"

He threw him one.

"The five books of Moses, according to the Ten Commandments of the Law."

He flung him one.

"The first numeral article which consists of its own parts and divisions, viz., the number six;

"Fil dā ní," ar Mac Conglinne, ". i. Cathal mac fīrālaind Finguine, ardrīg mōrlethi Moga Nūadat, ardc[h]osnamaid[1] Érenn fria clanna Cuinn Chētchathaig, fer rohoirdned ó Dīa ocus ó dūilib, lāech sār sochenēlach d' Eoganacht gribda Glendabrach īar cenēl a atharda, sāeth lem-sa a acsin a ānur ic tomailt neich ; ocus dīa m-beth dóine a crīchaib cīana istaig ic cuinchid ail nō aisc, dogénut ēcnach cen m' ulchain-se[2] ic comscísachtaig friat' ulchain-sea."

"Is fír," for Cathal oc tabairt ōenuba[i]ll dó, ocus ro-esairg a dó nō a trí ina beōlu fén. Fri ré na trī lethbl*iadan* bōi in demun i m-brāgait Cathail meic Fhinguine, nī derna dōen*nacht acht* int ānuball fiadain út do Mac Conglinne īarna athcuinch*id* co trén.

"Ferr déda hō óin ind-ēcna," ar Mac Conglinne.

Snedis aroli dó.
"Umir na Trīnōti!" or Mac Conglinne.
Cuiris ōen dó.
"Cethr*ir* leba[i]r int soscēla īar timna Crīst!"

Tidnais óen dō.
"Cōic lebair Mysi īar *n-deich* timnai rechta!"

Cuiris ōen dó.
"Cētna airtecul ármide do-airis ō rainde ocus ō

[1] cosn*a*maig [2] mulchai*n*fe

for its half is three, its third is two, [and its sixth is one]—give me the sixth!"

He cast him one apple.

"The seven things which were prophesied of thy God on earth, viz., His Conception, His Birth, His Baptism," etc.

He gave him one.

"The eight Beatitudes of the Gospel, O Prince of kingly judgments!"

He threw him one.

"The nine orders of the kingdom of Heaven, O royal champion of the world!"

He gave him one.

"The tenth is the order of Mankind, O defender of the province!"

He cast him an apple.

"The imperfect number of the apostles after sin."

He flung him one.

"The perfect number of the apostles after sin, even though they had committed transgression."

He threw him one.

"The triumph beyond triumphs and the perfect number, Christ with his apostles."

"Verily, by St. Barre!" said Cathal, "thou'lt devour me, if thou pursue me any further."

Cathal flung him hide, apples and all, so that there was neither corner, nor nook, nor floor, nor bed, that the apples did not reach. They were not nearer to MacConglinne than to all else; but they were the farther from Cathal.

Fury seizes Cathal. One of his eyes jumped so far back into his head that a pet crane could not have picked it out. The other eye started out until it was as

chotib fadén . i . in umir séda ; acht is a trī al-leth, is a dō a trían. Tabair dam in sessad!"

Snidis urch*or* d' ōenuball dó.

"In *sechte* dorarngired dot' Dīa i tal*main* . i . a chompert, a gein, a bathis," *ocus araile.*

Tic ōen dó.

"Ocht m-biati int soscēla, a ruri rīgbr*eth*aig!"

Beris ōen dó.

"Nói n-grāid nime, a mic, a rīgnīa in betha!"

Tidnacis ōen dó.

"Dechmad grād tal*man*, a chosnamaid[1] in chōicid!"

Tic uball dó.

"Āirem anfhurmithi na n-apstal[2] īar n-imorbus!"

Gnidis ōen dó.

"Numir forpthi na n-apstal[2] īar n-imorbus, cia dorigset tairmthecht."

Ferais ōen fair.

"Bā hī in būaid ós būadu ocus in umir forpthi, Crīst for a apstalu."[3]

"Indeo," or Cathal, "dar Barre, nom-ísa, dīa nomlena ní as[4] mó."

Snédis Cathal in sechid cona húblaib dō, conā bōi cúil nō frith( )nō lár nō lepaid nā ristís na hublai ; conār nessa do Mac Conglinne inās do cách, ocus bā faide ō Chathal īat.

Gabaid feirg Cathal. Lingid indala súil dó ina chend, conā tibred petta cuirre ass. Gab*aid* in súil

[1] chosnamaig [2] asp- [3] as-pn [4] as is

large in his head as a heath-poult's egg. And he pressed his back against the side of the palace, so that he left neither rafter, nor pole, nor wattle, nor wisp of thatch, nor post, that was not displaced. And he sat down in his seat.

"Thy foot and thy cheek under thee, O King!" said MacConglinne. "Curse me not, and cut me not off from Heaven!"

"What has caused thee to act so, son of learning?" said Cathal.

"Good reason have I," said MacConglinne. "I had a quarrel last night with the monks of Cork, and they gave me their malediction. This is the cause of my behaving thus towards thee."

"Go to, MacConglinne," said Cathal. "By Emly-Ivar, if it were my custom to kill students, either thou wouldst not have come, or thou shouldst not depart."

(Now, the reason why Emly-Ivar was an oath with him was, because it was there he used to get his fill of small bread; and he used to be there, dressed in a dun-coloured soft cloak, his hard straight-bladed sword in his left hand, eating broken meats from one cell to another.

One day he went into the cell of a certain student, and got his fill of broken meats. He examined the bits. The student examined the page that lay before him; and when he had finished studying the page, he thrust out his tongue to turn over the leaf.

'What has caused thee to do that, O student?" asked Cathal.

"Great cause have I," said he. "I have been

n-aile immach, co m-bā métithir ocus óg rérchirce hī ina chind. Ocus bertais a druimm fria sliss in rīgt[h]ige, conā fārcaib clēith nō slait nō scolb nō dlai nō ūatni nā dicsed asa inad ; ocus saidis 'na shuide.[1]

"Do chos ocus do grūad fōt, a rī !" ar Mac Conglinne. "Nā tuc mallachtain dam, ocus nā gat nem form !"

"Cid dotrigne, a mic légind ?" ol Cathal.

"Sodethbir dam," ar Mac Conglinne. "Dorala dam arāir fri muintir Corccaige, ocus cotardsat a n-osnaid dam. Issed fotruair dam aní sin frit-siu."

"Luid dó, a Mic Conglinne !" ol Cathal. "Dar Imbliuch n-Ibair, dīamad bés dam *mac* lēgind do marb*ad*, sech nī rista, nī tísta."

(Aire tra bá luige dó-sam Imbliuch n-Ibair ; ar is innte fogebed a shāith minarāin ; ocus nobíd ocus bratt bóinni odarda imme, ocus a c[h]loidem crūaid coiledīrech ina chlélāim ic tomeilt blog ó cech boith i n-aroli.

Atnaig and lā n-óen i m-boith aroli meic lēgind, ocus tic lán dó do blogaib. Figlis na blogu. Figlis in mac légind in lethenach bōi ara bēlaib. Feib rosīacht in lethenach do fhig*led*, sínis a thengaid d' impód na duille.

"Cid dotrigne, a mic légind ?" ol Cathal.

"Dethbir mōr accum," or sē. "In slūaiged co

[1] suuide

pressed to go soldiering with a host in arms to the world's borders, so that there is nothing that touches ashes and fire, that has not been dried up by smoke and wind during my absence, until there is neither sap nor strength in it, not so much as a biscuit-rim. I have not a morsel of bacon, nor of butter, nor of meat, no drink of any sort, except the dead water of the pool; so that I have been bereft of my strength and vigour. But first and last—the hosting!"

"Verily!" said the son of Finguine, said Cathal. "By St. Barre, henceforth whilst I live, no cleric shall go a-soldiering with me." And up to that time the clerics of Ireland were wont to go a-soldiering with the King of Ireland; and he was therefore the first that ever exempted clerics from going a-soldiering.

He left his grace and blessings, moreover, to the pilgrims of Emly, and a profusion of small bread in Emly. And this is greatest in the south-western part of it; for there he used to get his fill.

(But this is a digression.)

"By thy kingship, by thy sovereignty, by the service to which thou art entitled, grant me a little boon before I go," said MacConglinne.

Pichán was summoned into the house.

"Yon student," said Cathal, "is asking a boon from me."

"Grant it," said Pichán.

"It shall be granted," said Cathal. "Tell me what it is thou desirest."

"I will not, until pledges are given for its fulfilment."

"They shall be given," said Cathal.

marbad immel int shēgail do thachur il-leth frim .i. errandus do chimais na bairgine do neoch techtas lūaith ocus tene īarna súgud do dethaig ocus do gáith, conā bí súg nō seag innte; cen mír salle nō imme nō feōla, cen dig nach ceneōil, acht deoch do bódarusci na cuirre, coramdīgaib fom' nert ocus fom' tracht, ocus in slōgad rē cách ocus īar cách."

"Indeo," ar Mac Finguine .i. ar Cathal, "dar Barre! céin bam beō-sa, nīconregu clērech i slōgad lem-sa ó sund immach." Ocus tēgdīs clērig Ērenn slōgud cosin fri rīg n-Ērenn; conid essium benais in slōgad do clērchib i tós rīam.

Fācbaid tra rath ocus bendachtu for deoradu Imblechu, ocus ana mhinaráin i n-Imblig. Ocus is mōu isin leth īarthardescertaig[1]; ar is ann dolínta hē beos.

(Etaraissnēis didu sin remaind.)

"Ar do ríge, ar do [fh]laith, ar th'innram, tabair ascaid m-bicc dam," ar Mac Conglinne, "rēsiú imthiger."

Dogarar dó Pichán isin tech.

"Atā in mac lēgind út" or Cathal "ic cuinchid ascada form."

"A tabairt," ol Pichān.

"Dobērthar," or Cathal. "Abair frim," ol Cathal, "cid condigi."

"Nīcon-epér, corabat curu fria comall."

"Dobērthar," ol Cathal.

[1] dercertaig

"Thy princely word therein?" said MacConglinne.

"By my word," said he, "thou shalt have them, and now name the request."

"This is it," said MacConglinne. "I had a quarrel with the monks of Cork last night, when they all gave me their curse, and ~~it was owing to thee that that trouble was brought on me~~. And do thou fast with me to-night on God, since thou art an original brother, to save me from the malediction of the monks of Cork; that is what I ask."

"Say not that, son of learning," said Cathal. "Thou shalt have a cow out of every garth in Munster, and an ounce from every house-owner, together with a cloak from every church, to be levied by a steward, and thou thyself shalt feast in my company as long as he is engaged in levying the dues. And by my God's doom," said Cathal, "I had rather thou shouldst have all there is from the west to the east, and from the south to the north of Munster, than that I should be one night without food."

"By my God's doom," said MacConglinne, "since thy princely troth has passed in this, and since it is not lawful for a King of Cashel to transgress it, if all that there is in the Southern Half were given me, I would not accept it. Good reason have I, thou arch-warrior and king-hero of Europe, why I should not accept conditions from thee; for my own treasure is only in Heaven, or on earth, in wisdom, or in poetry. And not alone that—for the last thing is always the heaviest—but I shall go to endless, limitless perdition, unless thou save me from the malediction of the monks of Cork."

"That shall be granted to thee," said Cathal, "and

"Do brī*ath*ar flatha ind?" ar Mac Conglinne.

"Dom' brē*th*ir," ol sē, "dogēba, ocus slúind in aiscid."

"Is ed inso," ar Mac Conglinne. "Tochar dorala dam arāir fri múnntir Corccaige, *co*tardsat a mallacht uli dam, ocus iss ed fodera in comrorcu sin dam illeth frit-sa. Ocus troscud cid duit-siu lém fri Dīa innocht, ár isat brāthair bunaid, dom' s[h]ārad for mallachtain muintire Corccaige, iss ed condaigim."

"Nā hapair, a mic lēgind," ol Cathal. "Bó cach liss i Mumain, ocus uinge cach comaithig, la bratt cacha cille, ocus mār dia tobach, ocus tū fodén im' f[h]ail-sea ic praindiud oiret bé ic tabach fhīach. Ocus dom' débroth," or Cathal, "is ferr lemm ina fil ō īarthar co hoirther ocus ō descert co tuaiscert Muman duit, oltás beth adaig[1] cen bīad."

"Bam' débroth," or Mac Conglinne, "ō rosīacht do f[h]ír flatha fris, ocus nā dlig rí Caissil tidecht taris, dīa tarta dam-sa ina fil il-Leth [Moga] Nūadat níongēbthar. Fil tra, a ardgaiscedaig ocus a rīgfhénnid Eorpa, a adbar accum, cén cogabar cóma ūait; ar ní fhil mo máin fén acht a nim nó i talm*ain* nō[2] i n-ēcna nō i n-aircetal. Ocus ní namá,—ar is trumma cach n-dēdinach—regut a n-iffirn cen crích, cen forcend, minām-sāra for mallachtain muintire Corccaige."

"Dobērthar duit-siu sin," ol Cathal, "ocus nī

[1] agaid [2] an leg. .i.?

there has not been given before, nor shall there be given hereafter to the brink of Doom, a thing more grievous to us than that."

Cathal fasted with him that night, and all that were there fasted also. And the student lay down on a couch by the side of a door-post, and closed the house.

As he lay there at the end of the night, up rose Pichán, the son of Mael-Finde.

"Why does Pichán rise at this hour?" said MacConglinne.

"To prepare food for these hosts," answered Pichán, "and 'twere better for us had it been ready since yesterday."

"Not so, indeed," said MacConglinne. "We fasted last night. The first thing we shall have to-morrow is preaching." And they waited until morning. Few or many as they were, not one of them went out thence until the time of rising on the morrow, when MacConglinne himself got up and opened the house. He washed his hands, took up his book-satchel, brought out his psalter, and began preaching to the hosts. And historians, and elders, and the books of Cork declare, that there was neither high nor low that did not shed three showers of tears while listening to the scholar's preaching.

When the sermon was ended, prayers were offered for the King, that he might have length of life, and that there might be prosperity in Munster during his reign. Prayers were also offered up for the lands, and for the tribes, and for the province as well, as is usual after a sermon.

tuccad rempi nā ina dīaid[1] co bruinde brātha ní as lesciu lind oltás sin."

Troscis Cathal in oidche sin leis, ocus troscit a m-bōi and uli olchena. Ocus sāmaigis in mac légind i túlg i tæb n-ursainde, ocus īadais in tech.

Intan bōi and i n-déod aidche, ērgis sūas Pichān mac Mōle Finne.

"Crēt ērgius Pichān an inbuid se ?" or Mac Conglinne.

"Do dénam bíd dona slōgaib se," ol Pichān; "ocus ba ferr dún comad erlum óné."

"Nithō ám sin," or Mac Conglinne. "Rot[h]roscsium arāir. *Pre*cept bus lind īarum imbārach i tossaig." Ocus ansit co matain. Ūathad sochaide a m-bátar, nī dechaid nech dīb anúnd nō amach co trāth érgi īarnabārach. Atracht Mac Conglinne fessin annside ocus ro-oslaic in tech. Ro-indail a lāmu, ocus tuc a théig libair chucca, ocus bertais a s[h]altair essi, ocus fororbart *pre*cept dona slógu. Is ed atfīadut senchaide ecus senóri ocus libair Corccaige, nātbōi do ūasal nō d' ísel nārosteilg trī frassa dér ic éstecht fri *pro*cept in scolaige.

Intan tarnic in *pro*cept, dognīth*er* airnaigthi frisin rīg, conambed fotsægail dó, ocus conambeth maithius Muman fria remes. Dognīther ernaigthi frisna crīch*a* ocus frisna cenēl*a* ocus frisin cóiced árchena, amal is gnāth d' aithle *pre*ceptai.

[1] diaig

"Well," asked MacConglinne, "how are things over there to-day?"

"By my God's doom," answered Cathal, "it never was worse before, and never shall be until Doom."

"Very natural it is that thou shouldst be in evil case," said MacConglinne, "with a demon destroying and ravaging thee now during the space of three half-years; and thou didst not fast a day or night on thy own account, though thou didst so for the sake of a wretched, impetuous, insignificant person like me."

"What is the good of all this, son of learning?" asked Cathal MacFinguine.

"This," said MacConglinne. "Since thou alone didst fast with me last night, let us all fast this night, as many of us as there are; and do thou also fast, that thou mayest obtain some succour from God."

"Say not that, son of learning," said Cathal. "For though the first trial was hard, seven times harder is the last."

"Do thou not say that," said MacConglinne, "but act bravely in this."

Then Cathal fasted that night together with his host even until the end of the night.

Then MacConglinne arose.

"Is Pichán asleep?" he said.

"I will tell truth," answered Pichán. "If Cathal were to remain as he is to the brink of Doom, I shall not sleep, I shall not eat, nor smile, nor laugh."

"Get up," said MacConglinne. And he called for juicy old bacon, and tender corned-beef, and full-fleshed wether, and honey in the comb, and English salt on a beautiful polished dish of white silver, along

"Maith," ar Mac Conglinne, "cindus atáthar annsin indiú ?"

"Darom' débroth," ol Cathal, "nī bás remi rīam ní is messu, ocus nī bether co bráth."

"Cubaid ém" or Mac Conglinne, "do bèth cu holc .i. demun 'cot áidmilliud ocus 'cot indrud fri ré trī lethbliadan indorsa ; ocus nī rot[h]roscis lā nō aidche lat fén, ocus troscis fri persaind tróig n-díscir n-deróil mo shámla-su."

"Cid is maith desside, a mic légind?" ol Cathal mac Finguine.

"Nī *ansa*. Ō ratroscis-[s]iu t' ānur lium-sa aráir, troiscem-ni uli lín atāum innocht ; ocus troisc-siu fessin, co fhágba cobair écin ó Dīa."

"Nā ráid ind sin, a mic légind," ol Cathal. "Cérba tróm in tóisech, i[s] sechttruma in dédenach."

"Nā ráid-siu ind sin," or Mac Conglinne, "acht calma do dénam and."

Troscis tra Cathal in aidche sin cona shlóg ósin co dēod n-áidche.

Ērgis Mac Conglinne tra.

"In cotlad do Pichān ?" or Mac Conglinne.

"Atbēr fír," ol Pichān. "Darab Cathal co bruinde m-brátha amal atā, ní choitél, nī thoimél, ní dingēn gen nō gáire."

"Ērig," or Mac Conglinne ; ocus iarrais olar senshaille ocus mēth bōshaille, ocus lán charna muilt, ocus mil 'na crīathraib, ocus salann Saxanach for teisc fírālaind fhetta findairgit, la cethri bera

with four perfectly straight white hazel spits to support the joints. The viands which he enumerated were procured for him, and he fixed unspeakable, huge pieces on the spits. Then putting a linen apron about him below, and placing a flat linen cap on the crown of his head, he lighted a fair four-ridged, four-apertured, four-cleft fire of ash-wood, without smoke, without fume, without sparks. He stuck a spit into each of the portions, and as quick was he about the spits and fire as a hind about her first fawn, or as a roe, or a swallow, or a bare spring wind in the flank of March. He rubbed the honey and the salt into one piece after another. And big as the pieces were that were before the fire, there dropped not to the ground out of these four pieces as much as would quench a spark of a candle; but what there was of relish in them went into their very centre.

It had been explained to Pichán that the reason why the scholar had come was to save Cathal. Now, when the pieces were ready, MacConglinne cried out, "Ropes and cords here!"

"What is wanted with them?" asked Pichán. Now, that was a "question beyond discretion" for him, since it had been explained to him before; and hence is the old saying, "a question beyond discretion."

Ropes and cords were given to MacConglinne, and to those that were strongest of the warriors. They laid hands upon Cathal, who was tied in this manner to the side of the palace. Then MacConglinne came, and was a long time securing the ropes with hooks and staples. And when this was ended, he came into the house, with his

fírdīrge findchuill fóthib. Fogabur dō na bīada rothurim, ocus sāmaigis stacci dī[fh]reccra dermáru[1] forsna beraib. Ocus gab*ais* īarum línfhūathróicc tīs ime, ocus a att leccda línaide ba clethi a chendmull*aig*, ocus atáid tenid cāin cethirdrumnig cethirdórsig cethirscoltigde úindsin, cen diaid, cen chiaig, cen crithir. Sáidis bir cacha hordan dīb, ocus bā lūathithir fria mai*ng* bá cētlæg hé, nō fri heirb nō fannaill nō fri gáith n-imluim n-errch*aide* im bolgs[h]liss Márta hé 'mana beraib ocus 'mána ténntib. Comlis in mil ocus in salann in cach staic īar n-urd. Cīa robā do mét na staci bōi frisin tenid, nīcontanic asna cethri[2] stacib sís co lár ní nosbáided crithir chonnli ; acht a m-bōi d' inmar intib, ina medón fén dochóid.

Rofaillsiged do Pichān conid dó tānic in scolaige do thesarcain Cathail. Ocus intan tarnacar na staci sin, is ann atbert Mac Conglinne : "Téta ocus réfeda dam !"

"Cid is áil díb-side ?" ol Pichān. Ocus rop īarfaige[3] dar cubais dō-sum sin, ūair rofaillsiged dó remi ; conid [d]esin atā in senbrī*athar* .i. fiarfaige dar cubus.

Atagur téta ocus reféda dó ocus do neoch ba calma don læchraid. Furmit a láma tar Cathal, ocus rocenglad fōn samail sin hē do shliss in rígthige. Tic Mac Conglinne īarum, ocus indlis baic ocus corrānu ead imchīan forsna tétaib sin. Ocus feib tarnic sin, tic-sium istech, ocus a cethri bera fria ais i n-ardgab-

[1] dogmáru [2] cet*ra* [3] iarfaide

four spits raised high on his back, and his white wide-spread cloak hanging behind, its two peaks round his neck, to the place where Cathal was. And he stuck the spits into the bed before Cathal's eyes, and sat himself down in his seat, with his two legs crossed. Then taking his knife out of his girdle, he cut a bit off the piece that was nearest to him, and dipped it in the honey that was on the aforesaid dish of white silver.

"Here's the first for a male beast," said MacConglinne, putting the bit into his own mouth. (And from that day to this the old saying has remained.) He cut a morsel from the next piece, and dipping it in the honey, put it past Cathal's mouth into his own.

"Carve the food for us, son of learning!" exclaimed Cathal.

"I will do so," answered MacConglinne; and cutting another bit of the nearest piece, and dipping it as before, he put it past Cathal's mouth into his own.

"How long wilt thou carry this on, student?" said Cathal.

"No more henceforth," answered MacConglinne, "for, indeed, thou hast hitherto consumed such a quantity and variety of agreeable morsels, that I shall eat the little that there is here myself, and this will be 'food from mouth' for thee." (And that has been a proverb since.)

Then Cathal roared and bellowed, and commanded the killing of the scholar. But that was not done for him.

"Well, Cathal," said MacConglinne, "a vision has

āil, ocus a lumman find fírscailti ina dīaid, ocus a dá beind imo brágait, co hairmm a m-bōi Cathal. Ocus sáidis na bera isin leba ina f[h]īadnaise, ocus saidis fodén ina shuide, ocus a dí choiss imasech. Berdais a scín dia chris, ocus benais mír don staic ba nessa dó. Tummais isin mil bói forsin teisc find-argait út.

"A thosach ar míl firend so," ar Mac Conglinne, ic tabairt in míre ina beōl fodén. (Is ósin ille lentar in senbrī*athar*.) Benais mír don staic n-aile, ocus tummais isin mil, ocus ataig tar beōlu Cathail ina beōl fódén.

"Tinme dún in m-bīad, a mic légind!" ol Cathal.

"Dogén," or Mac Conglinne. Benais mír don staic ba nessa dó, ocus tumais fōnn samail cētna sech bél Cathail ina beōlu fodén.

"Cīa fot lenfa desin, a mic lēgind?" ol Cathal.

"Nad lenab ō shunn; acht ēnní chena rothómlis-[s]iu immad na m-blog n-imarcide n-écsamail cusin trát[h]-sa; in m-bec fil súnd, is mise dosméla, ocus bid bīad ō beōlu duit-siu seo." (Ocus senbr*íath*ar sin ille.)

Búraid ocus béccid Cathal īarsin, ocus fócrais a marbad in scolaigi. Ní dernad tra fair-sium innī sin.

"Maith, a Cath*ail*," ar Mac Conglinne; "aislinge

appeared to me, and I have heard that thou art good at interpreting a dream."

"By my God's Doom!" exclaimed Cathal, "though I should interpret the dreams of the men of the world, I would not interpret thine."

"I vow," said MacConglinne, "even though thou dost not interpret it, it shall be related in thy presence."

He then began his vision, and the way he related it was, whilst putting two morsels or three at a time past Cathal's mouth into his own.

"A vision I beheld last night:
I sallied forth with two or three,
When I saw a fair and well-filled house,
In which there was great store of food.

A lake of new milk I beheld
In the midst of a fair plain.
I saw a well-appointed house
Thatched with butter.

As I went all around it
To view its arrangement:
Puddings fresh-boiled,
They were its thatch-rods.

Its two soft door-posts of custard,
Its dais of curds and butter,
Beds of glorious lard,
Many shields of thin pressed cheese.

Under the straps of those shields
Were men of soft sweet smooth cheese,
Men who knew not to wound a Gael,
Spears of old butter had each of them.

domarfás, ocus itcūala it mait[h]-siu oc bre*ith* for aislingi."

"Dom' débroth!" ol Cathal, "dia m-bēraind for aislingi fer talman, ní bēraind for th' aislingi-se."

"Fortgillim," or Mac Conglinne, "cén co ruca-su, indisfith*ir* hī it' fīadnaise."

Fōbrais tra a aislingi. Is amlaid di*du* ro indis, ocus dā mír nō a trī sech bēl Cathail ina beōlu fodéu.

"Aislinge itchonnarc arāir :
mo dul for fecht dís nō triūr,
co n-acca in tech[1] find forlán,
i rabā a lommnán do biūd.

Co n-acca in loch lémnachta
for lār muige find,
co n-acca in tech lērgníma
ïarna thugaid d' imm.

Tan tānuc 'na mōrthimchell
do fégad a uird,
marōca [ī]arna cētberbad,
ba hīat sin a scuilb.

A dí ersaind bocai brechtáin,
a leibend do gruth is d' imm,
imdadai do blonaig bladaig,
scēith iumdai do thanaig thimm.

Fir fo scīathraigib na scīath sin
do mōethail buic mellaig mín,
fir cen tuicse gona Gōedil,
góei gruitne cech ōenfhir díb.

[1] findtech

A huge caldron full of . .
(Methought I'd try to tackle it)
Boiled, leafy kale, browny-white,
A brimming vessel full of milk.

A bacon house of two-score ribs,
A wattling of tripe—support of clans—
Of every food pleasant to man,
Meseemed the whole was gathered there."

And he said further :

"A vision I beheld last night,
'Twas a fair spell,
'Twas a power of strength when to me appeared
The kingship of Erin.

I saw a court-yard topped with trees,
A bacon palisade,
A bristling rubble dyke of stone
Of pregnant cheeses.

Of chitterlings of pigs were made
Its beautiful rafters,
Splendid the beams and the pillars,
Of marvellous . . .

Marvellous the vision that appeared to me
By my fireside :
A butter draught-board with its men,
Smooth, speckled, peaked.

God bless the words I utter,
A feast without fatigue !
When I got to Butter-mount,
A gillie ~~would~~ take off my shoes !"

Here now begins the fable.

Coire ramór lán do luabin,
darliumm rolámus riss gleō,
braisech bruithe duillech dóndbán,
lestar lommnán lán do cheō.

Tech saille dá fichet tōebán,
cōelach cōelán comge[1] clann,
dá cech biúd bud maith la duine,
darlium bātar uile and."

Aislinge itchonnarc.

Ocus dixit beos :

"Aislingthe itchondarc arāir,
bā cáin gēbend,
bā balcc bríge co tarfás dam
rīge n-Ērenn

Co n-accai in liss m-bilech m-barrach,[2]
bā sáill sondach,
caisel carrach[3] do minscellcib
tanach torrach.

Cádlai[4] mucc, is de dorōnta
a cholbai cadlai,
suairc in sonba ocus ūaitne
ongha[5] amra.

Amra in fhís tarfás dam
hi cind mo thellaig :
fidchell imme cona foirind
blāith bricc bendaig.

Bendachad Dīa mo labra,
líth cen tassa,
īar[6] techt dam hi Slīab n-Imme
rolaad[7] gille fomm assai." Aislingthe.

Incipit do fhábull[8] sísana budesta.

[1] coimgne [2] mbairrach [3] imme *add.* [4] carna H. 3, 18.
[5] onba H. 3, 18. [6] ria H. 3, 18. [7] rolaitea [8] leg. fhábaill

Though grievous to Cathal was the pain of being two days and a night without food, much greater was the agony of (listening to) the enumeration before him of the many various pleasant viands, and none of them for him!

After this, MacConglinne began the fable.

"As I lay last night in my beautiful canopied bed, with its gilded posts, with its bronze rails, I heard something, viz., a voice coming towards me; but I answered it not. That was natural; such was the comfort of my bed, the ease of my body, and the soundness of my slumber. Whereupon it said again: 'Beware, beware, MacConglinne, lest the gravy drown thee!'

"At early morn on the morrow I arose, and went to the well to wash my hands, when I saw a mighty phantom approaching me. 'Well, there,' said he to me. 'Well, indeed,' said I to him. 'Well, now, wretch,' said the phantom, 'it was I that gave thee warning last night, lest the gravy should drown thee. But, verily, 'twas

Warning to one fey,
Mocking a beggar,
Dropping a stone on a tree,
Whispering to the deaf,
A legacy to a glum man,
Putting a charm in a hurdle,
A withe about sand or gravel,
Striking an oak with fists,
Sucking honey from roots of yew,
Looking for butter in a dog's kennel,
Dining on ~~the husks~~ grains of pepper,
Seeking wool on a goat,
An arrow at a pillar,

Cērba tromm in phīan les-sium beth dí laa co n-áidche cen bīad, bā romó leis do phéin tuirem na m-bīad n-imda n-imorcide n-ēcsamail ina fhīadnaise, ocus cen ní díb dó.

Ïarsin dó i cend na fáible.

" Intan tra rombā ann arāir im' lepaid cháin chumdachta cona hūatnib forōrda, cona colbaib créduma, co cūala ní .i. in guth frim; ocus nī rof[h]recrus-[s]a inní sin. Deithbir dam; robói do clithmaire mo lepthai ocus do shádaile mo chuirp ocus do thressi mo chodultai. Co n-ebert aridisi: 'Fomna, fomna, a Mic Conglinne, beochail nārotbáda' (.i. faitches lat nārotbáde beoil).

" Atomraracht matain moch arnabárach don tiprait do indmad mo lám, co n-acca ní: in scál mór am' dóchumm. 'Maith insin,' ol sē frim. 'Maith ēm,' ol smē friss. 'Maith tra, a t[h]róig,' ol in scál. 'Messi tidnus robud duit aráir, nārotbáde beochail. Acht ēnní cenai,

bā robad do throich,
bā hirchuitbed fri foigdech,
bā tusliud clochi fria crand,
bā sanais fri bodar,
bā dībad for dubach,
bid cor eptha i cléith,
bā gat im gainem nō im gūal,[1]
bā esorcu darach do dhornaib,
bā deol mela a mecna[ib] ibair,
bā cuinchid imme il-lige chon,
bā longad i scell*aib* scibair,
bā iarr*aid* olla for gabur,
bā saiget i corthi,

[1] leg. grían

Keeping a mare from breaking wind,
Keeping a loose woman from lust,
Water on the bottom of a sieve,
Trusting a mad (?) bitch,
Salt on rushes,
A settlement after marriage,
A secret to a silly woman,
(Looking for) sense in an oaf,
Exalting slaves,
Ale to infants,
Competing (?) with a king,
A body without a head,
A head without a body,
A nun as bell-ringer,
A veteran in a bishop's chair,
A people without a king,
Rowing a boat without a rudder,
Corn in a basket full of holes,
Milk on a hide,
Housekeeping without a woman,
Berries on a hide,
Warning visions to sinners,
Reproof to the face,
Restoration without restitution,
Putting seed in bad land,
Property to a bad woman,
Serving a bad lord,
An unequal contract,
Uneven measure,
Going against a verdict,
To outrage the gospel,
Instructing Antichrist,

to instruct thee, MacConglinne, regarding thy appetite.'

bā cosc lára do broimnig,
bā cosc mnā bóithe do drúis,
bā usce for tóin créthir,
bā tāb fri coin fholmnig,
bā salond for lūach*air*,
bā tinnscra īar n-indsma,
bā rún fri mnāi m-báith,
bā cīall i n-óinmit,
bā mórad mogad,
bā lind do bāthaib,
bā himmthūs fria rīg,
bā coland cen chend,
bā cend cen chol*aind*,
bā caillech fri clog,
bā hathlæch i cathair n-esp*uic*,[1]
bā tūath cen rīg,
bā himram luinge cen lai,
bā harbor i clīab tóll,
bā hass for sechid,
bā tigadus cen mhnāi,
bā cēra for gaimen,
bā taidbsi (.i. messa) do p[h]ecdachu,
bā hathis i n-inchuib,
bā haisec cen taisec,
bā cur síl i n-drochith*lainn*,
bā tarcud do dhrochmnāi,
bā fognam do dhroch[fh]laith,
bā lethard cundartha,
bā tomus lettronm,
bā tidecht tar fuigell,
bā sārugud soscēla,
bā forcetul Ancrist,

t' f[h]orcetul-sa im do longad, a Mic Conglinne !'

[1] asp

Ms. bāithe

Ms. lái.

"'I declare by my God's Doom,' said I, 'the reproof is hard and severe.'

"'How is that?' asked the phantom.

"'Not hard to say,' I answered. 'I know not whence thou comest, nor whither thou goest, nor whence thou art thyself, to question thee, or tell thee again.'

"'That is easily known,' said the phantom. 'I am Fluxy son of Elcab the Fearless, from the Fairy-knoll of Eating.'

"'If thou art he,' I said, 'I fancy thou hast great news, and tidings of food and eating. Hast any?'

"'I have indeed,' said the phantom: 'but though I have, 'twould be no luck for a friend who had no power of eating to come up with it.'

"'How is that?' I asked.

"'Indeed, it is not hard to tell,' said the phantom. 'Even so: unless he had a very broad four-edged belly, five hands in diameter, in which could be fitted thrice nine eatings, and seven drinkings (with the drink of nine in each of them), and of seven chewings, and nine digestions—a dinner of a hundred being in each of those eatings, drinkings, swallowings, and digestions respectively.'

"'Since I have not that belly,' answered I, 'give me thy counsel, for thou hast made me greedy.'

"'I will indeed give thee counsel,' said the phantom. 'Go,' said he, 'to the hermitage from which I have come, even to the hermitage of the Wizard Doctor, where thy appetite for all kinds of

"'Atbiur mo dēbroth,' or Mac Conglinne, 'is crūaid codut in cosc.'

"'Ced sin ?' ol in scál.

"'Nī *ansa*,' or Mac Conglinne, 'nī fhet*ar* can tice, nō cīa thégi, nō can deitt fén friat' imchomarc nō frit' aisnēs doridise.'

"'Nī *ansa* ēm,' ol in scál, '.i. Buarannach mac Elcaib Essamain a Síth Longthe domānaic-sea.'

"'Domúnim,' or Mac Conglinne, 'masathú, fileat scēla mōra lat, ocus di*du* fiss-scél ō bīud ocus ō longad. In fil lat?'

"'Fil tra,' ol in scál, 'ocus matā, nirb' [sh]ursan do charait beth a n-díchumci longthi fri comrīachtain friss.'

"'Ced ōn ?' or Mac Conglinne.

"'Nī *ansa* ém,' ol in scál, '.i. cen broind cóicduirn comlethain ^cethirochair acca, i tanfatís[1] na trí nói n-ithe ocus na secht n-óla imm ól nónbuir cacha díb-side, ocus na secht tomaltais, ocus na nói n-díthata, ocus praind *cēit* cacha hithe ocus cacha hōla ocus cach longthi ocus cacha díthata díb-side foleith.'

"'Or nā fil lem-sa in m-broind sin,' or Mac Conglinne, 'tidnaic[2] comarli dam, ar is acobrach[3] dam fritt.'

"'Dobēr-sa ón comairle duit,' ol in scál. 'Ēirg,' ol sē, 'doc[h]umm in díserta ō túdchad-sa, .i. dísert ind Fháthlegai, ocus fogēba ann híce do mīan do cach

[1] an leg. tallfatís ? [2] tidnais [3] acomrach

food, which thy gullet and thy heart can desire, will find a cure; where thy teeth will be polished by the many wonderful manifold viands of which we have spoken; where thy melancholy will be attacked; where thy senses will be startled; where thy lips will be gratified with choice drink and choice morsels, with eating and putting away every sort of soft, savoury, tender-sweet food acceptable to thy body, and not injurious to thy soul,—if only thou gettest to the Wizard Doctor, and to sharp-lipped Becnat, daughter of Baetan the monstrous Eater, the wife of the Wizard Doctor.

"'The day thou wilt arrive at the fort will be the day on which his pavilion of fat will be raised about him, on its fair round wheat plains, with the two Loins, the Gullet, and the worthy Son of Fat-kettle, with their mantles of . . . . about them. It will be a happy day for thee when thou shalt come unto the fort, O MacConglinne,' said the phantom; 'the more so as that will be the day, on which the chieftains of the Tribe of Food will be summoned to the fort.'

"'And what are their names?' asked MacConglinne.

"'Not hard to tell,' said the phantom; 'they are Little Sloey, son of Smooth-juicy-bacon; Cakey, son of Hung Beef; and Hollow-sides, son of Gullet, and Milkikin, son of Lactulus, and Wristy-hand, son of Leather-head, and young Mul-Lard, son of Flitch of Old-Bacon.'

"'And what is thy own name, if we may ask?'

"'Not hard to tell,' said the phantom.

bíud at accob*or* do crāes ocus do chride ; airm i n-airlímthar do déta ōna bīadu immda inganta ilerda itchótamar; i n-indraithfith*er* do dulas ; il-lúife do chéill bidgu ; inbat budig do bēoil do shainól ocus do shainait, do longad ocus do brondad cacha bíd buic blásta blāthmilis bus tol dot' chorp ocus nā ba tocrád dot' anmain, acht corís a dochumm ind Fháthlega, ocus Becnat Bēlathi ingen Meic Bētáin Brasslongthig a ben ind Fháthlega.

" ' In laa ricfa-su dochum in dúnaid, is ē in lá sin tóicēbth*ar* a pupall hítha immpe for a crúndmuigib córaib cruithnechta; in dā Loan, in Lonloingen[1] ocus in dagm*a*cu Lónchorēn cona cochull[2] do íthascaig impu. Bid maith duit-siu in laa ricfa doc[h]úmm in dúnaid sin, a Mic Conglinne,' ol sē in scál, ' ocus di*du* conid hē sin laá gairfith*er* tōisig Tūathi in Bíd dochumm in dúine.'

" ' Ocus cīa a n-anmanna sin ?' or Mac Conglinne.

" ' Nī *ansa*,' ol in scál, ' .i. Airnechān mac Saille Slemni Súgmaire, ocus Bairgenach mac Toraid Tīrmcharnna, ocus Fastáib mac Lonlongen, ocus Lachtmarān mac Blichtucán, ocus Lámdóitech mac Lethirchind, ocus Ōcmēl-Blongi mac Slessa Senshaille.'

" ' Ocus cīa h' ainm-siu fodén fri īarfaige dīn ?'

" ' Nī *ansa*,' ol in scál.

[1] lotlo*i*ngen [2] choll

'Wheatlet, son of Milklet,
Son of juicy Bacon,
Is mine own name.
Honeyed Butter-roll
Is the man's name
That bears my bag.

Haunch of Mutton
Is my dog's name,
Of lovely leaps.
Lard, my wife,
Sweetly smiles
Across the kale-top.

Cheese-curds, my daughter,
Goes round the spit,
Fair is her fame.
Corned Beef, my son,
Whose mantle shines
Over a big tail.

Savour of Savours
Is the name of my wife's maid:
Morning-early
Across New-milk Lake she went.

Beef-lard, my steed,
An excellent stallion,
That increases studs:
A guard against toil
Is the saddle of cheese
On his back.

When a cheese-steed is sent after him
Rapid his course,
Fat . . . . is on his ribs,
Exceeding all shapes.

'Cruithnechtán mac Lémnachtān
mac Saille Súgmaire
m' ainm-si fodén.
Brechtān fo Mil
comainm in f[h]ir
bís fom' thēig.

Hīar[sh]liss Cærech
comainm mo chon
cádla bánd.
Blonag mo ben
tibid a gen
tar braisce barr.

Millsén m' ingen
imthét n-inber,
gile a glond.
Bōshall mo mac,
taitnid a brat
tar ethri n-oll.

Olor n-Olar
comainm inalta mo mná:
mátan moch
tar Loch Lémnachta roslā.

Bōger m' airech,
sall boc[c] brainech
brogas scuir :
dīn sæthra,
sadall mæthla
for a muin.

Intan lecar ina dīaid oirech mæthla.
lūath a ruth,
híth ar all aig bid ar asnaib
sech cach cruth. Cruth.

A large necklace of delicious cheese-curds
Around his back,
His halter and his traces all
Of fresh butter.

His bridle with its reins of fat
In every place.
The horsecloth of tripe with its . . . ,
Tripes are his hoofs.

Egg-horn is my bridle-boy
. . . .
Before going to a meeting with death
. . . .

My pottage tunic around myself
Everywhere,
. . . of tripe with its . . .
Of uncooked food.

"'Off with thee now to those delicious prodigious viands, O MacConglinne,' said the phantom.

'many wonderful provisions,
pieces of every palatable food,
brown red-yellow dishes,
full without fault,
perpetual joints of corned beef,
smooth savoury lard,
and heavy flitches of boar.

"'Off with thee now to the suets and cheeses!' said the phantom.

"'I will certainly go,' said MacConglinne, 'and do thou put a gospel around me.'

"'It shall be given,' said the phantom, 'even a gospel of four-cornered even dry cheese, and I will put my own paternoster around thee, and neither greed nor hunger can visit him around whom it is put.' And he said:

Mōrmuince do mulchán mellach
ima chúl,
[a] adastar ocus a ellach
d' imim úr.

A srīan cona aradnu hítha
in each dú,
inbert inbe cona tibrecht
d' inbib crú.

Ugadarc mo gilla glomar,
níta tuir,
rē n-dul i n-dáil báis dáig nibras
dontī dotcuir. C.

M' inar cráibechán imum-sa féin
in each dú,
imbert inbe cona tibrecht
din bīd crú. C.

"'Cosna bīadaib oirerda[ib] ingantaib út duit festa, a Mic Conglinne!' ol in scál,

'.i. bīada ile iuganta,
staci cach bíd belaide,
mīassa donna dergbuide,
lomnāna cen locht,
aisle būana bōshaille,
blongi bláthi belaide,[1]
tarthrann troma torec.

"'Cusna blongib duit festa ocus cusna māthlaib!' ol in scál.

"'Regut ēm,' or Mac Conglinne, 'ocus tabar soscēla immum.'

"'Dobērthar,' ol in scál, '.i. soscēla do thīrmchaisi cetharochair cutrumma, ocus gēbthar mo pater-sa fodén imut, ocus nīstadaill athgēri nō occuras intí ima n-gabar hī.' Ut dixit:

[1] belaige

"'May smooth juicy bacon protect thee, O MacConglinne!' said the phantom.

"'May hard yellow-skinned cream protect thee, O MacConglinne!

"'May the caldron full of pottage protect thee, O MacConglinne!

"'May the pan full of pottage protect thee, O MacConglinne!'

"'By my God's doom, in the presence of the Creator,' said MacConglinne, 'I wish I could get to that fortress, that I might consume my fill of those old strained delicious liquors, and of those wonderful enormous viands.'

"'If thou really so wishest,' said the phantom, 'thou shalt have them. Go as I tell thee; but only, if thou goest, do not go astray.'

"'How is that?' said MacConglinne.

"'Not hard to tell,' said the phantom. 'Thou must place thyself under the protection and safeguard of the mighty peerless warriors, the chiefs of the Tribes of Food, lest the gravy destroy thee.'

"'How, then,' said MacConglinne, 'which of the chiefs of the Tribes of Food are the most puissant safeguards against the heavy waves of gravy?'

"'Not hard to tell,' said the phantom. 'The Suets and the Cheeses.'

"Thereupon then I advanced," said MacConglinne, "erect, with exultant head, with stout steps. The wind that comes across that country—it is not by me I wish it to go, but into my mouth. And no wonder; so heavy was the disease, so scant the cure, so great the longing for the remedy. I

"'For foesam duit na saille slemni sūgmaire, a Mic Conglinne!' ol in scál.

"'For foesam duit na crothi crūadi cūlbudi, a Mic Conglinne!' ol in scál.

"'For foesam duit in chori lán do crāibechān, a Mic Conglinne!' ol in scál.

"'For foesam duit in[d] aigin lán do crāibecbān, a Mic Conglinne!' ol in scál.

"'Dar mo dēbroth i fīadnaise in dūileman,' ar Mac Conglinne, 'ba maith lium co rísaind a dochum in dúnaid sin, dāig cotormolaind mo lōr dona lendaib senaib sīthaltai somillsi ocus dona bīadaib inganta aidble út.'

"'Mad maith lat-sa ém,' ol in scāl, 'fogēba sin. Ocus ēirg amail asberim-si frit, acht namā dīa téis, nīstéig a merachad.'

"'Cid sin?' ol Mac Conglinne.

"'Nī *ansa* ēm,' ol in scál. 'Acht focerd for fæsom ocus comarci na n-óc n-antem n-anamail .i. tōsig Thūath Bíd, nāratródbá beochoil.'

"'Ced ón?' ol Mac Conglinne, 'cīa do tósechaib Tūath Bíd is gératu comarci ar tromthondaib beochla?'

"'Nī *ansa* ém,' ol in scāl, '.i. cusna Blongib ocus cusna Māthlaib.'

"Atomregar dō īarsin," or Mac Conglinne, "co h*er*ard cendfhālid coslūthmar. In gōeth nostic darsin tīr sin, dūthracur conāb seocham notēissed, acht co m-[b]ad a m-beōlu. Bā dethbir ōn, bōi do thrumma in galair ocus do therci in legis, do accobar na n-aicidi.[1] Atomraracht co dīan díscir

[1] leg. na hícce or na n-íccide. Cf. p. 93. 22.

advanced vehemently, furiously, impatiently, eagerly, greedily, softly, gliding, like a young fox approaching a shepherd, or as a clown to violate a queen, or a royston-crow to carrion, or a deer to the cropping of a field of winter-rye in the month of June. However, I lifted my shirt above my buttocks, and I thought that neither fly, nor gadfly, nor gnat could stick to my hinder part, in its speed and agility, as I went through plains and woods and wastes towards that lake and fort.

"Then in the harbour of the lake before me I saw a juicy little coracle of beef-fat, with its coating of tallow, with its thwarts of curds, with its prow of lard, with its stern of butter, with its thole-pins of marrow, with its oars of flitches of old boar in it.

"Indeed, she was a sound craft in which we embarked. Then we rowed across the wide expanse of New-Milk Lake, through seas of broth, past river-mouths of mead, over swelling boisterous waves of butter-milk, by perpetual pools of gravy, past woods dewy with meat-juice, past springs of savoury lard, by islands of cheeses, by hard rocks of rich tallow, by headlands of old curds, along strands of dry cheese: until we reached the firm, level beach between Butter-mount and Milk-Lake and Curd-point at the mouth of the pass to the country of O'Early-eating, in front of the hermitage of the Wizard Doctor. Every oar we plied in New-milk Lake would send its sea-sand of cheese curds to the surface."

It was then MacConglinne said, at the top of his voice: "Ha, ha, ha! these are not the seas that I would not take!"

denmnetach, co mīanach míchuirdech, co slemda slitfemda, amail sinchān do leith[1] ūgaire, nō aithech do sleith banrīgna, nō fendóc dochúm gairr, nō ag n-allaid do gebbad guirt gemshecoil a mís Míthemain. Forcena tócba[i]m-sa mo lēnid ōs mell*ach* mo lārac, ocus midithir[2] lem nā tairissed cuil nó crebar nō corrmíl form' íarcómla for a déni ocus athluime, co rānuc maige ocus feda ocus fásaige dochumm in lacha ocus in dúnaid sin.

"Conn-acca nī i purt in lacha for mo chind, .i. ethar bec beochlaide bōshaille cona immchassal gered, cona shessaib grotha, cona braine blongi, cona erus imme, cona sculmarib smera, cona rāmaib slessai sentuirc fair.

"Bā soccair tra in lestar i n-dechumar. Iarsin tra imrásium dar lethanmhag Lacha Lemnachta, dar trethna tremunta, tar inberaib meda, tar bolgonfad buptáid blāithche, tar baitsechaib būana belaide, sech caille druchtbela, tar tibrén úscai olorda, a n-indsib mōethal, tar crūadchaircib gered gerthige, tar srónaib sengrothai, tar trachta tana[ch] tīrmaide, corogaibsium calath comnart cutruma eter Slīab n-Immе ocus Loch n-Aiss ocus Bend Grotha ar bōlu belaig crīche hūa Mochlongthi for dorus dīserta ind Fháthlega. Cach ráma dobermís il-Loch Lémnachta cotochrad a murgrīan millsēn for ūachtar."

Conid ann atbert Mac Conglinne in guth a n-ūachtar a chind: "Abb, abb, abb! nīmtát muir nādgaibend."

[1] dosleith [2] médith*ir*

"Then the Wizard Doctor spoke to his people: 'A troublesome party approaches you to-night, my friends,' said the Wizard Doctor, 'viz., Aniér MacConglinne of the men of Munster, a youngster of deep lore, entertaining and delightful. And he must be well served; for he is melancholy, passionate, impetuous, violent, and impatient; and he is eager, fond of eating early; and he is voracious, niggardly, greedy: and yet he is mild and gentle, . . . easily moved to laughter. And he is a man great in thanks-givings and in upbraidings. And no wonder; for he has wit both to censure and to praise the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle, fine, mirthful house with a mead-hall.'"

shameless

"Marvellous, indeed, was the hermitage in which I then found myself. Around it were seven score hundred smooth stakes of old bacon, and instead of the thorns above the top of every long stake was fried juicy lard of choice well-fed boar, in expectation of a battle against the tribes of Butter-pat and Cheese that were on Newmilk Lake, warring against the Wizard Doctor.

"There was a gate of tallow to it, whereon was a bolt of sausage.

"I raised myself up then out of my boat," said MacConglinne, "and betook myself to the outer door of the entrance porch of the fortress, and seizing a branchy cudgel that lay directly on my right hand outside the porch of the fortress, I dealt a blow with it at the tallow door, on which was the sausage lock, and drove it before me along the outer porch of the fortress, until I reached the splendid inner chief residence of the enormous

"Conid annsin atbert in Fáthliaig fria muintir: 'Fail dáim n-annsa in bar n-dochum anocht, a muinter,' ol in Fáthliaig, '.i. Aniér Mac Conglinne do Muimnechaib, glāim gilla ūasail oirchetail oirfitig aín. Dáig rocaiter a deg[fh]rithailem, or is dúblathi díscir dīan dremun denmnetach; ocus sē míanach mochloingt[h]ech, ocus sē ithamail anfhīal occurach, ocus sē sām[fh]ind sobucc sotorchutbide. Ocus is fer bret[h]i budi ocus oirbiri. Dethbir ón, dāig rofhétand āir ocus molad for tellach taige trebargloin mín maisig medraig midchūartai[g].'"

"Ba hamra tra in dīsiurt i m-badus ann .i. *secht fichit cēt* sónn sleman senshaille imme; ocus bā hē casdraigen bōi ūas clethi cendmull*aig* cacha suind sīrfhota, .i. blonoc brothrach belathi tuirc trebair taiscelta fria fómtin imbualta[1] fri Tūath*a* Mescān ocus Mæthal bátar for Loch Lemnachta i cocad frisin Fáthliaig.

"Cómla gered friss, ocus gerrcend maróci furri.

"Atomcuireth*ar* sūas dó as mo ethar," or Mac Conglinne, "co dorus érdaim imdorais in dúnaid dīanechtair, ocus gebim bulbi*ng* brusgarbán bói for mo lāim dírig deiss fri himdorus in dúnaid anechtair, ocus ticimm bulli de frissin cómla*id* ngeriud bói co n-glass maróice furri, ocus foscerdimm sechum for fut immdorais imechtraig in dúnaid, co ruachtus in prīmcathraig mōrglain medōnaig in dúnaid dímóir. Ocus indsmaimm mo

[1] im imbualta

fort. And I fixed my ten pointed purple-bright nails in its smooth old-bacon door, which had a lock of cheese, flung it behind me, and passed through.

"Then I saw the doorkeeper. Fair was the shape of that man; and his name was Bacon-lad, son of Butter-lad, son of Lard; with his smooth sandals of old bacon on his soles, and leggings of potmeat encircling his shins, with his tunic of corned beef, and his girdle of salmon skin around him, with his hood of flummery about him, with a seven-filleted crown of butter on his head (in each fillet of which was the produce of seven ridges of pure leeks); with his seven badges of tripe about his neck, and seven bosses of boiled lard on the point of every badge of them; his steed of bacon under him, with its four legs of custard, with its four hoofs of coarse oaten bread under it, with its ears of curds, with its two eyes of honey in its head, with its streams of old cream in its two nostrils, and a flux of bragget streaming down behind, with its tail of dulse, from which seven handfuls were pulled every ordinary day; with its smooth saddle of glorious choice lard upon it, with its face-band of the side of a heifer around its head, with its neck-band of old-wether spleen around its neck, with its little bell of cheese suspended from the neck-band, with its tongue of thick compact metal hanging down from the bell; and a whip in that rider's hand, the cords whereof were twenty-nine fair puddings of white-fat cows, and the substance of every juicy drop that fell to the ground from the end of each of these puddings would, with half a

deich n-ingne corra corcarglana isin cómla*id* slemain senshaille cona *glass* māthla furri, ocus foscerdimm sec[h]umm ocus *con*ludimm sec[h]a.

"Co n-acca tra in doirrseōir. Bā cáin delb in óclaig sin, ocus bā hē a chomainm .i. Mælsaille mac Máilimme meic Blongi; cona assaib slemna sen-[sh]aille ima[1] bunnu, cona ochraib do bíud scaiblíne ima lurg[n]ib, cona hinar bōshaille imme, cona c[h]riss do leth*ar* fírésc taris, cona chochall di thascaid imme, cona secht cornib imme ina chind; ocus bátar secht n-immaire do f[h]írchainnind in cach coraind díb-side fóleth; cona secht n-epislib do chēlānu inbi[2] fo brágait, cona secht m-bille do blonaig bruithi for cind cacha hepis*le* díb-side, cona chapall saille foe, cona *cethri* cossa brechtāin, cona cethri crú do garbarán chorca fou, cona chlūassaib grotha, cona dá shūil mela ina chind, cona srothaib senchrothi[3] i cechtar a dí srón, cona buindib brócoti asa īareómlaid sīar sec[h]tair, cona scóib dhulisc fair, dīa m-bendais secht n-glacca cach lathi aic*en*ta, cona sadull blongi (nō bōs[h]ailli) būadaige fair, cona drecho*n*gdás tóib samaisce fria cend, cona munci do dressán senmuilt ba brāgait, cona c[h]luchín do māthail asin munci, cona thengaid do métail tiag[4] timmthasta asin clucín sís, cona s[h]rogill ina láim in marcaig sin, bátir īalla bātar inde[5] .i. nōi n-indrechtāna finda fichet do indrechtānu bó bán-méthi, ocus nobíd sáith sacairt fria lethbairgin in cach bainde beochlaide nothuited a cind cach indrechtāin díb-side fria lár; cona bachaill buic bruthi

[1] ina [2] inbíd [3] crochi
[4] leg. tiug [5] inide

cake, be a surfeit for a priest; with his slender boiled stick of *bundrish* in his hand, and every juicy drop that trickled from the end of it, when he turned it downwards, would contain the full of seven vats."

"'Open the hermitage to us,' said MacConglinne.

"'Come in, wretch!' answered the doorkeeper.

"On going in, then," said MacConglinne, "I saw on my left hand the servants of the Wizard Doctor with their hairy cloaks of . . . . . with their hairy rags of soft custard, with their shovels of dry bread in their hands, carrying the tallowy offal that was on the ~~lake~~-bridge of custard, from the porch of the great house to the outer porch of the fortress.

"On my right hand I then beheld the Wizard Doctor, with his two gloves of full-fat rump-steak on his hands, setting in order the house, which was hung all round with tripe from roof to floor.

"Then I went into the kitchen, and there I saw the Wizard Doctor's son, with his fishing-hook of lard in his hand, with its line made of fine brawn of a deer, viz., the marrow of its ~~leg~~, with its thirty-hand rod of tripe attached to the line below, and he angling in a lake of lard. Now he would bring a flitch of old bacon, and now a weasand of corned beef from the lake of lard mixed with honey, on to a bank of curds that was near him in the kitchen. And in that lake it is that the Wizard Doctor's son was drowned, for whom the celebrated elegy was made:

'The son of Eoghan of lasting fame,' etc.

"Afterwards I went into the great house. As I

búndraisse ina láim, co m-bíd lán secht n-dabach cacha bainde beochlaide noscēed tar a cuirr, intan nosfuirmed fri lár."

"'Oslaicther dún in dísert!' ol Mac Conglinne.

"'A thrōig ém,' or in dóirrseōir, 'tair amuig!'

"Co n-acca tra īar n-dul anúnd," ol Mac Conglinne, "for mo lāim clíi .i. mogaid in[d] Fháthlega cona m-brotharlúmnib brothracháin, cona m-brotharcertib boc-brechtāin, cona slūastib turarāin ina lámu ic fochartad in ottraig ingerta bōi forsin lochdrochat brechtāin ōtha immdorus in tige mōir co himdorus in dúine inechtair.

"Co n-acca tra dom' láim deiss .i. in Fáthliaig cona dí lámaind do loncharna lán-mhēith bá lámaib ic lērgním in taige lānimmerta do chēlánu inbe[1] ō mulluch co talmain.

"Atnaigim isin cuchtair, co n-acca tra .i. mac ind Fháthlega cona dubán blongi ina láim, cona rūaimnig do minscomartaig oige allaid ass, .i. smir a lurgin, cona slait co trichat ferlám do chēlānu inbe asin rūaimnig sin sís oc dubānacht for loch n-úsca. Cumma nobered tinne senshaille ocus lonlongén bōs[h]aille ar loch úsca cummascaig[th]e mela for tír n-grotha bōi 'ma farrad isin cuchtair. Ocus isin loch sin robáided mac ind Fháthlega, dīa n-dernad in marbnaid erdraicc, .i.

'Mac Eogain clú marind,' *ocus araile.*

"Ataigimm isin tech mōr īarum. Amail tucus

[1] imbe

set my foot across the threshold into the house, I saw something, viz., a pure white bed-tick of butter, on which I sat ; but I sank in it to the tips of my two ears. The eight strongest men that were in the king's house had hard work to pull me out by the top of the crown of my head.

"Then I was taken to the place where the Wizard Doctor himself was.

"'Pray for me!' said I to him.

"'In the name of cheese!' said he to me. 'Evil is the limp look of thy face,' said the Wizard Doctor. 'Alas! it is the look of disease. Thy hands are yellow, thy lips are spotted, thine eyes are grey. Thy sinews have relaxed, they have risen over thy brow/and over thy flesh, and over thy joints and nails. The three hags have attacked thee, even scarcity and death and famine, with ~~sharp~~ beaks of hunger. An eye that sains not has regarded thee. A plague of heavy disease has visited thee. No wonder, truly ; for thine is not the look of a full-suckled milk-fed calf, tended by the hands of a good cook. Thou hast not the corslet look of well-nourished blood, but that of a youth badly reared under the vapours of bad feeding.'

"'Very natural that,' said MacConglinne. 'Such is the heaviness of my ailment, the scarcity of cure, the longing for the remedy.'

"'Tell me thy disease, my man,' said the Wizard Doctor.

"'I will tell thee,' said MacConglinne, 'what it is that shrivels me up and what makes me low-spirited, inactive, even love of good cheer, hatred of bad cheer, desire of eating early, the gnawing of my many fancies, the gnawing of flesh, the consumption of

mo choiss darsin tairrsech istech, co n-acca ní .i. in colcaid[1] n-éngil n-imme, *co* sess*ar* furri, conamtarrusar innte co barr mo dī chlūas. In ochtar is calma bōi isin rīgthig, a n-opar 'com tharraing esti for clethib cendmull*aig*.

"Nomcurth*er* īarsin áitt a m-bói in Fáthliaig fodessin.

"'Oráit, orāit!' ol mé friss.

"'I n-anmam māthla!' or sē frim. 'Is olc in féthán féths[h]naìs fil for h'agaid,' or in Fáthliaig. 'Uchán! is féth gal*air*. At buide do láma, at brecca do beōil, at līatha do shúile. Rof[h]ánnaigsetar th' féthi, atrachtatar ōs tuil ocus ōs t' feōil ocus ōs t' altaib ocus ōs t' ingnib. Ro[t]tairb*i*setar *teora* mná: ūatha ocus ēca ocus gorta, .i. do gobaib gorta galbigi. Ro[t]tāraill súil nát-athbendach, ro[t]táraill tám trómgal*air*. Sodethbir tra, nī féth láig lilicca lachtmair lessaigthi latt fo lámu dá gchoca. Nī féth luric[2] fola lessaigthi latt, acht is féth meic mīaltromma fo múich mílessaigt[h]i.'

"'Sodethbir ón,' ol Mac Conglinne, 'atā do thruime mo gal*air*, do therci in legis, do accobar na hícce.'

"'Asnéid dam do gal*ar*, a lāich,' or in Fāthliaig.

"'Asnēdfit ém,' ol Mac Conglinne, 'indrud mo credba ocus a n-domgní miffrech mígnīmach, .i. carthain cæmna, miscais michæmna, mīan mochlongthi, minchirrad m' ilblass, cnám cárna, bronnud

[1] colcaig [2] an leg. lúirig?

white-meats, greed and hunger. The thirst and voracity which I feel in consuming my food, so that what I eat gives neither satiety nor substance; inhospitality and niggardliness, refusal and unchari-
5 tableness regarding what is my own, so that I am a burden to myself, and dear to none. Hunger, with its four-and-twenty subdivisions in addition thereto, sadness, niggardliness, anxiety to be welcomed before everybody to all kinds of food, and
10 the injurious effect to me of every food.

"'My wish would be, that the various numerous wonderful viands of the world were before my gorge, that I might gratify my desires, and satisfy my greed. But alas! great is the misfortune to
15 one like me, who cannot obtain any of these.'

"'On my word,' said the Great Doctor, 'the disease is grievous. Woe to him on whom it has fallen, and not long will it be endured. But as thou hast come to me to my hermitage and to my
20 fort at this time, thou shalt take home with thee a medicine to cure thy disease, and shalt be for ever healed therefrom.'

"'What is that?' asked MacConglinne.

"'Not hard to tell,' answered the Great Doctor.
25 'If thou goest home to-night, go to the well to wash thy hands, rub thy teeth with thy fists, and comb every straight rib of thy hair in order. Warm thyself afterwards before a glowing red fire of straight red oak, or of octagonal ash that grows near
30 a hill-side where little sparrows leave their droppings; on a dry hearth, very high, very low, that its embers may warm thee, that its blaze may not burn thee, that its smoke may not touch thee. Let

bánbíd, géri ocus gorti, ítmaire ocus ithemraige lemm mo chuit fodéin, conā gaib *gr*eim nō gabāil ina tómlim ; doichell ocus dochta, díultad ocus díchonnercli immonní is leamm fodén, conad am lista liumm fodén ocus n*ach* am inmain frisnach ēn. Gorta cona *cethri fichet fodlaib* airsin anūas .i. dogaillsi, díbe, dál fria hessamna lem rē cách i cénd cach bíd, inriud cach bíd frim.

"'Ba hed mo mían, bīada ilarda immda inganta in betha i comair mo c[h]ráis, do dénam mo tholi, do línad mo shánti. Uch tra, is mōr in sæth sin do neoch nādosfāgaib uli.'

"'Atbíur mo br*āth*ir,' or in Fáthliaig, 'is olc ind accidit. Is margócán dīanostarla, ocus nī ba fota foelustar. Ar is co tuide[c]ht duit dom' dísiurt-sa ocus dom' dúnad don chur sa, bē*ra* midchuine latt do tig d' íec do gal*air*, ocus bid slán cáidche de.'

"'Cade side?' ol Mac Conglinne.

"'Nī *annsa* ēm,' or in Fáthliaig. 'Dīa téis do tig innocht, ēirg don tiprait d' innmad do lám, comelfi dorni fri détu, ocus dochásail cach finda fīar foltnide[1] īarna chōir dot' fhult. Īarsin notgor fri tenid trichemrūaid do daroich *deirg* dírig nō do ochts[h]lisnig úindsend fhásus i fhail airshlēbi dú i caecut mingelbuind, hi tellach thīrmaide irard airísel, coratgori a grīss, nārotlosci a lassar, nārotbe*n*a a dé. Scarth*ar* gemen findach fírgámna

[1] foltnige

a hairy calf-skin be placed under thee to the north-east before the fire, thy side resting exactly against a rail of alder. And let an active, white-handed, sensible, joyous woman wait upon thee, who must be of good repute, of good discourse, red-lipped, womanly, eloquent, of a good kin, wearing a necklace, and a cloak, and a brooch, with a black edge between the two peaks of her cloak, that sorrow may not come upon her; with the three nurses of her dignity upon her, with three dimples of love and delight in her countenance, without an expression of harshness in her forehead, who shall have a joyous, comely appearance, a purple five-folded cloak about her, a red-gold brooch in her cloak, a fair broad face, a good blue eye in her head, two blue-black brows of the colour of the black chafer over those eyes, ruddy even cheeks, red thin lips, white clear teeth in her head as though they were pearls, soft tender white fore-arms, two smooth snowy sides, beauteous shapely thighs, straight well-proportioned calves, thin white-skinned feet, long ~~slender~~ fingers, long pale-red nails. So that the gait and movements of the maiden may be graceful and quick, so that her gentle talk and address may be melodious as strings, soft and sweet; so that, from her crown to her sole, there may be neither fault, nor stain, nor blemish, on which a sharp watchful observer may hit.

"'Let this maiden give thee thy thrice nine morsels, O MacConglinne, each morsel of which shall be as big as a heath-fowl's egg. These morsels thou must put in thy mouth with a swinging jerk,

fót fria tenid anairtūaid,[1] ocus do s[h]liss fri colba findgel ferna saindrud. Ocus toirbered ben dīan dóitgel imchīalla fhorbáilid, 'sí sochla soaccallma,[2] 'sī bēlchorccra banam*ail*, 'sī sobeōil sochen*ēlach*, 'sī m*un*cach bratach bretnusach, co m-brūach n-dub eter dā ló a bruit, nāroshera brón fuirri. Teora muime a hordan fuirri. Teora hāible sercci ocus ana for a hinchaib, cen fír doichle ina hétan. Ecosc sūairc sochóir lee, bratt corccra cóicdīab*ail* impe, eō órderg ina brut, agaid chāin forlethan lé, rosc glass cáin ina cind, dā brā dóile dúbgorma ōsna rosca sin, grūade corccra comarda lé, beōil d*eirg* tanaide, dēta gela glanide ina cind amail betís nemaind, rigthi boca bláthgela, dí thæb shlémna shnechtaide, slīasta sídgda sébcaide, colptha córa cutruma, traigthe tana tónngela, méra sēta síthalta, ingne áidble iuchanta. Corab álaind ocus corab gasta a focheím ocus a foimmthecht na hinghene sin; corab tétbind téthmilis a mínchomrad ocus a mīnacall*am*; conāroib locht nō on nō anim rism-benfa nach aicsed féig furachair ōthā a hind coa bond.

"'Tabrad in ingen sin duit do trī nói mírend, a Mic Conglinne, corab médithir fri hog rerc*hir*ci cach mír. Fodosceirdi for lūasc lūamnig it' beōlu

[1] uaig [2] soacmallma

and thine eyes must whirl about in thy skull whilst thou art eating them.'

"'The eight kinds of grain thou must not spare, O MacConglinne, wheresoever they are offered thee, viz., rye, wild-oats, beare, buck-wheat, wheat, barley, *fidbach*, oats. Take eight cakes of each ~~fair~~ grain of these, and eight condiments with every cake, and eight sauces with each condiment; and let each morsel thou puttest in thy mouth be as big as a heron's egg. Away now to the smooth panikins of cheese-curds, O MacConglinne,

to fresh pigs,
to loins of fat,
to boiled mutton,

to the choice easily-discussed thing for which the hosts contend—the gullet of salted beef;
to the dainty of the nobles, to mead;
to the cure of chest-disease—old bacon;
to the appetite of pottage—stale curds;
to the fancy of an unmarried woman—new milk;
to a queen's mash—carrots;
to the danger awaiting a guest—ale;
to the sustenance of Lent—the cock of a hen;
to a broken head—butter-roll;
to hand-upon-all—dry bread;
to the pregnant thing of a hearth—cheese;
to the bubble-burster—new ale;
to the priests' fancy—juicy kale;
to the treasure that is smoothest and sweetest of all food—white porridge;
to the anchor . . . .—broth;
to the double-looped twins—sheep's tripe;
to the dues of a wall—sides (of bacon);

na mírenda, corusimpōat do shúile it' chloiceand ocá n-ithe.'

"'Na hocht n-orbaind nídoscoicéla, a Mic Conglinne, cia bali adochrat duit: secul, seruān, mælān, rūadān, cruithnec[h]t, eōrna, fidbach, corca. Ocht m-bairgena cacha [fh]indorba dīb-side, ocus ocht n-ándlaind cacha bargine, ocus [ocht] torsnu fria cach n-andland, ocus mēdithir fri hog curri cach mír foscerdi it' beōlu díb. Cosna corénaib míne millsén duit festa, a Mic Conglinne,

co mucca úra,
co luna hítha,
co lunu messi (.i. muilt bruithi),
cosin tuicsenach soacallmach cosnáit na slōig .i. cosin lónlongin bōshaille,
cosin sercoll sochen*ālach*, co mid,
co leiges in chlīabgal*áir* .i. sean senshaille,
co tothlugud m-brothc[h]āin .i. sengroith,
co mīan ban ēntuma .i. lemnacht,
co briscén m-banrīgna[1] .i. cerrbacan,
co héill fir cēlide .i. cuirm,
co cunnid corgais .i. coil*ech* circe,
co hétan briste .i. brechtān,
co lám ar cách .i. turarán,
co torrach tellaig .i. tanach,
cosin m-brúchtaig m-bolgaig .i. nūa corma,
co mīan na sacart .i. braisech belaide,
cosin māin is mīne ocus is millse da cach bíud .i. findlitte,
co hingur cingir cicharan .i. cráibechān,
cosna lūbdiabulta émnaigib .i. cēlānu cērech,
co fīachu fraiged .i. cliathānu,

[1] bandrigna

to the bird of a cross—salt ;
to the entry of a gathering—sweet apples ;
to the pearls of a household—hens' eggs ;
to the glance of nakedness—kernels.'

"When he had reckoned me up those many viands, he ordered me my drop of drink. 'A tiny little measure for thee, MacConglinne, not too large, only as much as twenty men will drink, on the top of those viands : of very thick milk, of milk not too thick, of milk of long thickness, of milk of medium thickness, of yellow bubbling milk, the swallowing of which needs chewing, of the milk that makes the snoring bleat of a ram as it rushes down the gorge, so that the first draught says to the last draught : "I vow, thou mangy cur, before the Creator, if thou comest down, I'll go up, for there is no room for the doghood of the pair of us in this treasure-house."

"'Whatever disease may seize thee from it, MacConglinne, 'tis I that will cure thee, excepting one disease, I mean the disease of sages and of gentlemen, the best of all diseases, the disease that is worth perpetual health—loose bowels.'"

Thus far the vision, etc.

At the pleasure of the recital and the recounting of those many various pleasant viands in the king's presence, the lawless beast that abode in the inner bowels of Cathal MacFinguine came forth, until it was licking its lips outside his head. The scholar had a large fire beside him in the house. Each of the pieces was put in order to the fire, and then one after the other to the lips of the king.

One time when one of the pieces was put to the

co hén crossi .i. saland,
co himdorus ēnaig .i. úbla cumra,
co némannu tigi teglaig .i. uga cerce,
co brafud nochta .i. etneda.'

"Feib nosturim dam na hilbīadu īarsin, ordaigis dam mo deog m-bolgaim. 'Metríne bec bec, nát romór, cethri fichit ferbolcumm deit, a Mic Conglinne, for na bīadaib sin anūas: d'ass rothécht, d'ass nāt rothecht, d'ass lebarthēcht, d'ass eter dā thecht, d'ass buide bolcach, foloing in slucud chocnum, don lomum daní in slaimegil rethid[1] oc dul darsin m-brágait sís, co n-aprai in bolcum tōisech frisin m-bolcum n-dédenach: "Fortgillim, a charrmatraid, i fīadnaise in dúilemun, cia tís anūas, regut-sa sūas; ar ní thalla ar mataidecht ar n-dís isin istadluc sa."

"'In galar notgébad desin, a Mic Conglinne, cenmothā ēnghal*ar*, is misse not-ícfa .i. galar sruthi ocus dágdāine, in galar is ferr each n-galar .i. in galar is fíu slánti suthain, .i. in búar fodessin.'"

Ind aislingthi indsin anūas, *ocus araile.*

Fri hairerdacht na hindisen ocus fri tuirem na m-bīad n-imda n-écsamail n-oirerda i fīadnaise in rīg, int anmunna indligthech roaittrebastar a n-indib inmedōnachaib Cathail meic Fhinguine tānic co m-bói oc immlīge a bél a bél fria chend anechtair. Is amlaid bói in mac légind, co tenid móir occa istaig. Doberthi each staic īar n-urd dona stacib frisin tenid ocus dosbertís īar n-urd co beōlu in ríg.

Tan ann tucc*ad* staic dīb co beōlu in rīg, ocus lingis

[1] leg. sraindmegil rethi

king's mouth, the son of malediction darted forth, fixed his two claws in the piece that was in the student's hand, and taking it with him across the hearth to the other side, bore it below the caldron that was on the other side of the fire. And the caldron was overturned upon him. (And hence is said *lonchoire*, viz., from the demon—*lon*—of gluttony that was in Cathal's throat being under the caldron.)

This is not what (some) story-tellers relate, who say that it was down the throat of the priest's gillie he went, and that the gillie was drowned in the millpond of Dún-Cáin opposite the fortress of Pichán, son of Mael Finde, in the land of the men of Féne. But it is not so in the books of Cork, which state that he was put into the caldron, and was burned under it.

"To God and Brigit we give thanks," said MacConglinne, clapping his right palm over his own mouth, and his left palm over the mouth of Cathal. And linen sheets were put round Cathal's head and he was carried out.

"What is most necessary for us to do now?" asked Pichán.

"The easiest thing in the world," said MacConglinne. "Let the hosts and multitudes, the kings and queens and people, the herds, flocks and cattle, and the entire gold and silver treasure of the fortress be taken out beyond the fortress."

And the learned say, that the price of a chafer's leg of any kind of property was not left in the large central royal pavilion of the fort, except the caldron that was about the demon's head.

in mac mallachtain corsháid a dí chrob isin staic bōi il-láim in mec légind, ocus beris leis dar tellach anúnd, ocus atnaig fón coire bói fri tenid anall. Ocus impāithe*r* in coire fair. (Conid de asberair lonchoire .i. don crāes-lon bói i m-brága Cathail meic Fhinguine do beith fói.)

Noco n-ead atfīadut scélaige, acht is a m-brāgait gilla int shacairt dochóid, corobáidead in gilla il-lind mulind Dúine Cáin for bélu puirt Pichāin meic Mōile-Finde hi Feraib Fēni. Noco n-ed sinfil il-lebraib Corccaige, acht conid isin coire tucad, ocus conid fóe rolosced.

"Fri Dīa ocus fri Brigit berma a at[h]lugud," ol MacConglinne ic tabairt a bossi deis[e]fria gin fodén, ocus a chléboss fria gin Cathail. Ocus atnagur lín-scóti bá chend Cathail, ocus berair hē immach.

"Cid is nesem dún," or Pichān, "ifesta?"

"Iss asu chách lind," ol Mac Conglinne. "Berair na slōig ocus na sochaide, rīg ocus rīgna ocus muintera, éte ocus alma ocus indile ocus a uli indmassa óir ocus argait in dúnaid dar dún immach."

Ocus atberait eōlaig conārfārcbad lūag cossi cenbair do nach innmas i rīgimscing mōir medōnaig in dūnaid, acht in cori bói imm chend in luin.

And the house was then shut on him from the outside, and four huge fires were kindled here and there in the house. When the house was a tower of red flame and a huge blaze, the demon sprang to the rooftree of the palace above, and the fire was powerless to do anything to him, and he sat on the house that was next to it.

"Well, now, ye men of Munster," said MacConglinne, "yonder is your friend. Shut your mouths that I may speak with that . . . . . unworshipful monk."

"Now, wretch," said MacConglinne, "do obeisance unto us."

"And indeed I will," said the devil, "since I can help it. For thou art a man with the grace of God, with abundance of wisdom, with acuteness of intellect, with intentive humility, with the desire of every goodness, with the grace of the seven-fold Spirit. I am a demon by nature, of infrangible substance, and I shall tell thee my story. I have been three half-years in Cathal's mouth, to the ruin of Munster and the Southern Half besides, and if I were to continue three half-years more, I should ruin all Ireland. Were it not for the nobleness of the monks of great Cork of Munster, and for their wisdom, for their purity and for their honesty, and for the multitude of their bishops and their confessors, from whom thou hast come against me; and were it not for the worth of the voice and the word, honour and soul of the noble venerable king, whom thou hast come to save; and again, were it not for thy own nobility and worth, and purity and wisdom, and abundance

Ocus ïatar in tech fair indechtair, ocus adaither cethri tendti dermára sainchan isin tech. Intan bói in tech ina thuir trichemrūaid ocus ina briaid adbulmōir, lingis in demun i féic in rīgthige sūas, ocus nirchōem in tene ní dó, ocus saidis forsin taig bā nessa dó.

"Maith tra, a fhiru Muman," ol Mac Conglinne, "fil sund út bar cara. Ocus ïadaid bar m-beōla, corusacailler-sa in manach n-oibell n-dermitnech ūt."

"Maith, a thróig," ol Mac Conglinne, "déna umalóit dún."

"Dogēn-sa ōn," or dïabul, "or ní chumga[i]m cen a dénam. Ūair at fer co rath Dé, co n-imma[d] ĕcnai, co n-géri inntlechta, coll-léri umalóti, co mïan cach maithusa, co rath in Spīrta sechtaig. Am demon-sa aicenta co n-ádbur nembrisc, ocus indisfet mo thindram det-siu. Atám teora lethbliadna hi n-gin Cathail oc ádmillind Muman ocus Lethe Moga Nūadat olchena, ocus dïa m-beind teora lethbliadna ele, nomillfind Ērinn uli. Minā beth dïa n-ūaisle ocus dia n-ĕcnaidecht, dia n-ógi ocus dia n-indracus ocus d' immad a n-espoc ocus á n-an[m]charut muintire Corccaige móire Muman ō túdchadsu dom' shaigid-sea, ocus do indracus a gotha ocus a brēthri ocus enig ocus anmma in rīg ūasail oirmitnig dïa tánac tesarcain; ocus didu, minā beth dot' ūaislesiu ocus t' indracus ocus t' ógi ocus t' ĕcnaide, d' immbud t' fhessa ocus t' airchetail, is it' brágait fén

of knowledge and lore—it is into thine own throat I would go, so that they would lash thee with dog-straps and scourges and horsewhips through all Ireland, and the disease that would kill thee, would be hunger."

"The sign of the Lord's cross between me and thee," said MacConglinne, thrice threatening him with the Gospels.

And the demon said: "Were it not for the little fair woman from the Curragh, by my God's doom before God, O Cathal MacFinguine, I would bear thy body into the earth and thy soul into hell before long to-night." After that he flew into the air among the people of hell.

"What is to be done now, O MacConglinne?" asked Pichán.

"Not hard to tell," answered MacConglinne. "Let new milk and fresh butter be boiled along with honey, and drunk for a new drink by the King."

That was done. A caldron of a hundred measures of fully-boiled milk was given as a special drink to the King. It was the last great bellyful that Cathal took because of the demon.

A bed was afterwards prepared for the King on a downy quilt, and musicians and players entertained him from noon until twilight. The King lay in his slumbering rest of sleep. The chieftains lay around Pichán in as pleasant and honourable a manner as ever before.

Great respect and honour had they that night for the scholar.

The learned (viz. the story-tellers) say that the

noragaind, co n-gabdáis cointéill ocus slipre ocus echlusca duit sechnón Ērenn, ocus co m-[b]ad hé galar notb*e*nad, gorta."

"Airde na crochi coimdetta ūam-sa it' agaid!" ol Mac Conglinne, ocus atnaig trī tomaid dont sos*c*ēla friss.

Ocus atbert in demun: "Minbad in m-báin m-bic a cuirrech Liffe, dom' débroth fīa[d] Dīa, a Cath*ail* mic Fhinguine, dosbēraind do chorp i tal*main* ocus t' animm a n-iffe*r*n rē nómaide anocht." Ocus folūamnigis i n-ethíar īarsin la muintir iffirnn.

"Cid dogéntar ann hifesta, a Mic Conglinne?" or Pichān.

"Nī *annsa*," ol Mac Conglinne. "Lémnacht ocus imm úr a comberba[d] tria mhil, ocus a n-ól do núadhig don rīg."

Dorigned sámlaid. Tuccad cori cét combruthi do loimm lānberbthi dia shainōl don rīg. Conid hī sáith mōr dēdenach dothomail Cathal īarsan lun int sháith sin.

Dēraigther īarsin don rīg for colcid clúmdérai[g]thi, ocus æs cíuil ocus airfitig ō etartrāth co hetrud. Fessiss in ríg ina shūantórthim chodulta. Fessaiter in rígrad um Pichān feib is áibne ocus is anordha bātar rīam remi.

Cáttu mōr ocus anoir for in scolaige leō in adaig[1] sin.

Atberut eōlaig (.i. scēlaige) co m-bōi in rí teora laa

[1] agaid

King was three days and three nights in that one sleep. But the books of Cork relate that he only slept the round of the Hours.

The King arose on the morrow, and passed his hand over his face; and no smaller than a full-fragrant apple was each dark-purple drop of dew that was on his face.

"Where is MacConglinne?" asked the King.

"Here he is," answered he.

"Tell us the vision now."

"It shall be done," said MacConglinne.

"However long the tale may be to-day," said Cathal, "it will not appear long to me—'tis not the same as yesterday."

Cathal left his grace and blessing on everyone who would read it and preserve it.

"Some boon should be done to MacConglinne," said the chieftains.

"It shall be done," said Cathal. "He shall have a cow out of every close in Munsterland, and an ounce for every householder, and a cloak for every church, and a sheep from every house from Carn to Cork. Moreover, he shall be given the treasure that is better than all these, I mean Manchín's little cloak."

It was then that Roennu Ressamnach came into the house, and Cruitfiach, his son, and Mælchiar, his daughter. And then he made these quatrains:

"Manchin went—a brilliant feat—
To plead against MacConglinne,
Manchin they defrauded then
Of the little cloak around him."

ocus teora aidche isi[n] ēnchodlad sin. Atberat libair Corccaige nā bói acht ōn trāth co'raile.

Atraig in rīg iarnabārach, ocus tig a láim dar agaid, ocus nī bā luga oltā uball féta fírchumra cach banna drúchta dondcorccra bōi trían[a] agaid.

"Cáit hi fil Mac Conglinne ?" ol Cathal.

"Atā súnd," ol sē.

"Indis int aislinge dún ifechtsa."

"Dogéntar," ol Mac Conglinne.

"Cé fota bé 'ca hindissi indíu, nī̄ fota lemm," ol Cathal. "Nī hinand ocus indé."

Fácbais Cathal rath ocus bendachtu for cach n-ōen notlégfa ocus notlessaigfed.

"Maith" ol in rīgrad, "do dénam for Mac Conglinne."

"Dogéntar," ol Cathal. "Bó cach liss hi Mumaintír dó, ocus uinge cach comathig, brat hō cach cill, ocus cāera[1] cach thige ō Chárn cu Corccaig fria thēb sin. Dobērthar tra in sét is ferr oltás sin uile .i. cocholl Manchīne."

Is ann tra tānic Roennu Ressamnach isin tech, ocus Cruitfhiach a mac, ocus Mælchiar a ingen. Conid ind dosgní na rundu sa:

"Dolluid Manchīn—monar n-glē—
d'accra for Mac Conglinne,
is ē Manchīn melltais [de]
don chochlín bec bōi imme."

[1] bo

"'Twere not too much for pure Comgan,
(said the son of the jester)
Though we are not his kindred,
The famous cloaklet which I see,
Although worth thrice seven *cumals*,
Though it were of the ravens' hue,
From Cathal, King of Munster.

"'Twere not too much for me to give,
Though gold were in its border,
As it was given by his will,
And spoken in pure reason:
For health of reason Cathal now
Receives from Manchín's journey."

Then was given him a cow out of every close, an ounce for every householder, a cloak for every church, a ring of gold, a Welsh steed, a white sheep out of every house from Carn to Cork. Two-thirds of the right of intercession (one-third being reserved to the men of Ireland) was accorded to him, and that he should sit always at the right hand of Cathal. All these things were granted to him, as we have said.

Let this be heard by every ear, and delivered by every chosen tongue to another, as elders and old men and historians have declared, as it is read and written in the books of Cork, as the angel of God set it forth to MacConglinne, as MacConglinne himself uttered it to Cathal MacFinguine and to the men of Munster besides. Nothing sorrowful shall be heard by anyone who has heard it, it will be a year's protection to him.

There are thirty chief virtues attending this tale, and a few of them are enough for an example.

"Nirb urōil do Chomgān glan, (.i. ar mac in druith)
cencobá uánn a bunad,[1]
in cocholl itchiū co m-blad,
cemad fhiū trī secht cumal,
cia nobeth fo dathaib[2] bran
ō Chathal ō rig Muman.

"Nirb orōil lemm ūaimm fodén,
gémad ór ina tairmchēill,
amail no*ber*ad fria rēir,
is itberad tria glanchéill,
is do Cathal is [s]lán céill
int erriud[3] dolluid Manch[ē]in." Doll. M.

Tecar annsin bó cach liss, uinge ca*ch* comathaig, bratt ca*ch* cille, fail óir ocus ech Bretnach, cāru fhind ca*ch* tige ō Charnn co Corccaig. Dā trīan immpide (ocus trīan d' f[h]eraib Ērenn olchenai), ocus lethlām Cathail dogrés.

Atagur dó sin uli, feib rorāidsium.

Tidnocul cacha clūaisi ocus ca*ch* thengad tuicsinche di araile, feib atcódutar sruthi ocus senóri ocus senchaide, feib légai*thir* ocus scrībth*air* liubair Chorccaige, feib roordaig aingel Dé do Mac Conglinne, feib roshluind Mac Conglinne do Chathal mac Finguine ocus do feraib Muman olchena. Nī closti ní bes dógra, bat cómga bl*iadn*a da cach ēn atchūala.

Atāt deich prímratha fichet forsin sceōl sa, ocus is lōr ūath*ad* díb for desmb*er*echt.

[1] buanad [2] tathaib [3] leg. in turus

The married couple to whom it is related the first night shall not separate without an heir; they shall not be in dearth of food or raiment.

The new house, in which it is the first tale told, no corpse shall be taken out of it; it shall not want food or raiment; fire does not burn it.

The king to whom it is recited before battle or conflict shall be victorious.

On the occasion of bringing out ale, or of feasting a prince, or of taking an inheritance or patrimony, this tale should be recited.

The reward of the recital of this story is a white-spotted, red-eared cow, a shirt of new linen, a woollen cloak with its brooch, from a king and queen, from married couples, from stewards, from princes, to him who is able to tell and recite it to them.

THE END.

In lānomain dīa n-ind[is]fith*er* i cétadaig,[1] nī scérat cen comorba, nī bet i terca bíd nō ētaig.

In tech nūa do chētsceōl, nī bērth*air* marb ass, nī ba terc m-bíd nō étaig, nī loisc tene.

In rīg dīa n-aisnēth*er* rē cath nō comrac, a m-būaid laiss.

Oc taisselb*ad* lenda, oc bīathad flatha, oc gabāil orbai ocus athardha, in scēl sa do aiss*nēis*.

Is ē lóg aisnēssi in sceōil sea : bó breccfind hóderg, léne do nūalín, brat longain lómair cona delg ó ríg ocus ō rīgain, hō lānamnaib, ō māraib, ō fhlathib, dontī chuingess a fhaissn*ēis* ocus a indisse dōib.

[1] agaid

FINIT.

H. 3, 18, p. 732.

Cathal mac Findguine .i. rī mōr Muman, co n-gēire chon, col-longad chapaill. Lon crāis robōe ina medōn. Satan domeiled leis a c[h]uitigh.

Aniar mac Conglinde, do lucht Athana mōire Muru dō .i. scolaige án, dochūaidh a hAthain Muru for cōairt Érend[1] : a Tīr Eoghain, i n-Airgiall*a*, co hArdmachu, dar Slīab Fūait, dar Magh Muirt[h]eimne, hi Cremt[h]aine, hi Crīch Rois, i m-Mullach Taillten. Oenscolōc marōen fris .i. Mac na Cairrea. Lotor di[2] Cenandus. Bātar oidchi cen bīad isin daimliac. Iarnamārach isbert Mac Conglinde i fīednuise an pobail :

"A scolōc,
cid nā dēnom dā camrand ?
Dēna-sa rann ar arān,
digēn-sa rand ar andland."

"Reccmait a les," ar Mac na Cairre, "ocus sind 'nar troscadh 'con sāmad sa irāir." Dorīecht dōeth*ain* fichet di lind occus di bīud dōib rīe n-oidchi. Lotor iernabārach for fud Fer Midi, dar mullach n-Uis*n*ig, do Dermaig Coluim Cille a Tīr Né[i]ll, dar Slīab Bladmu, i n-Ele sīar, dar Clār na Muman, dar Machaire na Clīach il-Lūachair Dedhad.[3]

iernabarnach Ols.

Is and robātor fir Muman 'na m-buidnib ic dol do Corcaigh mōir Muman ar[4] fēil Bairre occus Ness*ā*in .i. di[2] trosc*ud*. "Dibērainn comairle maith det, a Mic Conglinne," ar Mac na Cairrea, "ardiagh cofāgbam bīed i Corcaig, .i. abram is fer dāna thū-sa, ocus

[1] Ererd [2] leg. do, and so *passim*. [3] deghad

[4] corrected from iar.

nī lēmtor ar m-bet[h] cen bīed." "Dogēntor," or Mac Conglinde. Ātnagat i tech n-aoiged[1] Corcaighe. Sondcū mōr[2] robōi istoigh. Ticc imach ocus dib*eir* cor do Mac na Cairrea isin tonnaig, corānaic Mac Conglindi.

Atbert Mainchīn .i. ab Corcaige: "Finntor in fail nech is toigh āiged[3] in[n]ocht, dīenad[4] āil proind di caithemh." Luidh macclēirech dīe hfis. "In fail nach ōen sunda?" ar sē. "Nī maith ir-rāidie," ar Mac na Cairrea. "Atā oll*am* maith and, ocus nī maith a f[h]rithalom occaib-si. Ēcnaigfid ind eglais, ar is cīen ō a cenēl andiū." Atfēt in macclēirech di Mainchīn an scēl sin. "Atāither tene do glæschrāibech dōib īertain, occus beror cūachān corcu doib." Is ann isbert Mac Conglindi:

> "Co brāth nocha n-īsaind-si,
> acht maine bein[n] ri gortæ,
> cūachān corca Corcaigi,
> cūachān Corcaigi corcæ."

Atfēt in techtaire di Mainchīn sin. "Na macclēirich immach!" ol Mainchīn. "Occus cuimrighter in fer dānai corrocrochtar imbārach i cinaidh āire na hegailsi." Gabair tra Mac Conglinde occus berair īerna c[h]engal co Mainchīn. "Nī mochen duit," ol Mainchīn. "Noterochfaider imbārach i cinaid na haoire." "Ascaid dam, a degduine!" or Mac Conglindi, "ar Bairre asa fēil indocht." "Cīa hasc*aid* ōn?" or Mainchīn. "Nī *ansa*," or Mac Conglinde. "Mo daoth*ain* lendu occus bīd, occus di lepaid-si cona hētach dōib et*ir* col*caid* occus brothraig." "Dib*ēr*-sai ar in ērlam sin," ar Mainchīn. Luigis[5] Mac Conglindi īer caithem i folartnaige di lind occus bīud, occus láigh*is* sūan trom fair. Co n-acai cuice ind clēirech ina cotlad. Lend finn imbiu, delce oír and, lēne mōr sītchu re gelchnes dō, putrall findlīath forchas fair. "Maith, a thrūaig," ol sē.

[1] aoid*ed* [2] morai [3] aidel
[4] dienat [5] luidis

a/ "Is maith cotlai, occus tū oc ernaidi bāis." "Cīa atátcomnaic-si?" ar Mac Conglinde. "Muru," ol sē. "Is dō tānac dot' cobair-si." "Cīsi cobair ēn?" or Mac Conglinne. "Memraigh ind aislingi si," or sē, "ocus indis i fiednuise Cathail in rīgh, ocus sōerfu hē don ginaig."

Is and rochan Muru in aislinge, occus bā mebair lais-[s]im. Berair-sem ierom dá crochad iernabāroch co hairecht fer Muman .i. dū ir-raibhe Cathal ocus maithi fer Muman. Isbert Cathal nā crochfaide bard laiss, acht dognetīs fēin na clērich, dāig is iet rofit*ir* a ēgōir.

"Ascaid dam-sa, a Chathail," ar Mac Conglinde, "ocus a maithe Muman!" "Cieisi hascaidh ōn?" or Cathal. "Mo hsāith de us*ci*, occus mē fēin da dāil form," ar Mac Conglinne. "Dobērtor det-si sin," or Cathal.

Beror Mac Conglinde dieum na tiprait, occus lēigis faon, ocus benais a delec asa brut, ocus tumais isin tiprait, occus lēigis dirim*m* in deilge inus [s]in ina bēul. Indister di Chathal. "Lēicther dāl co matain o/ dō!" ar Cathal.

Luid Cathal ind aidchi sin co tech Pichā[i]n maic Máoilfinn, ocus luid Mac Conglinne co m-bōi and ar a cind. Diberor a airigid uball do Cathal. Atnaig Mac Conglinne ag fāscocnom agaid ind-aghaid fri Cathal. "Cid sin, a fir dāna?" or Cathal. "Nār lem rī Muman oc longadh a ōenar," ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir Cathal uball dō.

"Nī farcbadh ōen do mes," ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir uball aile dó.

"Airim na Trīnōti!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dobeir in tres n-uball dō.

"Cethor le*bair* int s[h]ois*cēla*!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in ceth*ramad* n-ubull dō. upull Ms.

"Cūic le*bair* Maoisi!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dobeir in cūiced n-uball dō.

"Sē haosai int shaogail!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dobeir in seisedh n-uball do.

"Secht n-dānu in Spīrta Naoib!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dobeir in sechtmad n-uball dōu.

"Ocht m-biete int shois*cēla*!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in ochtmad n-uball dō.

"Naoi n-grāda na hegalsa nemdai!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in nōmad n-uball dóu.

"In dechmad grād na hegailsi tal*mandai*!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in dechmadh n-uball dó.

"Airem na n-apsdal īer n-imorbus!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dobeir in n-aonmadh n-uball *dec* dó.

"Dā apstal deg in Coimded!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in daru n-uball *dec* dō.

"Crīst cend na n-apstal!" ar Mac Conglinne. Dibeir in tres n-uball *dec* dōu.

"Nī furāil dō so uile!" ar Cathal ic sreud na seched lāin di ubiaib dint shluāg, occus atraig cāch isin gribdāil.

Atbert Mac Conglinne ri Pichān mac Māilfind, dā lōged dō airichthi Cathail di lesugud, robad feirde do feraib Muman. Fūaslaicter di Mac Conglinne for erru*dus* Pich*āin*, ocus nosfothraic ocus gabus fuathrōic occus lōinid n-gil imbiu, ocus atāidh tenid do feolomain uinnsend i fīednuise Cathail cen diaidh, cen cieig, cen crithir. Nōi n-doirsi fuirri, occus dobertor nōi m-beru indfodai findcuild a bun cuill dō, occus dobertor *cethri* aisle senshaille occus dā muic ūrai, ocus dognī tōchtu dīb, ocus dobeir toocht senshaille etir cech dā toocht ūrsaille occus toocht ūrsaille etir cech dá toocht sensaille īerna n-esred di mil ocus do shalond.

"Cīe etir ē-seom?" ol Cathal. "Duine is eōlach di lesugud bīd," ar Pichān.

"Nach é in bard?" ol Cathal. "Is hē im*morro*," ol Pichān.

"Is maith lesaigther," ol Cathal. "Tairced coll ūath dam mo bīadh!"

"Ascaid dam-sai, a degduine!" ol Mac Conglinne re Cathal. "Cīa hascaid ōn?" or Cathal.

"Cen labrai di neoch aile istoig co tair damh-sai aislingi atconnarcus arrāir d' indisin duit-si."

"Dibērtor," or Cathal, "ocus indis co lūath, ocus cipē laibērus crochfaid*er* imbārach marōen rit-sa."

Andsin atbert Mac Conglinne :

"Aislinge atcondarc arráir,
mo dul ar fecht dīs nō triúr,
conn-acai ní in tech finn forlān,
hir-raibhi a lommnān di biúdh.

A dā ersaind boccæ brechtāin,
a lebend di gruth is d' imm,
a imdadhæ di blonaic bladhaigh,
scēi[th] immdæ di thanaigh tim.

Fir fo scīathraib inda scīeth[1] sin
di maothail mellānaigh mín,
fir cen tuicse gonæ Gaoidil,
gai grnitne cech aoinfir dībh.

Core romōr lān do millsén,
dar lem rolamus ris g'éo ;
braisech bruithe duillech donnbán,
lestor lomnán lān di chéo.

Tech sailli dā fichet tōebán,
caolach caolán, comge clann ;
di cech bíad ba maith le duine,
dar lem bātor uile ann." A.

" Aislingi atconnarc arrāir, bā cāin gōbenn,
bā bale brīge cotarfas dam rīge n-Ērenn.

Co n-acai in les m-bilech m-barrach, bā saill sondach,
caisel carroch[2] do minscellcib tanach[3] torrach.

Carna muc is de dorōnta a colbæ cadlæ,
suraire in sonba occus ñaithne onba amræ.

Amra in fīs tarfas damh i cinn mo tellaig :
fithchell imi cona foirind blāith bric bendaig.

Bendach*ad* Dia mo labra, līth cen taisi ;
rīa techt damh i Slīabh n-Imbe
rolaad gille fom asæ." *Aés.*

[1] scieth*æ*. [2] imme *add*. [3] tanai

"Dīa rabā-sai ierom, a Chathail, im' imdai cāin cumdachtæ cona hūaithnib findruine, cona barreib forōrdæ, cona colbaib credumai, cona hosair ūrlūachra, cona colcaid clūmderg and, cona cherchaill clūmdu, co cūala in guth mo dochum: 'Ēirc, a thrūaig, a Mic Conglinne!' occus ní rofregrus-[s]ai indnī sin. Deithbir ōn, robōi do clithmairi mo lepthu ocus do sadaile mo chuirp ocus do treisi mo codultu. Co n-epert diridisi: 'Fomna, fomna, a Mic Conglinne, beochail, nā rotrodba achucat in sruth m-belu, teich nā rotbāide!' Atraigim-si annside co hathlamh imēdrum, occus nī thairisfed cáil form' airenach, is hē dēne atrachtus. Co n-aca in scāl mo dochum. 'Maith,' ol sē frim. 'Maith,' ol misi fris. 'Cīa ata[t]-comnaic, a thrūaigh?' ol an scāl. 'Scolaige trūag sund,' ol mesi, 'occ īarraidh a íccai ar chraos, ar ithemraighe ocus ar ítaid n-ētūalaing.' 'A thrūaigh,' ol sē, 'atā sund nech dobērai eōlas duit cosinnd-altōir n-ītha fail inn-īarthar na hecailsi ic a bas tu for beluch bela i crīch ūa Mochloingthe i fīrdorus dīsirt ind Fāithlegai.' 'Cīæ di comainm-seo?' ar Mac Conglinne. 'Mesi?' ar sē. 'Is tū,' ar Mac Conglinne. 'Bruchtsalach mac Būarandaigh de chiniud Ulgaibh Esomain, is é fil cot' agallaim dobēri eōlas duit.'

"Atraigim-si andside amail ispert frim co dīrech dīenmenmnach, co tarpech tindesnech, amail atreisid sindach do gleith a loing[th]i, nō dam allaid dogleith guirt cruithnechto, nō aithechān do[sh] leith banrīgnæ. Ocus lotmur dar cend Slēibi Imī conn-acamar in curchīn beg be[o]chlaidhi bōshailli ind-eocharimill in lochai, cona chodail geired, cona rāma do tiug tana tuirc, cona eraiss ierslesa, cona braine brechtāin, cona sesaib sensaille, cona sculmaire smerai, cona tōescān tainge. Bā cosmail ierum in lestor il-lotmor. Imrāimit dar loch lemnachta, tar trethnaibh tremantæ, tar bocanf*ad* blāithche, tar baitsiochaibh belæ, tar ailenaibh máithul, di chaircibh grothæ, d' inaibh drúchtaín, dar moirgrién milsein, corragbomor port itir Inpior Imbe ocus Slīebh n-Grothæ ocus Louch

saidaile Ms.

scolaide Ms.

Lombæ ar beúloibh beloidhe crîche úo Mochloincthi hi fiordorus dîseirt ind Fâithleghæ."
Mac Conglindi dixit:

"Aislingi domarfas-[s]u,
taidbsi iongnad indisimm,
hi fîednuisi cáich:
curchân gered gert[h]ide
hi purt lochæ lemnachtæ
uás lind betha blâith.

Lotmor isin loechlestor,
loechdhæ in congaibh conaire
dar bolcclenna lîr,
cor' bensumm na seisbêimend
dar moinciond in murtrachtæ,
co tocradh a murtorad,
murgrîan amhail mil.

Cáomh in dûnadh râncommar,
cona ráthaib robrechtân,
risin louch anall:
pâ himm ûr a erdhrochot,
a[1] chaisiol bâ gelchruithnecht,
a shonduch pâ saill.

Bâ suaire segdæ suidiogud
in tighi trîn trebordæ
a n-deachad îertain:
a chomlæ di tiormcharno,
a[1] tairsioch di turarân,
di maithail a fraigh.

Ûaithne slemna senchâisi,
sailge saille sûgmairi
serdais imosech;
sesa segda sencroithe,
fairci fin»[a]fîrgrotha
folongtîs in tech.

Tipra d' fîn 'na fîrîerthor,
aibne beôre is brocaiti,
blasda cech lind lân;
ler do braich[lis] braitlenda
ôs brû topair treamanta
dorrói dar a lâr.

[1] hi

Loch do braisic belaithi,
fa barr uscu olardai
  etorra ocus muir ;
erbe inbe oc imaire
fo cīr blonce bratgile
  immon mūr imuigh.

Ecor d' ablaibh fīrchumra,
fid cona blāth barrchorcra
  etorra ocus slīabh ;
daire forard fīrlosai
do chainnind, do cherrbacān,
  ar cūl tighe tīar.

Muinter enich inicin
d' ōcaib dercaib tendsadchib
  im tenid istaigh ;
secht n-allsmaind, secht n-epistle
do chāisibh, do choelānaib,
  fo prāgait gach fir.

Atconnarc ind aircindech
cona brothraig bōsaille
  'ma mnâi mādaigh mais,
atconndarc in luchtaire
ōs inber ind ardcoire
  'sa æl ria ais.

Cathal maith mac Findguine
fō fer dīanad[1] airfited
  airscēla bīd brais ;
maith in monar aonūaire,
is aoibinn ria indisin
imram lupe laochlesto[i]r
  dar ler Locha Ais. Āis.

"Lodmor īersin i tochortāith, hi crāibech n-geiredh, hi cepaig sensaille. Āssaidh in dubcheō uscaidhe immund conā cuingenmair nem nā talmain nō áit i tibremais ar cōir, co tarlai buille dom' cúl frisin elaith grotha briencói. Beg nach dearna slicrig do cnāmaib[2] mo cloicne. Sinim mo lámh remom do athērgi, conamtarlai etir mescāna ūrime co bac m' uillea. Co n-aca Ugadart gilla in Fáithlegai ic

[1] dianat [2] cramaib

gabāil ēisc il-loch lāin lemnachta, cona dubān smera, cona riamnaigh uscai, cona slait geired. Fecht and bā hēcne sensaille dobered anīs, fecht aile ba hēicne bōsaille nogebed. Loremaithi mōr di dondmarōicc bruithe 'na lāim. Is edh nogebed dōib co m-bitīs ic clesemnaig foa cosaib for in lepend grotha.

"'Canas tici, a trūaig?' ol in gillai. 'A cēin a focraib,' ar misi fris. 'Cid saige?' ol sē. 'Saigim in dīsertach,' ol meisi fris. 'A thrūaig,' ol sē, 'is it aneōlach. Nī roiche indocht in dísertach. Acht geib longport etir Slīab n-Imme ocus Loch n-Aiss, t' aiged re Slīab n-Imme ocus di chūl re Slīabh Tainge fo bun Chroind Chroithe if-ferta Cruind-Mēsé, im-blenai Guirt Cruithnechtai. Faidhithir techtæ óait co toisechu Tūath m-Bíd, cor' gabat di comairci ar tromtonnaibh beladaigh nārotbāidet. Tecat dit' frithailem in drochtoisc dóib, ocus tú cētgnúisid atacommnaic isind ailen sa i tānac.'[1]

"Gabaim-se longport etir Slīab n-Imme ocus Loch n-Aiss, ocus m' aged ria Slīab n-Imme ocus mo chūl re Slīaph Tainge fo bhun Chruind Croithe i fert Cruind-Mēsé, im-blenai Guirt Cruthnechta. Nirb' adhaigh i *n*-dris araba bánbídh. Atraigim īarum i mochæ laithe īarnabāruch, ocus tēgim co topar n-*uscai* robæ im' far*rud*, ocus indlaim mo lāmæ, ocus slemnaigim mo putraill, ocus tēgim co topur tremantæ robōi din leth aili, ocus ibim mo deich ferlommandæ fichet ass arnā rolād in chonair form chridhe. Ocus tēgim i cend tsētæ ocus imtechtæ conn-accæ imm' aghaid .i. Beccnat Blāith Bēlaithe ingen mBetāin mBrasslongt[h]ig, senmātha[i]r Thūath m-Bīdh, cona gerrān gerr gereadh foithe, cona dā mealshūil mōethla ina cinn, cona srīan sechtairdech do saland [d]ag-fi*nd* fris, cona brothraigh bosaille immpe, cona crīs d' iucraibh fīréisc 'ma tóeb, cona copchaille gaile fo cend, cona basemell fo brágait forsa rabātar secht mill ocus secht fichet mell do smeruib mucc mugdornd.

"Ferais fālte frim ind rīgan ocus īarfaigis scēlæ dím ocus cíe leth bōi mo shēt. 'Dichum in

[1] tanaic

dīsirtaigh,' ol smē frie. 'Nī cīen óait,' ol sī. 'Acht is cumma duit gan guth ard n-oebela di dēnamh co fessera rīag*ail* na sruithe filet isin recles.'

"Is and bæ ind recless, isin glind itir Slieb n-Imme ocus Loch n-Ais hi crīch hūa Mochlongthe. Is amlaid robæ ind recless : cona cethri timchōartaibh do sonduch senshaille imme, cen reince, cen tuind, cona blonaic tuirc taisceltu i mull*ach* cech suinn, cona imdorus cāisi, cona comlu grotha bricnöi, cona chulaighe imme, cona sabdaib blonge, cona gendibh gered, cona semtille marōce, cona drolom ime. Benaim-siu in drolom imme frisin comlaidh n-grotha, co tāncatorna dá doirseōir imach .i. Fāstāibh mac ui Longthi occus Mulba mac Lonlongēn cona ceō uscaide dībh. Is hē greim trēn roghabsat na gemniud geriud dar na saptaibh bloinci conab ar ēicin dōibh ind oslagad dint semtille marōci. Araide tra elaim-si itir clēith occus ursaind. Co n-acu in clēriuch ic bein ind cluic metlu for ind ūar alaig i m-bī secht meda deg di shalonn Sacsanach ina n-ōenclō glēgel, bā sī tengu ind cluic. Ocus co n-aca in cloch droch~~droch~~at ō tigh cech clērig dīb dia chēile. Is ē cloch drochat bōi annside .i. condricd gach bairg*en* brechtān cruthnechta ria cēile īerna n-esrad de blāthsalonn ocus di mil. Ocus co n-acæ ind eglais clāraid .i. clāir d' aislib sentorc secht m-bliadan, bā sīat cappair na hegailsi, cona sailgib sencāisi, cona slinnib gered, cona bendcop*raib* blonce, cona altōir īthu ina airthir. Co n-acu in prīmclēriuch .i. in prīmfāith ic tiechtain asin toig ar dorus na hecailsi, cona choraind secht mescān find fichet i cl[e]thi a chind, cona secht n-imairib *dec* do borraig fírlosæ i mullach a coirne.

"Ann isbert fris :

"Bennach dūn, a clērig, a clī cloth co comge,
mac milbuilci mela, meic smeru, meic blonce,
Meic būadrēn, meic broth[h]ā[i]n, λ meic brocoiti binde,
meic caindinde caime, meic saille, meic imme,
Meic indrechtāin lānmēith, meic lemnachta imglain,
meic mesæ, meic tor*aidh*, meic olair, meic inmair,

λ meic borr[ā]raid breachtāin,
meic borchroi[th]le blāthe meic blāithchi, meic breachtāin,
Meic seōire (hūaidh m-bainde).

Meic īthu, meic ārond, meic clethe, meic gūaland,
meic lonlongēn lānte, meic lārge, meic lūabann,
Meic lesi, meic lōtheind, meic longæ brond ball[d]a,
meic nīre, meic lomæ, meic droma, meic tarræ,
Meic tremanta thana, meic tainge cen tēthad,
meic ēisc Inbir Indsēin, meic millsēin, meic mōethal,
Meic meda, meic fīna, meic carna, meic corma,
meic cruithnechta rigne, meic inbe, meic onba,
Meic findliten gile d' ass chairech co n-*glaine*,
meic scablīn bhuic blādhmair gona gablaib[1] gaile,
Meic gruthræigi gairge, meic garbarāin chorca,
meic cræbaca[i]n cræb*uigh* cona chōeraib corcra,
Meic barr braissce bīthe, meic blogan buicc bānglain,
meic enōmessa cnāmfhéil, meic Ābēil, meic Ādaimh.
Maith do duthaig degbīdh, as milis re[2] tengaidh,
a chēim fossudh fostá[i]n al-lus trosdāin bennaig." Beanach.

Is amlaidh tāinic immach in clēriach for capall senshaille cona crūaibh[3] cerrboccan, cona moing murrathu, cona erpall īerslesa. Nolīonfaithis secht n-airmedæ ardcathrach d' airnib cumrai dondcorcra aipchi a cailech a s[h]rōnæ. Srogell il-lāim in clēirich forsa rabātar secht n-indrechtāin ocus secht [ ] fichet. In trāth nodruidedh frisin capall nomaided bainde dar cend gach indrechtā[i]n i m-bīad sāith sagairt ōn trāth co' raile re harān. Intan nobūailed co trēn in capall nomaided cāisi ocus tor ( ) ime re gach m-buille trīena īercomla síer. Amlaid do*no* robōe in clēirech, cona brothraig bōsaille ime, cona chasair crāibheach*āin*, cona lēni blā*ith*blonce, cona chris d' iuchraibh fo taobh, cona moing glēgil croithi moa cenn, cona srōin mela dig*rēs* ic tinsaitin dar a beōla slemain senshaille sís, cona men*estir* mæthmetla dar a ucht, cona cristaill do maroíce dondbruithe foua, cona bachaill buic bruithe bunruisi 'na lāimh. Intan nodruted fri lár in bacholl, nomaidhís secht srebæ trīana corr nómeilfedh muilenn ōn trāth co arailiu for cech sreibh dībh, ocus bā do beoil uile inīsin ; cona triubhus do būd scabail fo cossaibh, cona assaibh īerslesai hi raibe Tāin Bó

[1] agabraib [2] ro
[3] crudaibh

Cūailgne ocus Bruiden[1] Dā Derg isin asa robōi fo cois deis, Tochmarc Etaine ocus Tochmarc Emere isin asa robōi fo a cois clī A mic lānlēgind int ḟegna occus in mōreōlus mōr for uball a brāgat occus for rind a tengad.

"Arōit lem, a clēirich!" ar meisi fris. Co*nad* andsin isbert-som: "For foesam n-degbīd duit, a thrūaig!" ar sē, "for enech n-deglomæ, for snādad sensaille. Canus tice, a thrūaigh?" ol sē.

"Ticim, a degduine, a cēin dom' īc ar in n-galor n-*an*taigtech fil im' comaitecht." "Cīa galor ōn?" ar in Fāthlieig. "Nī *ansa* ón," or Mac Conglinne. "In ginach cona fodlaibh .i. ro-íta ōil, olar, inmar, caithim, rocaithim co n-gōre con, co longad capaill." "A thrūaig," ol in Fāithliaig, "nī mō int [sh]āith sin *indās* int shāith domeled mac mīs isind ailen so, ocus fogēbad sund co m-bad crīn. Is beg do toisc ré dīthughad m-bīd. Is lēcad chon re fīed duit. Is srathor for serrach. Is sab for sinnach. Is cuad do bēsach. Is gairm fri fasguth. Is pōc do crithcenn. Is luindig do bod*ur*. Is rūn re mnāi n-drūith n-ētaigh.[2] Is bos fri sribaill. Is marcach for sengān. Is soiget i corthi. Is dorn im dieidh. Is gat im gainim. Is būalad sencloene. Is būain meala a mecn*aib* iub*air*. Is tīradh i n-āth diebuil. Is ierraid ime il-lige con. Is ierraid olla for gabar. Is ecor tige[3] tolland, a thrūaigh, a Mic Conglinne, tīachtain do dīthugad duit-si biid ind ailen si. Ro ied gortu di choelāna. Acht dobēr-sa cumgaisiu duit, mā airige nach treblait it comai*techt*."

"Cīa cumgaisi ōn?" or Mac Conglinne. "Nī *ansa*. Bī innocht[4] cen bīed bail i m-biæ. Ēirigh re muchæ laithi arnamārach. Ataider tene duit do foloman crīn lasamhain di chrund gescach forsa cacait serraig[5] i mullach erslēbhe. Cōraighter ētgad don leith atūaid din tenid. Tabrad ben dīen dētgel desgel masbruindech cōemcolpt*hach* dīt di trī nói mīrend do bīud somilis soblasdu, bas mēit ogh

[1] pruigen [2] etaidh [3] tege
[4] intocht [5] serreg

rerchirci cach mīr dīb. Tabrat di trī nói lomand gach ōen mīri. In gal*ar* notgēba de, cenmothā in būarainn, is misi not-īcfæ." "Cīa do comainm-si?" ar Mac Conglinne. "Nī *ansa*," ar in Fāithlieig:

"Cruit[h]nechtān mac Lem[u]achtáin
meic Saille Slemne Sūghmaire
mo chomainm-si fadēin.
Brechtān fo mil
ainm ind f[h]ir
bīs fom' t[h]ēigh.

Iarslis Caeirech
comainm mo chon,
cadla band.
Blonacc mo ben,
fristibim gen
dar braisce barr.

Olar n-Olar
comainm inalta mo mnā[1]:
re matne moch
for Loch Lemnachtæ romlā.

Millsēn m' ingen,
imt[h]ēit n-inb*er*,
gīle [a] glonn.
Bōs[h]all mo mac,
taithmidh dar brat
n-ītha n-oll.

Ugadart mo gilla glomar,
blad ce*n* tuir,
dā gāi chruithnechta 'na deslāim
leis di ernguin.

Ētgud cræibechān immum fadēin
in cech dū,
blonacc thinbe occus inbe
na teit crū."
Cruth*nechtān*.

Gabais a p*ait*r lem in clēirech occus dobe[i]r soscēla fom' chenn.[2] Issē soscēla bōi annside .i.

[1] mnai

[2] is *add*.

soiscēla do gūalloind aisle shenshaille cen reing, cen toinn imbe, cona cristall do dondmarōicc bruithi foa, cona aird blonce fair, et dixit:

"For foesamh duit na saille sleimne sūgmaire! For foesam duit na croithe crūaidhe cūlbuide! For foesam doit in[d] aighnēn dīa m-bīadtar nōedenā[i]n! For foesam *duit* na blonce mōre moltraide! For faosamh *duit* na saille tenne truime torcraide! In rī robenndach fēin na tortea sea dot' anaccal ar *gach* n-gābadhān. For a foesam doit, for a snādadān!" For.

Attraigim[1] annside co tōsecha Tūath m-Bīdh .i. co lām ar cāch, co turarān; co hētan m-briste, co brechtān; co sūana na dībe, co cōelāna inbe; co hairigthe taige rīgh, co mucca ūra; co luna messe, co cāirib teō; co hēn croithe,[2] co salunn; co cimmid[3] cargais, co gruitin; co mīan ban n-ōentuma, co lemnacht; co mīan sentuinte, co blonaicc; co techda latraigh, co litin; cosi[n] m-bas lethan m-buicc m-belaidhe; co der[b] fiar na sacart, cosin m-braisig; co rētlannaib tige rīg, co hugib cercc; co breith a n-ucht, co hetne; co himlūad n-ōenaig, co hublaibh cumra; co hōenach craois, co hugadart; co briscēn rīghnæ, co cerrboccān; co dig snáin, co midh occus gruit; co tremanta treisc, co [s]hamaisc; col-longad rīgh, co bōshaill; cosna ceit[h]ri sūile finda *fichet* fīrēna icotfir fedadh, co henbruithe, luss, gruth, bīadh muilt, bīadh tuirc, muc ūr, reng thiug, reng t[h]ana, ass tiug, ass tana, int ass foloing a sluccad chocnomh for a reith cūil ciar[b] cet[h]arcosach, dognī sraindmeigil ind reithe frangcaig ic dul dar do brāgait, co n-apra in bolccum toisiuch risin m-bolccum n-dēdenach[4]: "Sluccud lucadh, tair riuin remaind, ricub regat, dar in pōlairi saille ocus dar in mi*nestir* m-blonce robōi dar ucht in clēirich sund! Cīa beō-se in[n]sin, nī bīu-su sund! (Cīa thī[s]-siu anūas, regat-sa sūas!")[5] ar in bolccam tōisiuch frisin

[1] seom *add.* [2] leg. croiche? [3] leg. cunnid?
[4] deginach [5] struck out and dotted.

m-bolcaim n dēdenach. Is īat sin tra tōisicch Tūath m-Bīd."

Conid[1] annsin rochromasdair a lāimh cosna dā bir bídh, ocus dosbered co bēl ind rīgh, ocus dūthraicedh a slucud etir chrand occus bīad. Corrucc fot a lāma ūad, corroling an lon craois assa brāgait corrabā for in m-bir m-biidh, ocus corroling don bir, corrogaib imm-brāgait gilla int s[h]acairt Corcaige robōi 'con coire for lār in taige, ocus roling a brāgait in gilla for in m-bior cētnae. Lāid Mac Conglinne inn m-bior issin[2] grīsaigh, ocus lāid core ind rīgt[h]aige corrabā for in m-bir m-biid. Rucad ind rīg i n-airecal *cod*ultæ, ocus rofolmaiged in tech mōr, ocus roloiscead īarna folmug*ud*. Ocus rolēicc in deman teora grēcha ass.

A·racht in rī īarnamāirech, ocus nī bā mōamh a shāith indāss sāith mic míos. "Nach buide lat, a degduine," or Mac Conglinne, "rot-īccfa-sa ōn ginaigh ?" "Nach buide lat-sa," or Cat[h]al, "gan do chrochad indiū dam-sa ? Ocus in *gre*im rogabais dam-sa .i. tinme mo chotæ, rotbīa digrēs, occus rotbīa m' errad ocus fail mo lāma occus ētgud[3] mo t[h]aoibh ocus fiach cēt di chrud." "Maith, a Chath*ail*," ol Mainchīn, "in amlaidh sin b*er*e ūaim-si in fer ro-áir ind eglais ?" "Nī ba haml*aid*," or Mac Conglinne, "acht dob*er*tor na breth[em]ain sīs, ocus tab*air*-si gell cēt il-lāimh Cath*ail*, occus dob*ēr*-sa cēt aile, occus abrait na brethemain cīa hūain dligius a enecland." Isbertotor na bret[h]emain corrodlig Mac Conglinne a dīre occus a enecland, ar nī derna āir, acht a rād nī īsadh corcu Corcaige. "Nī chuingim-si mo dīre nō m' enecland," ar Mac Conglinne, "acht in cochall fil isin cill." "Rotfīa com' bendachtain," ol Mainchīn. Dīe n-epairt in drūt[h] occus a mac ocus a ingen :

> "Dolluid Manc[h]īn—monor glē—
> d' aera for Mac Conglinne :
> is é Manc[h]īn tarras de
> 'man cochall roboí imme.

[1] conit [2] i*n*ssin [3] etcud

Cochall Manc[h]īn, cid maith sē,
ní ró do Mac Conglinne,
ní furāil do Comgan glan,
cencubad ūaind a bunad,
in cochall atcīu co m-blad,
cīa m-bad fīu trī *secht* cumal,
cīa nobeit fo dath*aib* bran,
ō Cath*al*, ō rīg Muman.

Nī bad m*ōr* lem ūaim badēin,
cīemad d' ōr andorrum chēill,
ocus aicc ris dīa rēir,
mar atberad tria glancēill,
uáir is Cathal is slān cē[i]ll
don tirus[1] dilluid Manc[h]ēn."

Sic tra rohīcad Cathal mac Finnguine din ginaig occus rohordned Mac Conglinne. Finis.

[1] leg. turus

NOTES.

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2 1 *The four things.* This is the stereotyped beginning of introductions to older Irish prose of every kind. *Cuintesta*, "quaerendus", is a Middle-Ir. corruption for Old-Ir. *cuintechta* (Tur., 4b, 16), the "participium necessitatis" of *cuindgim*.

5 *Mac Conglinne. Cú-glinne*, "Hound of the Glen".

6 *Onaght Glenowra.* Hennessy has the following note on this: "A branch of the Onaght (*recte* Eoghanacht), or descendants of Eoghan Mór, son of Oilill Olum, King of Munster in the third century, seated in the district of Glenn-Amhnach; the name of which is now preserved in that of Glanworth, a parish in the barony of Fermoy, co. Cork." But cf. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, p. 440, who would prefer to derive the anglicised Glanworth from the Irish name *Gleann-Iubhair*.

7 *Cú-cen-gairm*, "Hound without Cry"; *cú-cen-máthir*, "Hound without Mother". The MS. H. 3, 18, p. 570, has the following absurd explanation of the latter name: *Cú-cen-mháthair .i. ic cuí fú mháthair robhói intan concibilt in mháthair. Cúcenmáthair a ainm iarsin.*

9 *Demon of gluttony.* Henn. takes *lón-craes* (*sic*) as a compound and renders it by "food-excess". The phrase, however, is always *lon cráis*, or *cráes-lon*.

25 *Ailech*, or Oilech, in Donegal, was one of the ancient seats of the Kings of Ulster.

4 4 *Freshford*, co. Kilkenny.

13 *Kernels.* Thus Moer sends nuts with love-charms to Find mac Cumaill. *L L.*, 200a, 43: "Moer ben Bernsa a Berramain dorat seirc do Fhind mac Cumaill, corodelb nói cnú segsa co n-upthaib seirce intib, ocus focheird

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Iburni mac Dádoss dia n-idnacul do Fhind, ocus atbert fris a teinm ɔ a tomailt."

4 26 *Charms.* In the *Ancient Laws*, i, p. 202, we read of such charms made out of the marrow of dead men's bones.

5 18 *Dia sénad fair*, wrongly translated by Henn. "for hiding it from him".

6 3 *Little creatures.* The Irish *míl* is used as a general name for any animal, *e.g.*, *míl maige*, lit. "beast of the plain", *i.e.*, the hare, now corrupted into *míol bhuidhe*, rectè *míol mhuighe*. But the word is specially used of insects (cf. *corrmíl*, *miltóg*), and particularly of the louse, as on p. 13, 2.

15 Hennessy does not translate this poem. Most of the eight persons, who are here said to have lived together at Armagh in the eighth century, are known elsewhere in Irish literature or legend. On Mac Dá Cherda, see *Corm. Transl.*, p. 7. He is the reputed author of several quatrains, one of which is quoted by Cormac, and in *LL.*, p. 201b, another in *LBr.*, p. 92, marg. sup.

Mac Rustaing, according to a note in the *LBr.* commentary on the Félire (Stokes' ed., p. cxlv), was a brother of St. Coemán Brecc. But this cannot have been the case, for Coemán died in 615. In the same note it is stated that Mac Rustaing lies buried at Ross Ech (now Russagh, near the village of Street, in the north of co. West Meath), and that no woman can look at his grave without breaking wind or uttering a loud foolish laugh. This is also mentioned as one of the wonders of Erin in Todd's *Irish Nennius*, p. 201, and a similar story is told in the Old-Norwegian *Speculum Regale* about the skull of an Irish jester called Clefsan. It would seem, then, that Mac Rustaing was a famous jester in his time.

Dub Dá Thúath may have been the bishop and abbot of Rath Aeda of that name, who died in 783 according to the *Four Masters*.

25 *Caillech Bérre*, "the nun of Beare", still figures in Irish

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legend as a hag or witch of fabulous age. The Rev. E. O'Growney informs me that she is said to have lived near Oldcastle, co. Meath, and that the large cairns of stone seen there are supposed to have been dropped by her from her apron. The following lines are attributed to her :

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht,
iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh,
chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch,
cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh."

"I am the poor old woman of Beare,
Many wonders have I seen,
I have seen Carn Bán a lake,
Though now it is a mountain."

Another quatrain ascribed to her is found in *LBr.*, p. 89, marg. inf., and in the Stowe MS. 992, fo. 47a, marg. sup. I am indebted to Father O'Growney for the following modern sayings and stories, which he obtained from a friend residing near Slyne Head.

Trí saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Caillighe Béara.

Beusa na Caillighe Béara : Nior thug sí salchar na lathaighe seo thar an lathach eile. Nior ith sí biadh an uair a bheidheadh ocras uirre. Nior chuaidh sí a codladh go m-beidheadh codladh uirre. Nior chaith sí amach ant uisge salach gur thug sí isteach ant uisge glan.

A comairle. Bhí sí oidhche air fairrge lena clann mhac, agus bhí an oidhche ciuin dorcha agus é ag sioc. Bhí an fuacht ag dul go smior ionnta. Dubhairt sí leo iad fhéin a congbhail teith. "Ní fhéadamuid," ar siad-san. "Tavisg an fhairrge amach 'sa isteach," ar sise. "Ní 'lmuid ionann sin a dheanadh," arsan clann. "Beir air an soitheach taoisgthe agus lion an bád agus taoisg amach aris é." Rigneadar sin agus congbhaidear iad fhéin teith go maidin, go bhfuair-sadar uain le teacht air dtir.

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Bhí tarbh ag an Chailleach Bhéara darbh ainm an Tarbh Conraidh. Ní raibh aon bhó a chluisfeadh a ghéim nach m-beidheadh laogh óg aici a gceann na bliadna. Cia air bith áit is feárr agus is milse do bheidheadh feur, is ann a tiomáineadh sí a cuid bá agus an tarbh. Lá da raibh sí ag fosuighcacht na m-bó i d-Tóin na Péice (áit i m-baile Doirc-an-Emlaigh) chualiidh an tarbh géim bó. Rith sé ón gCailligh go dtí an bhó, agus rith an Chailleach 'na dhiaidh. Lean sí é agus bhí ag aimsiughadh faoi go dtáiniedear go Mainin. Chuaidh sé 'sa tshnámh ag dul thar cuisle beag a casadh dhó. 'Nuair dh' éirigh asaut shnámh air an talamh tirm bhí an Chailleach de léim thar an gcuisle agus buail sí lena slaitin dravidheacht go n-dearnaidh sí cloch de. Tá an cloch i geomharthaigheacht tairbh le feicsin gusan lá indiu, agus tá lorg an urchair a chaith sí leis insna carraigibh thart timpall air.

Three great ages: the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Bhéara.

The habits of Cailleach Bhéara: She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry. She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy. She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice: One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow. She told them to make themselves warm. "We cannot," said they. "Bale the sea out and in," said she. "Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again." They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore.

She had a bull called Tarbh Conraidh. There was no cow that heard him bellow and had not a calf at the end of the year. Wherever the grass was best and sweetest, there she would drive her cows and the bull. One day the bull heard the lowing of a cow. He ran from the Cailleach until he reached the cow, and the Cailleach after him. She followed him until

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they came to Mainin. He swam across a small creek that lay in his way. When he reached the dry land, the Cailleach had leaped across the creek, struck him with her druid's rod, and turned him into stone. The bull-shaped stone is to be seen to this very day.

On Mac Samáin see *Corm. Transl.*, p. 8.

7 5 *i m-broind.* Henn. transl. "in the breast", confusing *broind*, the dat. sg. of *brá*, "belly", "womb", with *bruinne*, "breast".

8 11 *In the shade of his studies.* This is Hennessy's translation. But the Irish *ar scáth* has developed various meanings. It means "in the shelter", "under the protection": *ar scáth arm Hectoir*, *Tog. Tr.*, 1976; *ronaidm Muire óg for scáth Iosep*, *LBr.*, 145b.; *an cuiger fuil ar do scáth-sa*, 3 *Fragm.*, 74, 17. "For the protection": *conid annsin tuesat duille na pailme for a scáth a féli*, *LBr.*, 111a; *ar scathaib a n-ech*, *LL.*, 264a, 35; *nitgonfaidhthar doghres gin bes in sciath ar do seáth*, Stowe MS. 992, fo. 50b, 1. "On behalf of", "on account of": *ar scáth banluirg*, *Laws*, iii, 412, 15; *trian ar scáth a háil*, *ib.*, 380, 1. The last is probably the meaning of the phrase in our text.

15 "*Ireagh* (Ui Echach) was the name of a territory in the S.W. of the present co. Cork, anciently the patrimony of the sept of O'Mahony." (Henn.)

17 *Whitemeats*, *i.e.*, milk, curds, and the like, opposed to flesh, eaten as "kitchen" (Ir. *andlann*, W. *enllyn*) with bread. Cf. O. N. *hvítr matr*, and W. *enllyn gwyn.*

9 7 *Móit mór*, "great pride of mind", Henn., wrongly.

17 *Aidche Sathairn.* This phrase is commonly, but wrongly, translated by "Saturday night", while it always means "the eve of Saturday", *i.e.*, "Friday night". Cf. *aidche Domnaig*, p. 19, 27, 28; *aidche Lúaiu* p. 21 1. This use of *aidche* or *adaig* is perhaps a remnant of the old Celtic custom of making the day follow the night, of which Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* vi, 18, speaks: "dies natales et mensium et annorum initia sic observant ut noctem dies subsequatur."

20 *Tócht senshaille oo tithfi dar a lár*, "through the middle

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of which you could see", Henn., reading *cithfi* and taking this for the second pers. conditional of the verb *cím*, "I see". But *tithfi* is, I think, miswritten for *síthfi*. See the Glossary.

10 3 *Who put a gospel around him.* "A 'gospel' is a text of Scripture written in a peculiar manner, and which has been blessed by a priest. It is sewed in red cloth, and hung round the neck as a cure or preventive against various diseases, etc." (Croker, *Fairy Legends*, p. 360.) Henn. misread *soscéla* into *socht*, and translated, "silence was evinced regarding him".

6 "*Aughty*, now called Slieve Aughty (olim Echtghe), a mountainous district on the confines of Clare and Galway." (Henn.)

9 *A short time before vespers.* Travelling was prohibited on Sunday, which began at vespers on Saturday night. Cf. the note on p. 18, 30.

10 *Guest-house.* "Somewhat apart from the cells of the monks were the abbot's house and the house set apart for the reception of guests, called the *tech óiged* or *hospitium*." (Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii, p. 59.)

25 *With its stones.* Such stones, Mrs. Whitley Stokes suggests, were probably heated before being put into the water to make a warm bath.

30 *In which he dipped his shoes.* "Washing one's shoes" is sometimes used as a term for "making oneself at home", as in a poem ascribed to the dethroned King Diarmait mac Cerbaill, *LL.*, p. 149b:

> "*Raba missi a nuachur cóir*
> *d' ingin álaind hErimóin,*
> *clérig romchursetar dí*
> *du chirt Fotla fonnairádi;*
> *nigfit*[1] *a m-bróca 'na tig*
> *na rig óca indligthig.*"
>
> "I was the lawful bridegroom
> Of the beautiful daughter of Erimon,[2]

[1] nigfid Fcs. [2] *i.e.*, Ériu, Ireland personified.

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Clerics have thrust me
From the rule of highland Fotla[1];
Young unlawful kings
Will wash their shoes in her house."

12 11 Diapsalm=διάψαλμα, synpsalm=σύμψαλμα. In the old Irish treatise on the Psalter, copies of which are in Rawl. B. 512 and Harl. 5280, these terms are variously explained.

21 *Manchín*, evidently a nickname, "little monk".

14 12 *Spells*. The Ir. word *geiss* rather means a solemn injunction or prohibition to do a certain thing, a taboo.

18 *My God's doom*. St. Patrick's well-known oath. See the Glossary.

15 11 *a thachur*, Henn., "to keep it open", wrongly.

24 *dá chammrand*, "two crooked stanzas", Henn. But *camm* here means "duel", "contest". On the custom of making such rimes in contention or rivalry, see *Cormac Transl.*, p. 138, and *Rev. Celt.*, xii, p. 460. Cf. the Skr. *samasyá* and the Portuguese custom of singing *ao desafio*, Latouche, *Travels in Portugal*, p. 47.

16 8 *Thy orison, i.e.*, "panem nostrum cotidianum da nobis hodie."

17 *Little boys will sing those verses*. Hennessy here has the following note: "Adalbert von Chamisso, a poet too little known out of Germany, has prettily expressed the idea here conveyed in the lines:

"Nun singen's auf Strassen und Märkten
Die Mädchen und Knaben im Chor."

18 24 *A party of one*. The Irish *dám*, lit. "company", is often used of one person only. Cf. p. 87, 2, and *LU.*, 86a, 35: *dám óenmná*.

26 *A little crumb*, lit. "wafer".

30 According to the Irish tract on Sunday called *Sóire Domnaig*, of which there are copies in *LBr.*, Harl. 5280, and the Edinburgh MS. XL, Sunday is to be observed from vespers on Saturday night to sunrise on

[1] Another name for Ireland.

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Monday morning. (*Sáire Domnaig ó espartu int Shathairnd co hérgi gréne dia Luain, LBr.*, p. 204b; *ó trád esportai dia Sadairnn cofuin maitni die Luain*, Harl., fo. 38a.) Cf. also p. 28, 30. Some food, but little only, was allowed to guests who came from afar on Saturday night. (*Saiged bíd do áigedaib, becc araba di shuidiu, do neuch doteit di céin aidche n-Domnaig, ib.*)

19 2 *Muinter Chorcaige.* Henn. throughout rendered *muinter* by "people". But it means the aggregate of monks in each monastery—Lat. *familia.*

21 4 *fuilled ro-immarcraid ind-aithi*, "even to a degree greater than that", Hennessy, evidently taking *ind-aithi* as standing for *indás sin.* But no emendation is required.

17 *ní frith loc labartha i n-dligud*, "no instance of illegal utterance", Henn. evidently reading *indligid.* But *i n-dligud*, if taken with *ní fhrith*, makes perfectly good sense.

25 *fó liámm cé notisad de*, "I care not what may come of it", Henn., hardly correctly.

23 7 *Pars.* "Partes dicuntur divinae Eucharistiae vel panis Eucharistici particulae, quae a sacerdote inter missæ solemnia fractae in partes minutiores fidelibus distribuebantur ad communionem." (Ducange.)

9 *Dol do láin*, "to go to confession, be absolved", mod. Ir. *dul fa láimh shagairt.* The priest raises his hand in the absolution. See Reeves, *Culdees*, p. 202.

24 *ní rochaithes for sét.* Henn. translates, "I consumed not your food", probably extending the *.s.* of the MS. into *séire* instead of the usual *sét.*

24 16 "*Ever-full.*" "This is supposed to be the well which now gives name to the *well*-known district of Sunday's Well, in the city of Cork. It was also called *tobar righ an domhnaigh*, or "the well of Sunday's King", a name applied to many holy wells in Ireland." (Henn.)

19 *Supine.* This passage determines the original sense of the adj. *fáen* (on which see *Rev. Celt.*, xi, p. 456). It means "outstretched, on one's back, with face up-

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wards", and is applied to persons thus lying in bed (*fæn inna imdai*, *LU.*, 89a, 19), or to dead bodies. (*Eocho Airem fæn arna marbad*, *LU.*, 38a, 33.)

25 22 *a matuda*, "you swine", Henn., confusing *matad*, "dog", with *máta*, "pig". He made the same mistake on p. 27, 19.

27 2 *Ní láud form.* The verb *láim* with the prep. *for* or *ar* is used like the mod. *cuirim*. *Ní chuireadh orm*, "it would not cause me any annoyance, would not affect me". *Cadé tá ag cur ort?* "What is the matter with you?" Cf. p. 122, 28: *arná rolád in chonair form chride*. *LU.*, 92b, 27: *ni ralá do chless n-airiut cosinnocht*, "thy skill has never failed thee till to-night".

5 *Barre 'catú*, "St. Barri whose subjects you are", Henn., wrongly. *'catú*, lit. "with whom I am". The same phrase is used by Manchín on p. 19, 4.

8 *Ría cách ocus íar cách.* The same phrase p. 55, 7. Cf. Mairg dam-sa ría cách, mairg íar cách! *LU.*, p. 88a, 11.

28 9 *The Foxes' Wood*, Ir. Caill na Sindach, "now changed to Shanakiel, a place adjoining Sunday's Well, in the western suburbs of Cork". (Henn.)

31 *The convent.* The Irish *popul*, borrowed from Lat. *populus*, seems to have here and on p. 33, 7, the meaning which it has now, "congregation, community". Cf. populus baptismalis ecclesiae=parochiae incolae (Ducange).

29 20 *a brúti nemliterdhai*, "you unintellectual brutes", Henn. But *nemliterda* means "illiterate".

27 *fortgillim.* Following Henn., I translated wrongly "I vow to thee", taking *-t-* as the infixed pronoun of the second person, while it belongs to the verb. See the Glossary.

30 19 *Angel's Ridge.* There is a *Casán an aingil* over Cill-Enda in Aranmore, where the angel used to walk with Columcille, and where the grass is always green. (O'Growney.)

33 7 *popul*, "populace", Henn. But see note on p. 28, 31, where Henn. rightly renders "congregation".

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33 12 *a chlí cloth co comgne*, "thou famous shrine of knowledge", Henn.

13 The pedigree of food in Hennessy's translation is full of mistakes, a list of which will be interesting: *bela* "of fat", *borrchrothi bláthi* "thick fresh cream", *brechtán* "pudding", *beoiri búaid mbainde* "strong liquid beer", *cainninde caimme* "tender leek", *hítha* "of corn", *árand* "of bread", *tainge* "of relish", *Inbeir Indsén* "of old waters" (taking *Indsén* to be a compound of *sen* "old", while it probably is a diminutive of *inis* "island"), *inbe* "of flour", *eona gablaib gaile* "with its branches of virtue", *braisce bithe* "of lasting brassica".

35 7 *A chéim fosad*, etc. Hennessy gives the following unlucky guesswork:

> "As thou walkest in state
> With thy staff, while we wait,
> That thou bless us, it is meet."

18 *atberut*, "he observed", Henn.

26 *loechlestar*, "shapely boat", Henn.

27 *in chongaib*, "its aid", Henn., who must have confused *congaib* with *congnam*.

36 29 *Flowed through the floor.* A house with four doors and water running through its middle is mentioned in the *Laws*, i, p. 130, 20 (*uisce tar a lár*).

37 16 *turarán*, "well-baked bread", Henn. But see Glossary.

17 *do mæthlaib*, "of spices", Henn.

20 *imaseech*, "all around", Henn.

28 *ós brú thopair thremantai*, "which from the well of nectar came", Henn.

31 *useai olordai*, "of rich liquid", Henn., who here and elsewhere confused *usca*, "lard", with *uisce*, "water".

35 *immon múr amuig*, "along the sea outside", Henn., confusing *múr*, "wall", with *muir*, "sea".

39 8 *tennsadehib*, "robust", Henn. See Glossary.

17 *fo inbiur in ardchori*, "before the high cauldron's mouth", Henn. But *inbir* is here a compound of *bir*,

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"spit", and not the common word for "estuary". See Glossary.

39 21 *airscéla.* Henn. read *ar scéla* and translated "our pleasant fiction-tales".

25 *dar ler Locha Ais*, "across the sea-wide lake", Henn.

40 23 *For which they fasted.* "There is here an allusion to a practice that seems to have obtained among the ancient Irish, of fasting *against* a person from whom something was sought to be extorted. See *Senchas Mór*, vol. i, Pref., xlviii." (Henn.)

41 25 *eter Corecaig ocus a termund*, Henn. translated "between Cork and Thomond". Here, as so often, he was misled by his habit of reading the older language with modern pronunciation. The MS. has tmūd. Henn. extended this into the modern Thomond, which would be *Tuathmumain* in older Irish.

42 14 *Dún Cobu.* "The situation of this place is not at present known; but it was near the town of Dromaleague (in the barony of West Carbury, co. Cork), which is on the confines of the ancient Corca-Laighde, or O'Driscoll's country." (Henn.)

43 27 *Bragitóracht*, which I have rendered by "buffoonery", really means "farting". It is a derivative from *bragitóir*, a kind of buffoon who entertained his audience by farting. See the Glossary.

44 19 *Welsh steed.* Cf. *gaillire*, "a Welsh stallion"; *gailliti*, "a Welsh mare", O'Dav., p. 95; *cullach .i. ech bretnach*, *ib.*, p. 68; *cech allmardha*, Stokes, *Lives*, l. 3128.

46 7 *Maidens began to serve.* The Ir. *fósaic*, better *ósaic*, is borrowed from Lat. *obsequium* (Stokes, *Lives*, Ind.), and probably refers here to the service of washing the feet.

48 17 *Humanity.* The Ir. *dóennacht* often means "generosity", "liberality", as in the following passage from the *Book of Fenagh*, 310, 20: *gan diultud re dreich n-duine, acht sé ina oil nemchumscuigthi a n-daonnacht tré bithu*, "not denying the face of any man, but he like an immovable rock in ~~humanity~~ for ever". It is thus explained in *LL.*, 294a, 38: *issed is dóennacht, dílsi ocus díute.*

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49 22 *Mysi*, more usually *Moysi*, but the same spelling occurs in the *Félire*, p. lv, 3.

50 4 *The seven things.* Cf. *LBr.*, p. 74b : *ar ecnaire in sechtu rotairngired duit i talmain .i. do choimpert, do genemain, do chrochad, t' adnacul, t' ésergi, do fhresgabáil dochum nime, do shuide for deis Dé athar in-nim, do thidecht do mess for bíi ocus marbu il-lé brátha.*

8 *The eight Beatitudes of the Gospel, i.e.*, Matth. v, 3-11. "Of the Gospel" is added to distinguish these beatitudes from that of the 119th Psalm ("Beati Immaculati"). See Stokes, *Lives*, p. 406.

17 *After sin, i.e.*, the sin of Judas.

23 *Christ with his apostles.* In *LBr.*, p. 74a, Christ is invoked "a thaissig apstal ocus descipul núfhiadnaise !"

52 *Pet crane.* Such a creature is mentioned in the Life of Ciaran, Stokes, *Lives*, p. 270.

51 14 *Anfhurmithi*, bad spelling for *anfoirbthe.*

24 I do not know how to extend the mark of abbreviation after *frith.*

52 6 *Thy foot and thy cheek under thee.* Literal translation, obscure to me.

13 *Malediction.* Ir. *osnad*, lit. "groan".

15 *Emly-Icar.* "Emly, in the county of Tipperary, anciently a bishop's see, but now a very poor village." (Henn.)

53 10 *Dorala dam fri muintir C.*, an idiomatic phrase, meaning "I fell out with". Cf. *darala eturru ie imbert fhidchilli ⁊ Fergus*—"He and Fergus fell out in playing *fidchell*," *LL.*, 103b ; *uoco tarla etorro i Temair Luachra imman muic Slanga*, CC., 8 ; *dorala itir Luicet ⁊ Aed mac Morna isin chath*, Mcgn. F., 2; *conad impi sein tarla eturru*, Tog. Tr., 1900.

13 *Luid dó.* Here *luid* must be an imperative form. It would seem that a present stem *luid-* was developed from the perfect. Cf. *conludim*, p. 89, 3.

18 *Bóinni*, "striped", Henn.

22 *Tic lán dó do blogaib*, "came forth loaded with fragments", Henn., wrongly.

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53 27 *In slúaiged*, etc. The construction of this period is very obscure.

54 14 *He was the first that exempted clerics from going a-soldiering.* "This exemption of the clergy of Ireland from military service is ascribed in other authorities to Aedh Ordnidhe, King of Ireland *circa* A.D. 800. See *Annals of Ulster*, ad an. 803." (Henn.)

59 4 *Sámaigis in mac légind i tulg i tæb n-ursainde*, "the student fixed a beam beside the door-post", Henn., wrongly.

60 32 *English salt.* The export of salt from England to Ireland is mentioned in Higden's *Polychronicon:* "Also Flaunders loveth the wolle of this lond, Ireland the oor and the salt."

61 24 *Athér fír*, "Thou speakest truly", Henn., reading *athir.*

Co bruinde m-brátha, "to the front of Doom", Henn.

30 *Fetta*, lit. "brave", here used merely for alliteration.

63 9 *Fri gáith*, etc. Cf. *LL.*, 83a: *ra sidi répgáithi erraig il-ló Mártai dar muni machairi.*

13 *Crithir chonuli*, "candlewick", Henn., wrongly.

64 8 *And dipped it in the honey.* Honey was used as a seasoning with all kinds of food. It was given to the children of kings as a flavouring (*tummud*) with their stirabout of new milk, *Laws*, ii, p. 150. A broiled salmon is dressed with honey, *Táin Bó Fráich*, p. 152.

65 8 *A thosach ar míl firend so*, "here's the first for male honey", Henn., reading *míl* instead of *mil.*

24 *Ní dernad fair-sium.* Cf. *ní dersat fair*, "they did not do it for him", *LU.*, 39b, 9.

66 22 *Puddings fresh-boiled*, lit. "after their first boiling". Father O'Growney remarks on this: "These would be pigs' intestines stuffed and boiled. They are boiled and hung up to dry, and then cooked for the second time, as needed."

68 14 *Topped with trees.* The earthen walls of raths and lisses seem to have been planted with trees. Cf. *tuittid cnói cuill cáinmessa do robilib ráth*, *LL.*, 118a, 16.

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68 28 The translation should be: *When I get to Buttermount, may a gillie take off my shoes!* This is, I believe, a skit on a custom of the early Irish Church, which, as far as I know, has not been noticed before. It would seem that it was a rule for the priest in approaching the high altar, and before passing through the chancel, or sanctuary, to take off his shoes, or to have a gillie in attendance to perform this service. The following passage is at present the only one known to me, from which I can infer the prevalence of this custom in the Irish Church. *Intan bui Colum Cille isin iarmérgi oc dul tar erandcaingel* (*saingel* Fcs.) *siar is é Scandlán rosfrithoil a assa dhe, LBr.*, 238d. a, 64—"When Columcille passed at matins through the chancel westward, Scandlán performed the service of putting on his shoes." Scandlán had been imprisoned by King Aed, and though he was fettered and closely watched, Columcille prophesied that he would perform this service for him in the morning wherever he was (*co n-erbairt-sium dana fri Aed is é nongébad a assa imme imm iarmergi cebé bale nobeth, LU.*, 5b, 38). See the same story in Stokes' *Lives*, p. 313.

The custom (which is also found in the Coptic Church) was no doubt of Eastern origin, based on such passages as Exodus iii, 5: "Solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis; locus enim, in quo stas, terra sancta est"; Josua v, 15; Act vii, 33. In our passage, Butter-mount takes the place of the altar.

69 1 *Lán do luabin*, "full of herbs," Henn. But see the Glossary.

19 *Gebend*, lit. "fetter, bondage". It is the W. *gefyn*, and should have a short *e*, though it here rimes with *Érend*. It is *géibhenn* in the mod. language.

22 *Ongha*. Henn. translates "unctuous", prob. reading *ongtha*.

28 *Líth een tassa*, "with fame increasing", Henn.

29 Henn. translates: "And when I go to heaven's mount, may brightness be shed round me!" He read *Sliab Nime* for *Sliab n-Imme*, and *gile* for *gille*.

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70 13 *The gravy.* The Ir. word is *beochail*, which is glossed by *beoil*, "meat-juice". This was a favourite drink with the Irish as well as the Scottish Gael. Cf. Walter Scott's description of the Highland banquet in the *Fair Maid of Perth*: "The hooped cogues or cups, out of which the guests quaffed their liquor, as also the broth or juice of the meat, which was held a delicacy."

17 *Phantom.* The Ir. *scál* is a general word for a supernatural apparition. It is formed from the same root as *scáth*, "shade". See the Glossary.

32 The transl. should be "Dining on grains of pepper". See the Glossary s. v. *scell*. Henn. has "eating in a pepper-box".

71 6 *Im' lepaid cháin chumdachta*, "in my soft well-shaped bed", Henn.

12 *Beochail nárotbáda*, "that *beochail* ruins thee not", Henn., wrongly.

20 *Robad do throich*, "giving warning to a miserable", Henn. But *troch* f. originally means, I think, "doomed to die, fey", then "coward". Cf. the development of Old-Germ. *veige* in the former sense to Mod.-Germ. *feige*, "cowardly". See the Glossary.

22 *Tusliud clochi fria crand*, "deriving a stone from a tree", Henn., confusing *tusliud* with *tusmiud*.

23 *Sanais fri bodur.* Cf. *céol do bodur*, Book of Fenagh, p. 106.

24 *Dibad for dubach*, "oppressing the sorrowful", Henn. But see *díbad* 2, in *Wind. Wörterb.*

27 *Esorcu darach.* Ci. *nirba hesorcon darach do dirn, nirba saiget i corthi, nirba buain mela a mecnaib ibair, nírba cuindchid imbi il-ligi con*, Rawl. 512, fo. 113b, 2. *Esorcu* is the Middle-Ir. form for O. Ir. *essorcun*. Cf. *persu* (p. 3, 5), *Mórrígu*, for *persan, Morrígan.*

73 5 *Táeb fri coin fholmnig*, "favouring a mad dog", Henn. For the phrase *tóeb fri*, "trusting", cf. *niní i n-Eriud áin risi tabrair thóeb ingi Atha[i]r, Mac ocus Spirut Náem, LU.*, 119b, 36. *ferr duinā taeb do thabairt fri*

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fer dorosat naec omnia, Laws i, 22, 20. *Folmnech* should have been translated by "roped". See Gloss.

73 10 *Lind do bócthaib*, "ale to the vulgar", Henn. For my rendering of *bóeth* by "infant", cf. *Laws*, ii, p. 62, 20; *ib.*, 64, 27.

12 *Colaud cen chend*. Cf. *is colaud cen chend duine cen anmcharait*, LL. 283b, 26.

15 *Athlaech*, lit. "an ex-layman". See Gloss.

17 *Cen lái*, "without an oar", Henn. Impossible.

21 *Cáera for gaimen*. Henn. does not translate this, just as O'Donovan, *Magh Rath*, p. 124, 14, leaves the phrase purposely untranslated. It might mean "a sheep on a hide".

22 *Taidbsi .i. messa*, "judgment", Henn. But see Gloss.

24 *Aiser*, "lending", Henn., wrongly.

26 *Tarcud*, "proposing", Henn. See Gloss.

74 32 *The Wizard Doctor*, Ir. *Fáthliaig*, "vates medicus", "seer-leech". Cf. Pliny, xxx, 4, 13: "Tiberii Caesaris principatus sustulit druidas eorum et hoc genus vatum medicorumque per senatus consultum." A *fáthliaig*, who is at the same time a judge (*brithem, fáthbrithem*) is mentioned in *LL.*, 200b, 2; *ib.*, 192a, 1.

75 5 *Can deitt fén*, "who thou art thyself", Henn., wrongly.

7 *Mac E'caib Essamain*, "son of Joyous-Welcome", Henn. See Gloss.

77 3 *Do dulas*, "thy appetite", Henn.

9 *Brasslongthech*, "quick-eating", Henn.

13 *Do ithascaig*, "of frumenty", Henn.

19 *Airnechán* "purveyor", *Bairgenach* "baker", *Fastaib* "retainer", *Lachtmarán* "cook", *Lámdóitech* "ready-handed", Henn.

79 9 *Cadla bund*, "of hardy bound", Henn.

14 *Imthét n-inber*, "traverses rivers", Henn., repeating the same mistake which I stated in my note on p. 39, 17.

24 *Sall boce brainech*, "a soft fat leader", Henn.

26 *Is din sæthra*, "part of whose load is", Henn.

29 *Oirech mæthla*, "a cheese-chief", Henn.

31 "On his ribs are greasy trappings", Henn.

81 7-8 Henn. does not translate these lines.

10 *Nita tuir*, "not mean are these," Henn.

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81 11-12 Not translated by Henn.

15 *Imbert inbe*, etc., "Take thou these that spells come not from uncooked food", Henn.

83 12 *Sithaltai*, "long-preserved", Henn.

26 *Co herard cendfhœlid*, "to Irard Ciunfaeladh", Henn.

85 2 *Do leith œgaire*, "approaching a fold", Henn. *Aegaire*, which usually means "shepherd", may here, as Stokes suggests, mean "a flock of sheep", as *damgaire* means "a herd of deer".

4 *Ag allaid*, "a wild ox", Henn., wrongly.

7 *Corrmál*, "wasp", Henn.

87 24 *Ticimm bulli*, lit. "I come a blow". Cf. p. 109, 3.

88 22 *Dulse*, Ir. *duilesc*. "Duleasg, or Salt-leaf, is a weed growing on sea-rocks, and preserved by drying it on stones in fair weather, and soon after, when occasion serves, for eating. There is scarce any sea-shore whereon it grows not." O'Flaherty, *Iarconnaught*, p. 99.

23 *Every ordinary* (lit. *natural*) *day*. Cf. Marlowe, *Faustus:*

"Let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul."

89 5 *Oclach*, "youth", Henn., wrongly.

10 *Coma secht cornib*, "with his seven horns", Henn., confusing *corn*, "horn", with *corann*, "crown". See Gloss.

24 *Do métail tiug*, "of hard-pressed cheese", Henn., taking *métail* = *máthail*.

90 2 *Bundrish*, Ir. *bundraiss*, some kind of edible sea-weed.

11 *With their shovels*. Cf. LL., 353a: *Bái Dirmaid oc glanad urdrochit a thaigi, ocus a shlúasat 'na láim.*

91 8 *Cona m-brotharlumnib*, "with their bare garments", Henn.

9 *Boc-brechtáin*, "of egg-fritters", Henn., reading *og-brechtáin*.

10 *Ic fochartad*, "tossing", Henn.

93 13 *'Os tuil*, perhaps leg. *ós t' shúil*, "over thy eye".

14 *'Os t' ingnib*, "over thy joints", Henn.

95 16 *Midchuine*, "an antidote", Henn.

20 *Comelfi dorni fri détu*, "rub thy teeth with brambles", Henn., thinking of English "thorn".

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95 27 *Nárothena a dé*, "that its heat may not scorch thee", Henn., wrongly.

97 4 *Banamail*, "modest", Henn.

5 *Muncach*. Henn. read *maccach*, and translated "rich in sons".

6 *Nároshera*, for *nárosfhera*.

99 4 *Adochrat*, for *a d-tochrat*.

11 This difficult and partly obscure list of *kennings* has occasioned much indefensible guesswork in Hennessy's translation. Throughout he treated *co* as *co n-* and translated "with" instead of "to". The following mistakes are worth noticing. *Co luna hitha* "the food of the hungry", *co lunn messi* "with the food of judgment", *cosnait na slóig* "that sustains multitudes", *cosin sercoll sochenelach* "with the noble drink of the love-sick", *co héill fir célide* "with the deceiver of a guest", *coilech circe* "hen's tripe" (taking *coil-* to stand for *cúclán*, but cf. *coilech circce*, LBr., 222b, 49), *co hingur cingir cicharan* "with the restraining anchor of the hungry", *co hén crossi* "with the sauce of excess", *co brafud nochta* "with betrayers of the heart".

101 14 *A charrmatraid*, "my friend", Henn., thinking of *cara*.

15 *Ar mataidecht ar n-dis*, "our mutual opposition", Henn.

16 *Isin istadluc sa*, "in this lowly place", Henn., thinking of *ís* and *ísel*.

103 18 *Iss asu chách lind*, "all things are urgent", Henn.

22 *Lúag cossi cenbair*, "the value of a hen's leg", Henn. See Gloss.

104 11 *Monk*. Ir. *manach* is sometimes humorously used in this way. Thus St. Moling, most humorous of Irish saints, addresses a ragged piece of cloth: *Airg, a manaig út, ar Moling frisin certán*, LL., 283b, 49.

105 9 *Oibell*, "wicked", Henn., perhaps thinking of Engl. "evil".

106 7 *Thrice threatening him with the Gospels*. Another instance of lifting the Gospels to scare the Devil is found in the *Félire* of Oengus, p. civ.

9 *The little fair woman from the Curragh, i.e.*, St. Bridget.

109 4 *Féta*. See note on p. 61, 30.

111 19 *Tidnocul*. Cf. *tidnacul clúaise di araile*, Laws I, 30, 25.

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[In order to enable those students of folk-lore who do not know Irish to compare the two versions for themselves, I subjoin a translation of that of H. 3, 18, omitting only those portions which agree with *Leabhar Breac*, or which I am unable to understand.]

Cathal Mac Findguine, a great king of Munster, with the greed of a hound, with the appetite of a horse. A demon of gluttony was in his inside; Satan consumed his food with him.

Aniar Mac Conglinne, of the people of great Fahan-Mura,[1] a splendid scholar. He went from Fahan the round of Ireland, into Tyrone, into Oriel, to Armagh, across the Fews Mountains, across the plain of Louth, into Criffan, into Crioch Rois, to the hill of Teltown. He had one attendant with him, Mac-na-Cairre (the Scabbed Youth). They went to Kells, and spent the night without food in the stone-church. On the morrow Mac C. said in the presence of the congregation:

"My lad,
Why should we not have a duel in quatrains?
Make thou a quatrain on the bread,
I will make one on the relish."

"We need it," said the Scabbed Youth, "having been left fasting by the community here last night." Before evening enough for twenty came to them of drink and food. On the next day they went through Meath, across the hill of Usnech, to Durrow of Columcille in Tír Néill, across Slieve Bloom, into Ely (O'Carroll) westward, across the plain of Munster, across Machaire na Cliach, into Luachair Dedhad.

There were the men of Munster in their bands going to Cork for the festival of St. Barre and St. Nessan, in order to fast. "I would give you good advice," said the Scabbed Youth to Mac C. "that we may get food in Cork. Let us say that you are a poet and they will not dare to let us be without food." Mac C.

[1] Now Fahan, co. Donegal, "where St. Mura, the patron saint of the Cinel-Eoghain, was held in the highest veneration" *O'Don. FM.*, 1101.

agreed to this, and they came to the guest-house of Cork. There was a large dog in the house, which came out and jumped at the Scabbed Youth, sending him into the quagmire (?), (where he lay) till Mac C. came up to him.

Manchín, the abbot of Cork, said: "See whether there is anyone in the guest-house to-night who would like to eat something." A young cleric went to see. "Is there anyone here?" said he. "Not good is what you say," said the Scabbed Youth. "There is a good ollave here, and he is not served well by you. He will revile the Church, for he is far from his kindred to-day." The young cleric reported this to Manchín, who ordered a fire of green branch-wood and a bowl of oats for them. Then said Mac C.:

"Till Doom I would not eat,
Unless I were famished,
The oaten ration of Cork,
Cork's oaten ration."

The messenger repeated this to Manchín, who ordered out the clerics and had Mac C. bound in order to crucify him on the next day for his having slandered the Church. "A boon for me," said Mac C., "for the sake of Barre, whose festival is to-night. My fill of drink and food, and your own bed with its bedding, both quilt and cover."[1] "For the sake of our patron I will grant it," said the abbot. After having eaten and drunk his fill, Mac C. lay down, and a heavy slumber fell upon him. Then in his sleep he saw a cleric approach him. He wore a white mantle with a golden brooch, a large silken shirt next his white skin, and long white-grey curly hair. He said: "You sleep well, and you awaiting death." "Who are you?" said Mac C. "Mura," said he. "I have come to help you." "What help is it?" said Mac C. "Remember this vision," said Mura, "and recite it in the presence of King Cathal, and you will cure him from his craving."

Mura then sang the vision, and Mac C. remembered it. On the morrow he was taken to a gathering of the men of Munster to be crucified. Cathal and the nobles of Munster were there. C. said he would not crucify a bard, but the clerics might do it themselves, for it was they that knew the wrong he had done.

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[1] Here *dóib* seems out of place.

"A boon for me, O C., and ye nobles of Munster," said Mac C. "My fill of water, and let me draw it myself!" This was granted by C. Mac C. was taken to the well, and proceeds as on p. 24, 15-23. When C. was told of this, he granted him a respite until morning.

That night C. went to Pichán's house, and Mac C. followed him there. Then follows the apple-scene, as on p. 48—p. 50, 23.

"The whole would not be too much for you!" said C., scattering the hide full of apples to the host. And everyone arose. . .

Then said Mac C. to Pichán, if he were allowed to prepare the food for C., it would be the better for the men of Munster. On Pichán's guarantee M.'s fetters are loosened, he washes himself, puts on an apron, etc., as on p. 62.

"Who is this?" said C. "A man who knows how to prepare food," said Pichán. "Is it not the bard?" said C. "It is he indeed," said P. "It is being well prepared," said C. "Let me have my food quickly!" "A boon for me!" said Mac C. "What boon?" said C. "Let no one else talk in the house until I have finished telling you a vision that I saw last night." "It shall be granted," said C., "and tell it quickly. Whoever speaks shall be crucified to-morrow together with you."

Then said Mac C.:

"A vision I beheld last night," etc., as on p. 66—p. 70, 14.

"When the voice had spoken to me again, I arose so quickly and lightly that a fly could not have stuck on my forehead. Then I saw a phantom approaching me. 'Well,' said he to me. 'Well,' said I to him. 'Who are you, wretch?' said the phantom. 'A poor scholar', said I, 'seeking a cure from greediness, from voracity, and intolerable thirst.' 'Wretch,' said he, 'there is here one who will direct you to the Altar of Fat, which is in the west of the church. . . . . on the Pass of Meat-juice in the land of the Children of Early-eating, right in front of the Hermitage of the Wizard Doctor.' 'What is your name?' said Mac C. 'Is it I?' said he. 'It is you,' said Mac C. 'Dirty-belch, son of Fluxy, of the race of Elcab the Fearless, it is he that speaks to you, that will direct you.'

"Then I arose," etc., as on p. 84, 1-4. "And we went across Butter-mount, and saw a juicy little coracle of corned beef on the border of the lake, with its hide of tallow," etc., as on p. 84, 13-28.

Then said Mac C.:

"A vision that appeared to me," etc.,

as on p. 34—p. 38, 25.

"Thereupon we went on to a causeway of curds, into a copsewood of lard, into a field of old bacon. A dark lardy mist arose around us, so that we could see neither heaven nor earth, nor any place to which we might fairly go, so that I struck with my back against a tombstone of ... curds. It almost shattered the bones of my skull to pieces. I stretched out my hand to raise myself again, and fell between pats of fresh butter up to the bend of my elbows. Then I saw Egg-pillow, the gillie of the Wizard Doctor, catching fish in a full lake of new milk," etc., as on p. 90, 20-28.

Where do you come from?' said the lad. 'From afar, from near,' said I to him. 'What do you seek?' said he. 'I seek the Hermit,' said I to him. 'Wretch,' he said, 'you do not know your way. You will not reach the Hermit to-night. But camp between Butter-mount and Milk-lake, your face towards Butter-mount and your back towards Cheese-mount, at the foot of the Tree of Cream, in the Trenches of the Round Dish (Altar?), in the Hollow of the Field of Wheat. Send messengers to the chiefs of the Tribes of Food, that they may protect you against the heavy waves of the Gravy, lest they drown you. They will come to attend you on an evil journey,[1] as you are the first face that appears in this isle to which you have come.'

"I encamped as I was told. It was not 'a night in thorns', what with the white-meats. Early in the morning I arose and went to the well of lard that was near me, and washed my hands, and smoothed my hair. And I went to the well of *tremanta* that was on the other side, and drank thirty draughts out of it, so that my heart might not fail me on the road. And I set out on my road until I saw before me Beccnat the Smooth and Juicy, the daughter of Betan the Monstrous Eater, the grandam of the Tribes of Food, with her short garron of lard under her, with two pleasant eyes of cheese in its head, with a seven-peaked bridle of good white salt, with her mantle of corned beef, with her girdle of salmon-roe, with a coif of the caul of a stomach on her head, with a necklace from her neck, in which were seven score seven beads of .... pigs' marrow.

[1] Here again *dóib* seems out of place.

"The queen bade me welcome, and asked tidings of me, and whither my way was. 'Towards the Hermit,' said I. 'You are not far,' said she. 'But I advise you not to utter any loud sound until you know the rule of the elders that are in the church.'

"There lay the church, in the glen between Butter-mount and Milk-lake, in the land of the Children of Early-eating. And thus it was: with four circles of palisades of old salted meat around it, without a wrinkle, without skin, with the lard of a choice boar on the top of every stake, with a porch of cheese, with a door of . . . . curds, with its *culaige* of butter, with its posts of lard, with its wedges of lard, with its beetle of pudding, with its knocker of butter. I struck the knocker of butter against the door of curds, so that the two door-keepers came out, Hollowsides, the son of O'Eating, and Mulba, the son of Gullet, with their lardy . . . . .[1] However, I escaped between the door and the door-post. Then I saw the cleric tolling the . . . . bell on the cold . . ., in which were seventeen measures of English salt in one pure-white mass—that was the tongue of the bell. And I saw the stone-dyke leading from one cleric's house to another. This is the sort of stone dyke that was there: every wheaten cake would grow together with another, after having been strewn with fine salt and honey. Then I saw the wooden church. Boards of flitches of seven-year-old boar were the rafters of the church, with props of old cheese, with tiles of fat, with domes of lard, with an altar of fat in its west. And I saw the chief cleric, even the chief prophet, coming out of the house in front of the church, with his crown of twenty-seven fair butter-lumps on the top of his head, with seventeen ridges of bunches of genuine leek on the top of his crown.

"Then I said to him:

"'Bless us, O cleric,'" etc., as on p. 32,14—p. 34, 10. "The way in which the cleric came out was on a horse of old salted meat, with hoofs of carrots," etc., p. 88, 17—p. 90, 5. "With his trousers of pot-meat round his legs, with his shoes made of a hind-quarter, with Táin Bó Cúailgne and Bruiden Dá Derga in the right shoe, and Tochmarc Etaíne and Tochmarc Emire in the left.

[1] Here I omit a sentence which I understand but partly.

"'A prayer for me, O cleric!' I said to him. Then he said: Be thou under the safeguard of good food, O wretch!' said he; under the protection of good drink, under the guardianship of old bacon! Whence do you come?' said he.

"'I come, O noble man, from afar, to be cured from the insupportable sickness that accompanies me.' 'What sickness is it?' said the Wizard Doctor. 'It is easily told,' said Mac C., 'greed with its subdivisions, even great thirst of drinking, juice and relish, feeding, great feeding, with the greed of a hound, with the appetite of a horse.' 'O wretch,' said the Wizard Doctor, 'that meal is not greater than what a child of one month would eat in this island, and would remain here till it grew a withered old man. Small is your intention of destroying food. It is letting a hound at a deer, it is a saddle on a colt, a bitch on a fox, talking to a foolish person, a cry against . . . ., a kiss to a palsied head, music to the deaf, a secret to a lewd jealous woman, a hand against a stream, riding on an ant, an arrow against a stone pillar, a fist grasping smoke, a withe around sand, beating an old skull, gathering honey from the roots of a yew-tree, warming in the devil's kiln, seeking butter in a dog's kennel, seeking wool of a goat, setting in order a house full of holes, O wretch, O Mac Conglinne, for you to come to this island to destroy food. Hunger has closed up your entrails. But I will give you a cure, if you feel any trouble.'

"'What cure is it?' said Mac C. 'Not hard to tell. Go to-night without food wherever you may be. Rise early to-morrow. Let a fire be kindled, of withered flaming branch-wood, on which colts drop dung on the top of the hill-side. Let a garment be spread out on the north side of the fire. Let a quick, white-toothed, white-handed, fine-breasted, fair-thighed woman give thee thy thrice nine morsels of sweet tasty food, each morsel as big as the egg of a heath-fowl. Let her give thee thy thrice nine draught with every morsel. The disease that will seize thee from it, except loose bowels, I will cure it.' 'What is your name?' said Mac C. 'Not hard to tell,' said the Wizard Doctor.

"Wheatlet, son of Milklet," etc., as on p. 78, 1—p. 80, 16.

"The cleric sang his paternoster for me, and put a gospel round my neck, a gospel of the shoulder-bit of old bacon, without a wrinkle, without skin about it, with its crystal of

brown boiled sausage around it, with its point of lard on it, and said :

"Be thou under the protection of smooth juicy bacon ! Be thou under the protection of hard yellow-backed cream ! of the pannikin from which infants are fed ! of the great lard of wethers ! of the strong heavy lard of boars ! The King, who has himself blessed these cakes to save thee from every danger, be thou in his safeguard, under his protection !'

"Then I arose to the chiefs of the Tribes of Food, viz., to Hand-upon-all—Dry Bread, to Broken-Brow—Butter-roll," etc., as on p. 98, 12. "To Thick Milk, Thin Milk, Milk that needs chewing, that makes the snore and bleat of a French wether in rushing down the gorge, so that the first draught says to the last draught: 'By the tablet of fat and by the service-set of lard that was on the breast of the cleric here ! though I be there, you shall not be here !' Those are the chiefs of the Tribes of Food."

Then he bent his hand with the two spits of food and put them to the lips of the king, who longed to swallow them, wood, food, and all. So he took them an arm's length from him, and the demon of gluttony jumped from his throat on to the spit, and jumped from the spit into the throat of the priest of Cork's gillie, who was by the cauldron on the floor of the house, and jumped from the throat of the gillie on to the spit again. Mac C. put the spit into the embers and upset the cauldron of the royal house on to the spit. The king was taken to a sleeping-chamber, and the great house was emptied and burnt afterwards. And the demon let forth three shrieks.

Next morning the king arose, and what he ate was no more but what a child of a month would eat. "Are you not thankful, noble man," said Mac C., "that I have cured you from the craving ?" "Art not thou thankful," said Cathal, "that thou art not crucified by me to-day ? And the service which thou didst for me, viz., carving my food, shall be thine for ever, and thou shalt have my dress and the ring of my hand, and the garment of my side and the value of a hundred of chattels." "Well, Cathal," said Manchín, "is it thus you take from me the man that slandered the Church ?" "Not thus shall it be," said Mac C., "but let the brehons be brought hither, and do you place a pledge of a hundred in the hands of Cathal, and I will place another hundred, and let the brehons say which of us deserves his

honour-price." The brehons said that Mac C. deserved his fine and honour-price, for he had not made a satire, except saying that he would not eat the oats of Cork. "I do not wish my fine nor my honour-price," said Mac C., "but the cloak which is in the church." "You shall have it with my blessing," said Manchín. Hence said the jester, and his son, and his daughter:

"Manchín went," etc., as on p. 108, 29—p. 110, 12. Thus was Cathal Mac Finnguine cured from his craving, and Mac Conglinne honoured.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY.

A.

abb, an interjection of defiance. 85, 29. ab, ab! ab ab ó! *if you dare*, P. O'C. Cf. abú, the ancient Irish war-cry, O'R.

accobrach *desirous, greedy*. 75, 24.

achad m. *field*. 5, 4. t'úr ⁊ t'achud, LL. 193a, 10. gen. achaid aird, LL. 43a, 8. dat. ar cach achud, LL. 192b, 57. pl. nom cóic achaid Uisnig, LL. 295b, 32.

achucat *towards thee*. 119, 10.

adastar *halter*. 81, 3. Rev. Celt. xi, 493. Laws i, p. 124, 14. 138, 37. Manx eistyr.

adúaid (perf.) *he ate*. 25, 6. Wind. s. v. duad. opund di*du* atuaid Eua in uball sin, LBr. 111a, 18. atúatár, LU. 34a, 5.

áel (dissyllabic) m. *fleshfork*. ichel 39, 18. int áel al-lus in bíd, LL. 300a, 49. aiel ⁊ caire, Laws I. 122, 13. ael co m-bennaib braine, LL. 300b. gen. fri béim n-ácla, LL. 300b, 24. beim n-aeóil, ib. 46.

áer f. *satire*. 9, 5. 21, 7. gen. áire 115, 26, 27. de gaaib áire ⁊ écnaig, LL. 81a. dat. áir 45, 28. acc. áir 87, 10.

áeraim *I satirise*. 9, 3.

agfind 122, 33, leg. dagfhind? Or = aig-fhind *as white as ice*. trí chét da chrud cach elgga, síat aigfhinda óidergga, LL. 27a, 25.

aicíd *sickness, distemper, disease; a sharp ache, pain or stitch, pang*, P. O'C. gach tinneas agus aicíd dá leanann síol Adhaimh, Hardiman I. 18. pl. gen. na n-aicidi 83, 31; but see the note. Manx eighid.

aicsid m. *observer*. 97, 20.

aigen *paten, pan*. oighen gl. patena, Ir. Gl. 86. gen. aigin 83, 7.

aignén *a small paten, pannikin*. 127, 6.

ail f. *stone, rock*. Stokes, Metr. Gl. acc. darsin oilig cloiche, LBr. 126b, 23. pl. acc. ailechu 5, 6. Hence ailchide *stony*, LBr. 203a, 17.

áil *asking, seeking, request*. a áil, LL. 266a, 27. pl. gen. ail 49, 8.

all aig $79,31
aisle 81,23

ainmne f. *patience.* Atk. LU. 118a, 20. LL. 343a. LBr. 261a, 42.
ainmnetach *patient.* Atk. Wb. 26b, 7. LL. 147b, 31. Alex. 839. ainmnidach cach gaeth, Aibidil Cuigni.
airecal *apartment.* 128, 12. gen. airicuil, Ann. Ulst. 809, 837 From Lat. oraculum.
airech .i. ech imchuir, H. 3, 18, p. 650a. 79, 23.
airerda *delightful, pleasant.* 81, 17. 101, 23. taige ardda airerda, LL. 298b, 23.
airerdacht *delight, pleasure.* 101, 22. Cf. airuras : is crích bidbad so ⁊ ni faidchi airurais, LL. 66b, 3. aururas, LL. 162b, 10.
airigid f. *honorific portion.* Wind. gl. delibatio, Wb. 5b, 23. Ir. Texte ii, 1, p. 173, 4. pl. airigthe bíd ⁊ lenna, LL. 56b. 109b, 40. 253b, 47. Mer. Uil. 121.
air-límaim *I file, polish.* 77, 3. Cf. ic límad a lorgfertas, Cath Catharda.
airmed *measure.* Stokes, *Lives*, l. 2921. pl. nom. airmedæ 124, 20.
airne *sloe.* gen. leth ind airne, Rev. Celt. viii, 57, n. 10. pl. nom. na háirni a hEblind, LL. 297a, 38. gen. a lán áirneadh, Tor. Dh. p. 124. dat. d'airnib 124, 20. M. airn. W. eiryn (en). Airnechán, a diminutive of airnech *sloey.* 77, 20.
air-shlíab n. *mountain-side.* 95, 24. 125, 35. Hy. 5, 11. airm i n-adnacht 'sint aurshléib, LL. 198b, 34.
airtecul m. *article.* 49, 24. From Lat. articulus.
aisc *gift.* pl. gen. aisc 49, 8.
aisec *restitution, delivery.* Tog. Tr. Ind. Trip. Life 12, 18. 434, 24. assec, LL. 162a, 13. 73, 24. fria aisec 43, 3. fria aisic beó *to restore him alive,* 3 Fragm. 36, 2. Hence aiscim *I restore:* aiscis a mac do Diarmait, LL. 358, marg. sup.
aislinge f. *vision.* 65, 26. as í sin an aislinge. Moy Leana, p. 6, 21. do breith breithe na haislinge, ib. 14. M. ashlins.
áith f. *kiln.* gen. dat. for thírad i n-áith no loscud na hátha, LBr. 204b, 3. criathar atho gl. cribrum areale, Berne MS. 34a. condechaid issin áith, LL. 286a, 51. Laws i, 162, 23. Manx aie. W. odyn f.
aithe *retaliation.* 21, 5. O'Don. Suppl. gl. talio, Wb. 14c. gl. foenus, Karlsr. 42a. *revenge,* Trip. Life Ind. Tog. Tr. Ind. 45, 14. dá athe nó da dígail, LL. 91a, 6. fri hathi na n-gním, LBr. 72b.
aithindlat *washing-tub.* 11, 25. Echtra Nerai, 37.
alaig 123, 19, l. g. claid ?

Cf. all aig 79,31 Cf. allach 81,3

Is asu chách find 103,18

allsmand *knot, bead.* allsmaidhn for allshnaidhm, by metathesis, *a large or clumsy knot*, P. O'C. pl. nom. allsmaind 39, 10.

ammaig *into the house;* Germ. *hinein.* 91, 5. LL. 286b, 30. 287a, 51. Salt. 2575.

ana m. *plenty.* 55, 14. Stokes, Metr. Gl. inna n-anæ gl. opum, Ml. 28a, 3. Ana ⁊ Indmas ⁊ Brugus a trí n-dúine, LL. 30d, 62. *bounty?* 97, 7. orddan ⁊ ana, LL. 294a, 18.

an-amail *incomparable.* 83, 19.

an-fíal *shameless.* 87, 7. ar in galar n-anfial n-olc, Chalcidius 68b.

annland *anything eaten with bread, opsonium,* '*kitchen*'. 15, 26. LL. 285a, 48. LBr. 9b, 15, 17. pl. nom. andlaind 99, 7. W. enllyn.

antaigthech? 125, 11.

antem 83, 19; for an-timm *not feeble?*

apaig *ripe.* Asc. Trip. Life Ind. LBr. 133a, 1. cnuas abbaig, LL. 206a, 41. metaph. intan as apaig fuil námat do thesin di, LU. 95b, 7. pl. aipchi 124, 21. is ann ba háibche mesa ⁊ toirthe, Bk. of Fermoy, 29a. Manx appee.

áru f. *kidney.* gen. arand 33, 21. pl. nom. na hairne toile, Laws III. 354, 16. dat. cusna hairnib gl. cum renibus, Gild Lor. 175. Manx aarey. W. aren f.

aradain shréin *the reins of a bridle,* P. O'C. acc. aradnu 81, 5. rogabastár éssi astuda a ech ina thuasri .i. aradna a ech, LU. 79a, 15.

arba *corn.* Old Ir. arbe n. gen. Ind. arbe, Wb. 10d, 6. cacha orbaind 99, 6. pl. nom. orbaind 99, 3. acc. na harbhanna, O'R. Ir. Gl. 213. Manx arroo.

ard-choire *a high cauldron.* 39, 17.

ard-gabáil *lifting up high.* 9, 25. 63, 29.

ármide adj. *numeral.* 49, 24.

arráir *last night.* 117, 39. 118, 4. LL. 59, 11. irráir LU. 58b, 11. aráir 67, 10. 69, 11. 71, 6. LL. 298a, 6. arrær, Rev. Celt. x, 66, 1. aréir 19, 20. 39, 31. arér 33, 2.

ass *milk.* deg-ass .i. loim, Rev. Celt. x, 50, 6. ass a máthar atib, LL. 285b, 31. gen. aiss 39, 25. dat. d'ass 33, 29.

assa *shoe.* 69, 30. 125, 1. 3. da assa co foráib óir impu, LU. 55a, 41. pl. is é nongébad a assa imme LU. 5b, 39. dat. assaib 89, 6. 124, 39.

atáim *I kindle.* 63, 5. 115, 13. 117, 20. ra addái tenid, LL. 287b. rohatád torc mórtheined, LL. 300b, 31. atáither torc tened, LU. 87a, 13. ataifes, LL. 287b.

atnaig 15 atnait 17.

ath-érge *rising again.* 121, 38.
ath-gére f. *greed.* 81, 32.
ath-láech m. *an ex-layman.* 73, 15. Fel. p. iii. 10. LL. 358, marg. pl. nom. adláig, Wb. 9c, 11.

B.

bacc (1) *hook.* pl. baic 63, 27. LL. 168b, 30. 329a, 39. (2) *bend.* 121, 38. go bac a tónai, go bac a dí ullend. Harl. 5280, fo. 66b. Cf. cu air-baccaib a dá ochsal, LL. 266b. W. bach.
bachall f. *crozier, staff.* Wind. nom. in bhachall sa, LBr. 278b, 74. gen. bachla, Ann. Ul. 910. dat. bachaill, 89, 30. acc. in m-bachaill, LBr. 177b.
báesach *capricious.* O'R. 125, 20.
bainne *drop.* 33, 17. 124, 24. banna 23, 23. 25, 19. 109, 5.
Bairgenach *cakey.* 77, 21. From bairgen f. *cake.*
baitsech *pool?* 85, 18. 119, 37. baisteach now means *rain.*
ballda *spotted, speckled.* 33, 23.
banamail *womanly.* 97, 4.
bán-bíad m. *white-meat.* 9, 14. 15. See note.
band *motion, movement.* 79, 9. bann .i. gach cumhsgugadh O'Cl.
bán-méth *white-fat.* gen. f. bánméthi, 89, 27.
barr *bar?* 119, 2.
barrach *topped.* 69, 15.
barr-bind *sweet-crested.* 7, 26. barr-chorcra *purple-topped.* 39, 2.
basc-mell *a chain or necklace of round balls or globes.* 122, 36. Cf. Corm. p. 7.
belach m. *pass, passage.* gen. belaig 85, 24. dat. 119, 20. oc beluch da liac, LU. 39a, 38. dar belach Mara Rúaid, LL. 134a. pl. acc. belgi, Alex. 206. dat. for bernadaib ⁊ belgib, LL. 93a. 93b.
beladach? gen. beladaigh 122, 16.
belaiche 37, 30; for belaide?
belaide *juicy.* 81, 20, 24. 85, 19. 99, 27. belathi 77, 8. 87, 15. Cf. beólaide, LU. 85a, 29. 113a, 38. From beoil.
bend f. *the top or tip of a cloak.* 65, 2.
bendach *peaked.* 35, 7. Trip. Life, 34, 10.
beochail, glossed by beoil *meat-juice,* 71, 13. 119, 10. beochoil 83, 20. gen. beochla 83, 23.
beochlaide *juicy.* 85, 11. 89, 29. 91, 2. 119, 31.

boicht 29,2 ; 31,7

beoil *meat juice.* Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. LU. 12a, 33. gen. bela 85, 19. 119, 10. 20. dat. beoil 124, 38.

beór f. *beer.* gen. beóiri 33, 17. beóri 37, 25. From Old Norse bjór n.

bertaim *I hurl ; draw.* berdais 65, 5. bertais, Maeguím. Finn 24. bertis-seom co cloich conid romarb, LU. 675, 36.

bilech *covered with ancient trees.* 69, 15. LU. 134b, 21.

bille *boss, stud.* 89, 13.

binit *rennet.* dognither gruthrach dóib, acht ni théit binit ind, LBr. 9. Benntraige .i. binit-ríge .i. de millsen dliges rí Caissil díb indsin, Corm. p. 7. ib. p.

bíthe *female, effeminate.* O'Cl. 35, 4. Salt. 5814.

bladach *famous, glorious.* 118, 10. ropad bl. a dígail, LL. 258a, 2. uli Ulaid ollbladacha, ib. 64a.

bladmar *famous.* 35, 1. LL. 157a, 4.

blassachtach f. *smacking the lips.* 47, 12.

blasta *tasty.* 57, 26. 77, 6.

bláthach f. *buttermilk.* Wind. gen. bláithche 33, 16. dat. blathaig, LBr. 11a, 4.

blén (1) *groin.* Wind. (2) *a creek, a hollow or curved place.* O'Don. Suppl. Joyce, ii, p. 258. dat. i m-blenai 122, 14, 22.

Blichtucán, a diminutive formed from blicht *milk.* 77, 23.

blonoc f. *lard.* 87, 15. blonag 79, 10. gen. bloince 33, 13. bloncí 37, 36. blongi 85, 12. dat. blonaig 67, 24. pl. n. blonoca. LBr. 9. blongi 81, 24. dat. blongib 81, 26. 83, 24. W. bloneg. Manx blennic, blonnic.

boce m. *buck.* 79, 24. LL. 116, marg. Trip. Life, p. 466, 13. W. bwch.

bodar-usce *stagnant* (lit. *deaf*) *water.* 19, 11. 55, 6. Cf. bodar-sháith d'usci 17, 24.

boinne .i. blaithgel, Egerton 90, fo. 17a, 1. 53, 18.

bolcach *bubbling.* 99, 26. 101, 10.

bolesén *middle, midst.* boilsceán O'R. See bolgán. cutruma for bolesén 11, 2.

bolcumm m. *a sip, mouthful.* 101, 12. 13, Ir. Texte ii, p. 126. gen. bolgaim 101, 6. gen. ac ól trí m-bolgama, 3 Fragm. p. 12.

bolgán (1) .i. builgsean no meadhon *the mean or midst, bulge, belly of anything, centre, middle,* P. O'C. rogab nathraig m-bí ar bolgán ina glaic, Cath Catharda. of a spear, LL. 80b, 25. a barr triana bolgan, Bk. of Fen. 194, 5. (2) *midriff,* O'R. gen. bolgáin 35, 4.

bolg-shliss *middle, midst?* 63, 9.

borr *a bunch, knob, swelling; puffed, bloated, swelled*, P. O'C. in tond baeth borr, LL. 88b, 41. *proud*, Salt. Ind. Comp. borr-óclaech, LU. 92b, 17. borr-chroth f. 33, 16. borr-thorad n. 33, 14. metaph. máthair Chonchobair, in borrthoraid rathmair réil, LL. 138a, 15.

borrach f. *bunch*. dat. borraig 123. 32.

bóthar m. *a made road*. dat. 'sin bothur eter dá mag, LL. 193a, 4 (rhymes with tóchur).

brá f. *eyebrow*. 97, 11. dí broí duba, LU. 55a, 43.

brafad *twinkling, winking*. brafud 101, 4. See Rev. Celt. x. p. 57, n. 2. la brafad n-oenúaire, LU. 34b, 7.

bragitóracht *farting*. 43, 27. From bragitóir m. *farter, a kind of buffoon*. pl. n. braigetóri, LL. 29. Cf. cáinte ɔ braigire, ib. fuirseoraigh .i. doníad an fhuirseoracht asa m-béalaibh, br[a]igedoiri .i. doníad in bruigedóracht asa tónaib, H. 2. 16, col. 936. Petrie, *Tara*, pp. 179, 180.

braich *malt*. Wind. gen. bracha, Stokes, *Lives*, l. 2921.

braichlis, from braich, *wort of ale*, P. O'C. 37, 27. Laws ii, p. 242, 12, where it is translated *mash*.

braine *prow*. 85, 11. Wind. Rev. Celt. x, p. 80, 11. 92, 6. inna braine na bárce, LU. 85b, 33. for braine in churaig, LL. 108a. *front, edge:* álaind do bruach, do braine (of a dún), LL. 193a. 37. áel co m-bennaib braine. LL. 300a, 47.

brainech *leading; leader, chief*. 79, 24. Cf. brainech *proreta*, Ir. Gl. p. 147.

braissech f. (1) *kale, colewort*. (2) *potherbs, pottage*, P. O'C. *kale* Scotice. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. LBr. 9b, 15. gen. braisce 35, 4. 69, 3. 79, 12. oc bein nenntai dochum braisce, Fél. p. c, 11. dat. braisig 37, 30. W. bresych, from Lat. brassica.

brass-longthech *eating mightily*. 77, 10.

bratach *mantled*. 97, 5.

brat-gel *with a white mantle*. gen. f. bratgile 37, 34. do brú Banba bratgile, LL. 34a, 32.

brecc-bán *speckled white*, 33, 14.

brechtán *custard*. P. O'C. 33, 16. 79, 4. gen. brechtáir. 67, 22. 123, 24. Cf.

> Carna, cuirm, cnóimess cadla,
> it é ada na samna,

tendál for cnucc co n-grinne,
bláthach, brechtán úrimme.

Rawl. B. 512, fo. 98b, 2, and Harl. 5280, fo. 41a.

breó f. *flame.* gen. inna briad gránna gl. pirae dirae, Goid. p. 65, 8. dat. briaid 105, 3.

Bretnach *Welsh.* 45, 16. 111, 14. ra táeb ech m-Bretnach m-blathmín, LL. 49b, 6.

bretnusach *wearing a brooch.* 97, 5.

brienói ? 121, 36. 123, 9.

briscén *mash ?* 99, 20. P. O'C. has briscín, dimin. of briosca, *a small haunch or buttock, the arse or breech.*

brocóit f. *malt liquor, bragget.* Corm. p. 6. gen. brócoti 33, 17. 37, 25. 89, 18. baeth briathra brócoite, LL. 203b, 32. See Stokes, *Linguistic Value*, p. 26.

broimnech f. *farting, cracking, bouncing*, P.O'C. dat. broimnig 73, 1. From broimm m. *fart.* broimm crúaid iar n-ithi arba i timnu anma Concluchair, LL. 285a, 50. Broimm, ni focul fand saide (the name of a jester) LL. 28a, 10. W. bram, Manx brem.

brothar-cert *a hairy rag.* 91, 8. Cf. bruth *the hair, beard, or down of the body ; fur, shag, rag* or *cloth ;* brothaire *one that has much hair or fur on*, P. O'C. brothairne *hair*, LL. 252b.

brothar-lumman f. *a hairy cloak.* 91, 8.

brothchán *pottage.* LL. 286b, 32. Mer. Uil. 280. LBr. 11a, 52. gen. brotheháin 33, 14. 99, 18.

brothrach *fried ?* 87, 15.

brothrach f. (1) *bed-cover.* acc. brothraig 115, 30. Alex. 873. ni bid tuigi no pell no brothrach no breccan no croicenn anmanna fui isin lebaid sin, Cath Catharda. LL. 144a, 36. 297a, 44. (2) *a royal garment.* Ir. Gl. 180. 124, 28. brothrach colluibnib finnaib im chechtar de, LL. 252b, 26.

brothrachán 91, 8. gl. sabribarra, Ir. Gl. 180. sarrabarra gl. esclavine (Ital. schiavina) *a pilgrim's cloak*, Ducange. Isid. Orig. xix, 23, uses the word for wide and long pantaloons (fluxa ac sinuosa).

Brucht-shalach *Dirty-belch.* 119, 23.

brusgarbán ? 87, 22. brus *the cleaning or refuse of corn; small lopping of trees*, P. O'C. brusghaineamh or sbrusghaineamh *gravel or rough sand*, ib.

brút f. *brute.* pl. voc. a brúti 29, 20.

búaidrén *stirabout?* 33, 14.

búar *flux, diarrhœa.* 101, 20. buar .i. buinnech, ut est: buar brucht broim .i. buinn[e]ach do beth ar in cáinti, O'Dav. p. 61.

búarann f. *flux.* acc. búarainn 126, 3.

Búarannach *Fluxy.* 75, 7. 119, 23.

buinde *spouting, squirting forth; stream, wave.* 89, 18. *corruption flowing from an ulcer,* P. O'C. Hence buinnech *diarrhœa;* also *the dirty wool about a sheep's tail.*

bulbing *a cudgel?* 87, 22.

bunatta *original.* 13, 16. From bunad, W. bonedd *origin.*

bundraiss f. *bundrish,* an edible seaweed. gen. bundraisse 91, 1.

buptáid 85, 18. Cf. fubtad feirge, LL. 371a, 16. i fubtud cach omnaig, Laws i, p. 174.

búraim *I roar, bellow.* 65, 23. dobúirestar amail tarb, Bk. of Fermoy, p. 34b. bid amnas dombúrfet chucaib in damrad sa Bretan ⁊ Alban, LL. 290b. bursit Ulaid, LL. 161a, 37.

C.

cacc *dung.* gen. a chonu cacca 23, 25. 29, 20. Cf. W. cachgi *coward.*

caccaim *cacco.* 95, 25. 125, 35. conid 'na chend cacait na huli coin, LU. 117b, 32. cacfam i n-esaib ⁊ i n-inberaib in choigid, Eg. 1782, fo. 32b, 2. LL. 117a, 10.

cadla *comely, graceful, beautiful, charming,* P. O'C. 69, 20. 79, 9. Fél. Ind. comharba cadlai Colaim, FM. 979. delm cadla, LL. 35b. cadla cuaird, LL. 204a. cæmcadla uile, TB. Reg. 3 (Lec.) tír chadla, LL. 161a, 41. Salt. 5427, 5991.

cadla .i. caolán, *one of the small guts, chitterlings,* P. O'C. 69, 19.

cádus m. *honour, respect, reverence.* LL. 148a, 50. LBr. 140b, 9. gen. in chádais, LBr. 156b, 23. cádusach *venerable,* LBr. 149b.

cáemna *food, good cheer.* 93, 26. coemna Alex. 974. 982. 985. ni thormailt biád no bronnud no cæmna no comlongud, LL. 192b, 17. cach coemna ⁊ cach airfitiud forsin talmain, LL. 279a, 8.

caimnenn f. *leek.* dobeir déra a suil*ib* an fir an chaindenn

Rawl. B. 512, fo. 52b, l. gen. cainninde 33, 18. dat. cainnind 39, 5. 89, 11. W. cenin(en).

cáintecht f. *satirising.* 43, 26. 29. ba cáinti ar cáintecht .i. ar géri ⁊ gorti ⁊ amainsi, Rawl. B. 512, fo. 114b, 2.

cairde f. *respite, truce.* 29, 4. 35, 15. cath can chardi, CCn. 7, "guitter cardi chlaidib úadib for Coinculaind," or Ailill, LU. 70b. 72b, 16. conomraib cairte lat frim budin, LU. 67a, 39. Cf. cairdigter gl. foederari, Ml. 126c.

cairre (pl.) *scabs, scald.* 114, 10. 17. 27. 115, 4.

caisel *a stone wall,* or *an earthen wall faced with stone.* 37, 10. maceria, Bk. of Arm. gen. ic dénam caisil, Fél. acc. conderna caisiul caem cloch, Bk. of Fenagh, p. 124. pl. n. caissle, Coimp. Concul. 2. dat. eclas chruind eside co tri caslib impe, LBr. 157b.

cáith f. *chaff, husks.* bid caith cách .i. bid éttarbach, Harl. 5280, fo. 41b. M. caih, W. coden. Comp. síl-cháith.

caithfid *it behoves,* O'R. rocaiter 87, 5.

calath m. *port, harbour.* 85, 22. Tog. Tr. 852.

camm-rand m. *a quatrain made in contention.* 5, 3. 15, 24. 114, 14. dorignius-sa camrand certchóir, LBr. 101 marg. inf. Rev. Celt. xii, p. 460.

cantaicc f. *canticle.* 13, 12. Atk. acc. rochansat immund ⁊ cantaicc lógmair dó, LBr. 177a, 31.

capall m. *horse.* 89, 15. gen. capaill 114, 2. M. cabbyl, W. ceffyl. From Lat. caballus.

cappar *dome.* pl. n. cappair 123, 27. sg. dat. isin capur airther-descertach, LBr. 278a, 44. isin capor n-descertach aniar, ib. 53. Cf. bend-chopar.

carrach *having an uneven surface,* Highl. 69, 17. *mangy, bald.* tanig imbuile tairis-[s]im co n-derna carrach de, Mcgn. F. 7.

carr-matrad m. *a mangy cur.* 101, 14. Cf. ba mellach cnámach carr-garb a druim, LL. 117b, 20.

cartaim *I send.* 5, 28. rocartad, Fél. cii, 13. rochart Find éseom for iarraid usci, LL. 208a. LL. 152b, 19.

cartaim *I cleanse.* cartad raite, cartad aenaig, Laws i, p. 122, 14. cartfait clanna Iareoil dia cóille, dia clár, LL. 147a, 39. Comp. fo-chartad.

carthain *love.* 93, 26.

casar *brooch.* dat. casair 124, 29.

cass-draigen lit. *twisted thorn; a fence.* 87, 14.

cáttu *respect.* 107, 26.

cel *death.* 23, 8. Salt. Ind. mithig dam-sa dul for cel, LU. 40a,39. cach ina cinaid cingid ar chel, Laws i, p. 10, 25.

célide *visit.* co m-buí for célidi occo, LU. 20b, 26. fer célide *visitor.* 99, 21. áes célide *adrenae*, Alex. 935.

cenbar *a chafer?* cenbar gl. caphia, Ir. Gl. 51. gen. cenbair 103, 22.

cend-fháelid *with exultant head.* 83, 27.

cend-ísel *low-headed.* 29, 22. a byname, Fél. p. lxxxv, 12.

cend-phart, lit. *head-piece.* (1) *the capital of a column*, Alex. 578 cenn-bart gl. capitulum, Sg. 47a. 5. epistilia .i. supermissa cennbartæ columnarum, Reg. 215. (2) *introduction*, corthind-scain in molad ⁊ rochan in cendport iartain, LBr. 238d, b, 50. cennpurt 31, 19, 21. cennport, 35, 14. pl. nom. tairngire remfhastini ⁊ cendphairt in sceóil, LL. 56b, 3.

ceó (1) *vapour, steam; mist.* 121, 33. 123, 15. acc. ciaig 63, 6. 117, 22. LU. 80a, 18. 19. (2) *milk.* 69, 4. Manx kay *butter, cream of milk.*

ceppach f. *a plot of land laid out for tillage*, O'Don. Suppl. Joyce, p. 220. acc. ceppaig 121, 33. LL. 285b, 41.

cerc f. *hen.* 101, 3. gen. circe 99, 22. M. kiark.

cernach *four-square, angular.* O'R. 75, 17. Cath Finntr. Ind.

cerrbaccán *carrot.* 39, 5. 99, 20. cerboccan 124, 18. gl. eruca, Rev. ix, 232.

cert *a rag.* 91, 9. Laws i, p. 178, 2. hi certaib ⁊ lothraib, LL. 274b, 1. acc. na ceirte, ib. 11. Hence certán *a small rag.* LL. 283b, 50.

cósad-chrand *passion-tree.* 29, 9.

cét-gnúisid m. *the first face.* 122, 17.

cethar-chossach *four-footed.* 127, 30.

cethir-doirsech *having four doors* or *apertures.* 63, 5.

cethir-druimnech *four-ridged.* 63, 5.

cethir-ochair *four-edged.* 75, 17. cetharochair 81, 31. Cf. cethareochrach, Alex. 181.

cethir-scoltigde *four-cleft.* 63, 6.

cét-shercus *first love.* 3, 21. ros-car i cétshercas, LL. 152b, 18.

ó chíanaib *a while ago, just now.* 27, 3. Rev. Celt. x. 52, 19. LU. 69a, 4. a chianaib, LL. 267a. There is a mod. dimin. *ó chianaibhín.*

cicharan ? 99, 30.

cimmas f. *border, edge, rim.* Corm. Tr. p. 31. Tog. Tr. 1531. LU. 79a, 44. dat. chimais 55, 2.

cingir ? 99, 30.

cír f. *the crest of a fence.* 37, 34. in chír draighin, Laws iv, p. 70, 26. ib. 112, 15. úas figi min ag urcomair círe draighin .i. ag dénam in fáil, O'Dav. p. 86, s. v. fenamain (from Laws iv, p. 114, 3).

cláraid *made of wooden boards.* 123, 26. tech cláraid, LL. 254a, 1. 268a, 26. 268b, 21. Tog. Tr. 1868.

cló-boss f. *the left palm.* 103, 15.

cló-lám f. *the left hand.* 53, 19.

clessemnach f. *playing, juggling.* dat. clesemnaig 122, 6.

cleth f. *stake, rod.* cleth cáirthind, LL. 35a, 27. clethchur fiacal imma chend, LL. 34a, 38. in cú araig do nómad cleth ón dorus, Laws iii, 412, 19. gl. tignum, Ir. Gl. 485.

clethe (cinn) *the crown of the head.* 63, 4. pl. dat. clethib, 93, 4. Salt. na R. 5871. a fírchlethe a chendmullaig, LU. 80a, 17.

clí *house-post*, fig. *prince.* Salt. Ind. ib. 7483. 33, 14.

clíab-galar *chest disease.* 99, 17.

clíath f. *the valve of a door* (made of wicker-work). 123, 18.

clith .i. clúda, ut est : rofeas cid dech édach, clith álainn étrum, O'Dav. p. 71. 29, 23.

clith .i. dlúth, *close, tight, compact*, P. O'C. *sheltering, comfortable.* im chét m-brat cungas clithetach, LU. 83b, 1. inmain cathir is chlithrúaim, LL. 201b, 21. W. clyd *sheltering, comfortable.* Hence clithaigim *I shelter* : 'ca chlithugud int shotha sain, LL. 160b, 42.

clithmaire f. *shelter, comfort.* 71, 9. 119, 7. Cf. W. clydrwydd.

cló *nail, pin, peg.* O'R. 123, 21. Let. clavus.

clochán *causeway.* Wind. for clochánaib ⁊ srátib, LBr. 156b, 15. Trip. Life p. 458, 20.

cloch-drochat *stone-bridge, stone-dyke.* 123, 22, 23. Sic leg. 91, 10.

cloicenn f. *skull.* gen. cloicne 121, 37. dat. cloicend 99, 1.

cluicín *a small bell.* 89, 25. Alex. 81. clucíne prainntige, LBr. 261b, 85. LL. 267a, 36. Manx cluigeen *handbell.*

clúmda *downy.* 119, 4. Cf. clúmdaide, LL. 109b, 31.

Colbadu 47, 5

clúm-derg *downy red.* 119, 4.

cnáim-fhíal lit. *bone-generous.* 35, 5.

cnám *gnawing.* 93, 27. for cnám na hemi, Corm. 30, 13.

cnó-mess *nut-crop.* 35, 5.

cochlín *a small hood or cloak.* 109, 27.

cocnum *chewing.* 101, 11. 127, 30. Cath Finntr. Ind. Pass. part. coganti, LBr. 156a, 60. Comp. fás-ch. 116, 26.

cóel *wattling.* Ir. Texte iii, p. 195.

cóelach *wattling.* Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. 69, 6. eter chualle ⁊ chailach, LL. 198a, 20. Three Hom. p. 108, 5. ib. p. 76, 27. dorigned cró coelaig imme can conair ass, LBr. 238c, b, 30.

cóelán *entrails, tripe.* 69, 6. 91, 15. 99, 31. Manx colane.

coic m. *cook.* Rev. Celt. x, p. 82, 1. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. gen. coca 93, 18. pl. acc. for coice ⁊ bligre ⁊ cuchtrori, LBr. 9b, 30.

coiclim *I spare.* 99, 3. inf. cen nech do chocill, LBr. 120a, 35. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind.

cóicthiges *fortnight.* cóicthiges ria Lugnasad, LL. 2a. cóicthiges for mís, LL. 23b, 5. gen. 29, 26. i cind cóicthigis ar mís, LL. 23b, 8. LU. 55a, 28. LL. 172b, 49.

coidlide adj. *made of hide* (codal). 9, 23.

coilc-dírech *straight-bladed.* 53, 19.

coilech m. *cock.* 99, 22. pl. n. cailig fheda, LL. 227b, 44.

coimdetta adj. *dominicus.* 107, 4.

coin-tell *dog-whip.* Cf. tailm .i. tell-fhuaim .i. tobċim na n-iall, Corm. pl. nom. cointċill 107, 1.

coma f. (1) *gift, bribe.* 57, 21. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. Tog. Tr. Ind. ragelta comada móra dó ar in comlond do dénam, LL. 81a. nochar gab si coma cruid, Hy Fiachr. p. 206, 13. (2) *condition.* ni maith cath can choma tind, LL. 203b, 5. ni ba coma acht cath mór mer, LL. 299a, 14. naiscset a coma fair. LBr. 188a, 13. acc. na gabaid comaid n-aile, ib. 20. pl. d. ar sámchomadaib sída, Magh Rath, 194, 19. gan beith fa chomadaib claena, ib. 120, 25.

com-aithech (1) *neighbour.* Wind. LL. 188b, 45. (2) *dweller.* 57, 11. 109, 17. 111, 13. *plebeian*, 3 Fragm. 202, 10.

comarc *consultation, council.* 27, 13. Comp. lúath-ch. 27, 12. W. cyfarch *address.*

com-berbad *boiling together.* 107, 15. W. cymmerwi.

comga, coimge *protection, support.* 111, 25. 123, 25. Crist dia

chomge, LL. 201a, 60. comde nimi núi, mo chomge is mo chri, LL. 307a, 15. mo chomla nach camm dom chomga ós mo chind, LBr. 262b, 45. do choimgi mo chuirp, ib. 47. coimge conaire, Moy Leana, p. 36.

bid comga cruid is cethra,
bid dín dogra *ocus* debtha, $\overset{23}{\underset{3}{\text{P.}}}$ fo. 17a.

bricht comga, LU. 79a, 22. celtar comga, ib. 79b, 20.

comgne .i. fis cach ríg robui i comamsir fria ceile .i. comgene, H. 3. 18, p. 67. .i. senchas, O'Dav. p. 62. *synchronism, knowledge of universal history*, O'Don. Suppl. 33, 12. Trip. Life, Ind.

com-longud *eating*. ni thormailt biád no bronnud no cæmna no c., LL. 192b, 17. LBr. 108b. 70.

commur *meeting*. 7, 33. Wind. dar commur a chráis [chraes Fcs.] ɔ a bráget, LL. 108a, 30. Commur na trí n-usce. Hence O'R.'s "vale".

comroircnech *erring, mistaken*. 29, 21. isin sét cian fhota comroircnech sa, LBr. 118b.

comrorcu *error*. 13, 16. 91, 7. 57, 6. comrurgu. i. sechrán, H. 3, 18. Alex. 584. acc. comrorcuin, Ml. 56b. 9. tre comrorgain, O'Dav. p. 124. gen. roásaiset drissi inna senchomrorcan tar sodin, Ml. Goid. p. 31.

com-scísachtach f, *wagging together?* 49, 9.

com-thromm *equipoised*. 11, 1. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. gl. par, Ir. Gl. 960. Cf. ib. 903.

congab f. *seizing, taking*. 35, 27. nucu n-olc in chongab chruid, LL. 296a, 21. dat. 'na congaib ágmair fhassaid, LL. 192a. 47.

con-gninim *I recognise*. connar cungain nem na talmain, FB. 39. conná cungnétar nem na talmain, LL. 277b, 27. conáh cuingenmair nem na talmain 121, 34. Cf. comgne.

conicim *I can*. cuinges 113, 12. s-aor. nir choem, 105, 5.

conludim *I go*. 89, 3.

cop-chaille f. *a woman's coif or kerchief;* also *a priest's cope or cowl*. 122, 35. in chopchaille .i. bréit, LBr. 158b.

corann f. *crown, wreath, garland*. gen. coirne 123, 33. dat. coraind 89, 12. 123, 31. acc. a m-bith cen chorin gl. non uelato capite, Wb. 11c, 10. pl. acc. coirnea gl. coronas, Bk. of Arm. 180a, 2. dat. cornib 89, 10. Hence coirnigim *I tonsure*,

Cuachan i. corcca 15.

3 Fragm. p. 114, 2. 4. From Lat. córona, while coróin is from coróna. Cf. W. coryn and coron.

corcca *oats.* 15, 1. 2. 19. 17, 5, 6. 35, 2. W. ceirch. M. corkey *oaten.*

corén *a small caldron.* 99, 9. coirin P. O'C. Comp. lon-ch. 77, 13.

corgas *lent.* gen. corgais 99, 22. in dominicis in chorgais máir, LBr. 9b, 7. dat. hi corgus erraig, LL. 285b. samchorgus nó gemchorgus, LBr. 261b, 74. Manx kargys. From Lat. quadragesima.

corr (1) *round.* cnoe corra cródergga, LL. 200a, 15. dá chíoch chorra chruinn bhánmhilis chúmbra bhreágh, Hardiman i, p. 355. corrchíchech, LL. 210b. im Crúachain cuirr, LU. 38b, 3. Compar. cuirrither[1] hog luin a dí shúil, Corm. p. 36, 27. bátir cuirridir og (viz. their eyes), LL. 252b, 20. (2) *pointed.* 9, 23. 89, 1. marbthar do chorrlannaib. Hy Fiachr. p. 210. oide Conaill na corrshleg, Bk. of Fenagh, p. 322, 18. ar los chloidim chuirr, ib. 400, 11. legga corra clochbána, ib. p. 188, 21. corrchend *some sea-monster*, LL. 172b, 10. na corrgabla siúil *a pointed fork*, LL. 172b, 26. Compar. cuirre iná córr aurócbala a dhá grúad, Corm. p. 36, 29.

corr f. *a pit of water.* gen. na cuirre 55, 6.

corr f. *any bird of the crane or heron kind;* also *a stork or bittour*, P. O'C. gen. cuirre 51, 28. 99, 8.

corrach *unsteady.* 29, 21. Atk. Cath Finntr. Ind. collud c., Ir. Texte ii, 2, p. 128, 164. ib. p. 180. suidhe an athar a dtigh a mhic, suidhe cruinn corrach, Ulst. proverb.

corrán *hook, sickle.* = baccán, Mart. Don. p. 318, 3. LBr. 191a, 13. Fél. p. cxlvi. pl. acc. corránu 63, 27.

corr-míl *gnat.* 85, 7. LU. 98b, 12. Cf. Atk. s. v. míltóg. corr *a worm, reptile; fly, insect.* corrchuil *a fly*, P. O'C.

cosnamaid m. *contender, defender.* 5, 1. 51, 11. Comp. ard-ch, 49, 3.

coss-lúthmar *with vigorous feet.* 83, 27.

cráebach *loppings or branches of trees, brushwood* or *firewood*, P. O'C. Comp. glas-craibech 115, 13. *copse-wood:* cráibech 121,

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[1] Windisch, Gramm. § 72, and Wörterb. p. 455, puts this with cruind *round*, wrongly, I think.

crithir 63,7

32. adj. *branchy, curly.* nói monga cræbacha cassa foraib LU. 94, 8.

cráibechán *pottage.* 35, 3. 81, **12.** 83, 5. **7.** craoibechan .i. caro bechan .i. feoil min no bec, no caro dona bechanuib .i. no dona lenmaib, quia est bechan bec no lenum, H. 3. 18. tria craes romill Iesu a prímgendacht ⁊ rorec [ri]a bráthair re hIacob ar craibechan, Harl. 5280, fo. 41a.

crebar *a kind of fly called a blood-sucker,* P. O'C. 85, 7. crebhar gl. lucifugia, Ir. Gl. 204. pl. n. crebair, Stokes, *Lives,* l. 3652. W. crëyr.

credb *shrinking, withering.* creadhbh .i. creapall no ceangal, P. O'C. gen. credba 93, 25. Cf. W. crebach *shrunk, withered.* fidbæ .i. nemnech rogab credbad, H. 3. 18, p. 81.

críathar m. (1) *sieve.* gen. créthir 73, 3. (2) *honey-comb* 61, 29. Manx creear.

cristall f. *crystal.* 127, 2. But cf. criostal .i. iris, *a suspender whereby anything hangs,* P. O'C.

cross f. *cross.* gen. crossi 101, 1 (market place?).

croth f. *cream.* gen. crothi 83, 3. croithe 122, 13, 21. Comp. borr-chroth 33, 16. sen-chroth 37, 21.

crúad-charric f. *a hard stone.* 85, 20. in charruc, LBr. 157b, 53. carrac, LL. 278a, 9. acc. for carraic, LU. 25a, 29. pl. nom. carrce, LU. 80b, 5. acc. cairrgge, LL. 358 marg.

Cruind-mías f. *Round Dish.* gen. -mése 122, 13. 22.

cúachán *a small bowl* or *basin.* 15, 1. 17, 5. 6. 115, 14. W. cogan.

cúachán *oats.* .i. corcca 15, 1. 45, 10.

cúadh .i. innisin, O'Cl. 125, 19=cúadh do bhaos .i. sgél d' innisin do duine bhaoth, O'Cl.

cúarán (and cúaróg) f. *a shoe made of untanned leather;* also *a sock,* P. O'C. 9, 23. 11, 25. 26. 27. asaite imthecht a tribuis ⁊ a cuarain imc, O'Dav. p. 96, s. v. hais.

fada la nech mar atú,
can fer cumainn acht a chú,
gan gilla acht a láma,
gan cúach acht a chúarána.

Harl. 5280, fo. 46b, marg.

cuchtair *kitchen.* 91, 17. 24. Stokes, *Lives,* Ind. cochtair gl.

coquina, Ir. Gl. 283. Cf. cuchtartech, LL. 263a, 38. cuchtróir *kitchener*, LBr. 9b, 31.

cuil f. *fly, gnat.* 85, 6. 119, 12. Fel. p. clix, 2. nosblathiged connatairised cuil forru, LL. 68a, 45. tri cuile, L.Br. 108b, 68.

cuitig f. *portion, ration of food.* 13, 27. 31. 114, 3. caith do chutig, LBr. 151a, 34. ósna lothraib asa tomlitis na coerig a cuitig, ib. 114a, 23. Comp. prím-ch. 45, 8.

culaige *some part of a door*, 123, 10.

cúl-buide *yellow-backed.* 83, 3. 127, 5.

cumgaise *help?* 125, 29. 31. roling in fúir demnachda .i. Tesiphone i cumgaise a chride "entered the cavity (?) of his heart," O'Don. Fled D. na n-G., p. 32.

cummaim *I shape.* 9, 22. 31, 19. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. rochum in n-Gaedilg asna dá bérla sechtmogat, LL. 2a. a fhir dochumm in cruinde, Gael. Journ. iv, p. 42. in cháin sin racummad and, LL. 206a, 6. cumsat ratha, LL. 162b, 50. M. cummym.

cummascaigim *I mix.* 91, 23. Cf. ro cumaiscthea na bérlai, LU. p. 16, 14. cumaiscther for grutin, LBr. 9b, 27.

cumra *fragrant.* Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. 101, 2. 124, 20. Goid. p. 180, 16. i n-aballgort chumrai, LL. 253b, 33. Comp. fír ch. 39, 1. 109, 4.

cundrad *contract, bargain.* cach cunrad cen dichell, Aibidil Cuigni. dlegar cundradh do chomall, Bk. of Fermoy p. 81. gen. cundartha 73, 28. M. coonrey.

cunnid m. *support, sustenance.* 99, 22. la cunnid comairle, LL. 119b, 18. ba hé cunnid na cúane, LL. 273a, 32. Muridach mac Domnaill daith, Cunnid in chomlaind chóicdaig, LL. 185a, 9.

curchán, curchín *a small coracle.* 35, 23. 119, 31.

D.

dag-choic m. *a good cook.* 93, 18.

dáig co *in order that.* 83, 11. Atk.

dál báis *a meeting with death.* 29, 26. 81, 11. darsin n-dáil i tiag-sa .i. dál báis, LL. 272b, 30. Cf. ni rach i coinne in báis, LBr. 144a, 50. *Sentence of death:* tucsat na dúle dáil báis do Loegaire, LL. 299b, 40. tucsat dáil báis forsin ríg, ib. 45.

dialsalmaib 13
desunbrecht III, 28.

dé f. *smoke.* 95, 27. dé do thig, LBr. 156a, 51. acc. diaid 63, 6. 117, 21.

dé-broth *God's doom.* Wind. mo d. 15, 16. dom d. 45, 18. 67, 3. darom d. 61, 3. dar mo d. 83, 9. debrad ! is crúaid do chomloud, LL. 87b. debrad ! Stokes, *Lives*, l. 2246.

decaid *a set of ten psalms.* 13, 12. From Lat. decad-.

dénmus *making.* 9, 19. gen. denmusa, Bk. of Fen. 118.

deóin *free will, pleasure, consent.* 29, 19. dia n-deóin, LL. 193a, 46. a deonaib Dé, LL. 164b, 18.

deol *sucking.* 71, 28. oc a diul, Fél. p. xxxiv. M. dy yiole.

dergnatach *full of fleas.* 11, 19.

dermitnech *irreverent.* 105, 9.

dethach f. *smoke.* Cath Finntr. Ind. is dethach do muchad, LU. 32, 15. dat. dethaig 55, 3. Manx jaagh.

dethbir *hasty.* 43, 14.

díbad *property of a deceased person, legacy.* Wind. 71, 24. Laws ii, p. 406. *spoil :* ic roind in fhuidb ⁊ in díbaid persecda, Alex. 377.

díbe f. *denying, refusing ; niggardliness.* 95, 7. ar dibe ⁊ ar dochill, LL. 117a, 13. tria duba ⁊ díbi, LL. 188b, 33. ib. 121a, 19. 188a, 2. gen. na díbe 127, 14.

dí-chonnercle f. *uncharitableness.* 95, 3. díchondirclech *merciless*, Alex. 311.

dí-chumce f. *incapacity.* 75, 13.

didiu, didu *however.* Written out :

> marbais tricha díb didu,
> rofácaib 'na chróligu. LL. 202a, 18.

O rachruthaig didu uili anmand in talman do criaid, LLec. 529b. ronfuid didu Dia súan sadail sámchotalta i n-Adam, ib. atchondairc didu in ben corbo maith in crand re thomaltos, ib. 530a, etc.

dí-fhreccra *unanswerable, unspeakable, enormous.* direccra 63, 2. Salt. Ind.

díriun *dropping.* 116, 20. dirain .i. geinom*ain* (?), ut est : tobair imda ag dirain asin tobur sin, Harl. 5280, fo. 42a. diorain .i. snighe no sileadh feart[h]ana no fleachaidh, O'Cl. Salt. Ind.

dísert n. *hermitage.* dísert .i. desertum .i. derechtae, H. 3. 18. dísiurt 87, 12. a n-dísert sa, LU. 15b, 8. gen. dísirt 119, 21.

dogaillsi 95,7 dóile 97,11

120, 2. díserta 75, 27. 85, 25. dat. dísiurt, LU. 15b, 2. W. diserth *desert*. From Lat. desertum.

dísertach m. *hermit*. 122, 9, 10. Reeves, Adamnán, p. 366.

díthaigim *I destroy*. inf. díthugud 125, 18. 28. LU. 76a, 23.

díthait *repast*. cotormalt feiss ⁊ dithait, LL. 59b, 6. gen. díthata. 75, 20, 21.

dlai f. *a wisp* (*of thatch*). 53, 4. dásachtaig .i. fo tabair dlai fulla, Laws iii, p. 12, 2. In Arann bun-dlaoi or bun-tshop means the eaves of a house. feib raléiced dlai omthanaig ar aithi ⁊ étrummi, LL. 267a. (sic leg. with the Edinburgh copy) *as quickly and lightly as he would fling a thistle wisp*.

doccair *troublesome, uneasy, miserable*. Atk. Comp. doccra 17, 18. Used as a noun : cen doccair, LL. 197b, 34. Oppos. soccair.

dochosail ? 95, 21.

dochta *tightness, closeness, strictness, narrowness, niggardliness*. 95, 3. bríg cen docta, LL. 2a. From docht *tight, close, niggardly*. ciarbo docht for rúne in rí .i. ciarbo balb remi sin, LU. 9a. Three Shafts, Ind. Bk. of Fen. p. 240.

dóennacht *humanity, kindness*. 49, 13.

dóethain *sufficiency*. 114, 18. 115, 29. LU. 25b, 20. Mer. Uil. Ind.

do-fil *he comes*. 5, 5. dofuil in fer chucut, LU. 20b, 14. Stokes, *Lives*, l. 499. frithalid na firu dosfil far n-dochum, LL. 116b, 7.

do-fochellim *I promise*. doruachell 5, 23. Ann. Ulst. 963.

doichell f. *grudging, inhospitality*. 95, 3. Rev. Celt. v, p. 243, gen. doichle 97, 8. LL. 117a, 42. rodochell, LL. 188a, 2. Oppos. sochell, LL. 345b. sochall, Trip. Life, 149, 9 ; whence soichlech and soichlige f., LL. 343c.

do-idnaim *I give*. dobérthar in talam duit doidnais ar t' anmain, LU. 116b, 4. tidnais 49, 21. tidnus 71, 18.

doinmech *unfortunate, unhappy*. 9, 9. doinmecha gl. adversa, Ml. 32b, 1. doinmech cach daidbir, Aibidil Cuigni. Hence doinmige f., Alex. 640.

doirrseóir m. *doorkeeper*. 89, 4. 91, 5. 123, 14. pl. acc. dorseori, LL. 51b, 4. Hence dorseoracht, LL. 263a. W. drysor.

dóit-gel *having white forearms*. 97, 3. LL. 161a, 37.

dond-bán *dun-white*. 69, 3.

drech-ongdás *face-band ?* 89, 22.

dressán *spleen*. 89, 23. gl. splen, Ir. Gl. 1012.

drolam m. *a hook or ring; handle* or *knocker of a door.* Salt. 4309. 123, 11. comla ibair ⁊ dá drolam fáraind esse, LU. 19a, 17. it remithir sliastæ fir cech dubdrolom cetharchoir fordadúna, LU. 95b, 36. of a cauldron: trascarthair in trénfher forsin coire co memaid a dóeláma forsin drolam iartharach, LL. 292b, 31. of a cup: coilech argait hé ⁊ dí drolam da cech leth ass, LBr. 158a, 20. Cf. drolmach f. missi bias fon drolmaig de eter chomlaid is choire, LL. 34a, 16. M. drolloo *pothooks.*

druchtán *cheese-whey.* 119, 39. LBr. 9b, 23.

drús f. *lust, lewdness.* LU. 68b, 1. LL. 208b, 50. dí ingin báeissi .i. drús ⁊ doairli, Harl. fo. 74b. dat. drúis 73, 2. From drúth *lewd*, Wind.

dubán m. *fishing hook, angling rod.* 91, 18. 122, 1. ruaimnech dubain, Ir. Gl. 428. M. dooan *hook.*

dubánacht *angling.* 91, 21.

dublaithe adj. *melancholy.* 87, 5. dublaithe a n-deoid an domain, Harl. 5280, fo. 42a.

duilesc *a sort of edible sea-leaf, dulse.* in duilesc fliuch, Laws i, p. 170, 13. femnach no duilesc, ib. fithrech .i. dúilesc, Rawl. B. 512, fo. 52b, 1. gen. dulisc 89, 19.

duille f. *leaf.* Wind. dulle ⁊ bláth ⁊ mess, LL. 156a, 21. of a book: 53, 25. W. dail.

duillech *leafy.* 69, 3. gaim dullech, LL. 188c. rosc duillech, LL. 97b, delg d., ib.

dulas 77, 4. For dolas *grief*, the opposite of solas? Henn. translates *appetite.* Cf. dulasach *greedy*, Three Shafts, Ind. dúlda, dulmhar *greedy. desirous;* iondula *desirable*, P. O'C.

E.

éca f. *death?* 93, 15. A by-form of éc?

écin *some, a certain.* 61, 14. Tog. Tr. 835. ni bói (scil. Titus, lá cen mhaith écin do dénum, LBr. 150b. Trip. Life, p. 558, 19.

ecnaide f. *wisdom.* 105, 28.

ecnaidecht f. *wisdom.* 105, 22.

érdaim 87 21 Éill 99 21

eithre *tail.* 79, 18. .i. dered no forbera no err, Three Ir. Gloss. p. 136. *end:* eithre na slabraide, LL. 393b, 44.

elath f. *a calvary or charnel-house, a carn, a heap or pile of bones in a churchyard,* P. O'C. *a stone tomb.* m' ilad ⁊ m' uág, LU. 119a, 40 dat. atá corthe oc a ulaid, LU. 134a, 6. a cloch thall for elaid úair, LL. 150a, 26. acc. elaith 121, 36.

Elcab 75, 8 = Ulgabh 119, 24? Cf. benais béim n-ulgaib leóman don charput úachtarach for a forcli, LU. 79b, 43?

ellach *trappings?* 81, 3. Or *load, burden,* O'R.?

emeltius *tediousness, tardiness, prolixity,* P. O'C. 13, 3. is emeltius fri héstidib tíachtain dar na nechaib inundaib fo dí, LU. 97b, 39. iar laxu ⁊ emeltus ⁊ torsi, LBr. 256b. ionmhoille ⁊ eimioltas, Moy Leana, p. 44, 1. Chron. Scot. p. 4. emilte f. Rev. Celt. ii, p. 382. From emilt *tedious:* is emilt engnam cach fhir foleith díb d' innisin, LL. 74a. LBr. 10a, 40. ib. 156b, 53. Tog. Tr. Ind.

eochar-immel *border, edge.* 119, 31. Rev. Celt. x, p. 365. ochor-immel, Tog. Tr. 1131. ind-eocharimill in lochai, H. 3. 18, fo. 736a. bratt glefind immi co n-acharimlib argit, LL. 267b. Cf. ós bordimlib in beatha, Magh Rath, p. 112, 7.

epaid f. *poison, philtre, charm.* Wind. gen. eptha 7, 4. 71,25. pl. nom. auptha 7 felmasa 7 fidlanna, LBr. 258b, 82. dat. gan credium do chrandchoraib na d' upthaib ban, LBr. 243a, 26. Manx obbee.

epistil f. *epistle; necklace, collar.* gen. episle, 89, 14. pl. dat. epislib. 89, 12. 14. See O'C. Manners and Customs, iii, p. 105. sín Maic Máin .i. epistil bói ima brágait fri forgell fírinde .i. intan ba fír atbered ba fairsing dia brágait, intan ba gó ba cumac, Corm. p. 41.

eraiss *stern, poop.* Rev. Celt. x, p. 52, 11. dat. 119, 33. erus 85, 12. earais .i. deireadh, O'Cl.

er-ard *very high.* 83, 27. 95, 26. echrada ána aurarddai, LU. 85a, 17. fossad airard, LL. 33b, 13.

er-dorn *hilt.* e. claidib, LL. 173b, 43.

erdracaigim *I honour.* LL. 187a, 53. 187b, 22. LBr. 176b, 22. By metathesis for erdarcaigim; cf. erdraicc 91, 26.

er-drochat *front-bridge.* 37, 9. gen. bái Dirmaid oc glanad urdrochit a thaigi, LL. 353a. dat. for irdrochiut, LL. 272b, 35. pl. nom. it salcha na herdrochait, Rawl. 512, fo. 115a, 1.

érnaim *I escape.* ní érna acht óenchoiciuir díb ass, LU. 98a, 42. érnaba 5, 10. noco n-érnába cern ná cárna dít asind áit hi tudchad, LU. 86a, 20.

errandus *part, particle.* 55, 2. LU. 37a, 47. LBr. 188b, 8. is irrandus dom churp thusa, a Eua, LBr. 112a.

errchaide *vernal.* 63, 9.

errudus *responsibility, guarantee.* 117, 19. cach urrudus co deoraidecht, cach deoraidecht co hurrudus, Aibidil Cuigni. Laws, passim.

esrad *strewing.* 123, 25. esred 117, 17. ic esrad tigi, LL.268b. rohesrad a tech di choltib 7 brothrachaib, LU. 19a, 19.

essamain (1) *fearless.* Wind. Trip. Life, 456, 1. W. ehofn. (2) *welcome*, from bidding the stranger be "without fear" ("μὴ φοβηθῇς"). 75, 8. 119, 24.

essamna *welcome.* 95, 7. ferais esomni fris, Tochm. Em., l. 68.

étaid *jealous.* 125, 22. LL. 54a, 8, 12. 344a. edaigh .i. tnuthach, ut est: nirbu edaigh, H. 3. 18, p. 415.

etar-aissnéis *inter-relation, interlude.* 55, 17.

etar-tráth *twilight.* 107, 22.

etrad *noon?* 107, 23. See Corm. Tr. 68 s. v. etsruth.

F.

fáball f. *fable.* gen. fáible 71, 5. dat. fábull 69, 31.

fáen *supine.* 25, 16. 116, 19. O. Ir. fóin.

fail f. *arm-ring* (fainne *finger-ring*). LL. 267a. 111, 14. acc. falaig 45, 16. pl. gen. coica falach, LL. 206b. dat. co failgib, Stokes, *Lives*, 4573. a di foil do airgit, LU. 134a, 4.

fáith-liag m. *rates medicus.* passim. ar cend ind fháthlega 'sin Mumain, LL. 329a.

fannall f. *a swallow.* Wind. LU. 62b, 6. acc. fannaill 63, 9. W. gwennol f.

fannaigim *I grow weak, relax.* 93, 12.

farr *post, prop, pillar.* .i. colbha leptha, O'Don. Suppl. pl. nom. fairre. 37, 22.

fás-chocnom lit. *empty chewing.* 116, 26.

fasguth? 125, 20. Cf. ni chuala comrád no fas cud gotha Cellaig. LBr. 274b, 56.

fóic 105, 4 = fóice *ridge-pole, roof-tree; lintel.* Wind. cotarla feci in dorais i mullach a chind corusmarb, LBr. 128a, 8. feci

don tig, LBr. 260b, 36. dochúaid ar ettelaig for fégi in tige, LBr. 223a, 1. a féci for airlár, LL. 263b. ling dar féice in tige, LL. 301a, 16.

feolomain 117, 21. foloman 125, 34.

fer-glacc f. *a man's grasp.* 3, 14. Trip. Life, p. xxii. 7. Cf. glacc 89, 20.

ferna *alder.* gen. ferna 97, 2. W. gwern. M. faarney.

féta *brave, generous, heroic,* P. O'C. 61, 30. 109, 4. Ir. Texte ii, 2, p. 132, 254. athair féta fírfhíal, LL. 34a, 4. fer féta farsaid findlíath, LL. 267b. Findabair fhéta, ib. 138a, 27. féta a rath, ib. 205a. 17.

féth *aspect, look.* 93, 11. 17. 19. olc féth fil fort, LL. 117b, 36. Cf. anféth : boi anfeth na gorta lee, Corm. p. 37, 15. FB. 29 (Eg.) deigfhéth, Fél. C, 27.

féthán *a poor aspect.* 93, 10.

féth-shnass lit. *a smooth cut.* gen. féthshnais 93, 10. From féth *smoothness.* .i. ciúnas, O'Cl. *a calm,* Tog. Tr. 982. eo n-dénad a féth ⁊ a snass, LL. 68a, 44. ba féith in snass dódinach, Corm. p. 32. féth dar fudbu, LL. 55a. ba feth dam in muir, Rev. Celt. x. p. 84, 9. Hence féthugud *smoothing :* faitheche .i. fetheai .i. conair iarna fethugud .i. réidhugad, H. 3. 18. LL. 188a, 11.

fíad *welcome.* 23, 24. ní fhuarus-sa fiad n-óiged, LL. 62b. dorigned fiad mór fris, Bk. of Fermoy, p. 31a.

fiadain *wild.* 49, 14. M. feayn.

fiad-uball *a wild apple.* 45, 11.

dar fiar-láit *athwart, across.* 43, 17. 47, 15. ar fiarlaid críchi Saxan, Rev. Celt. x, p. 188, 7. ar fiarlaoid dá chóiged Muman, Moy Leana, p. 60.

dar fiar-ut *athwart, across.* 13, 25.

fidbach *some kind of corn.* 99, 5.

figlim *I watch ; study.* 53, 22. 24. figell a uigilia .i. frithaire H. 3. 18.

findach *hairy.* 95, 23. findech, LL. 266b.

find-choll m. *white hazel.* 63, 1. 117, 23.

fír-dírech *quite straight.* 63, 1.

fíre f. *truth.* 5, 21. W. gwiredd.

fír-fasc m. *salmon.* 89, 9. 122, 35. bratán fíréisc, LL. 283a, 24. Cf. fír-én *eagle.*

fithir *tutor*. .i. aite, 11, 3. Laws ii. p. 128, 8. Cf. fithithair fria felmac, Laws ii. p. 344, 4. do chungid derscaigthe dia fithithir, LL. 188c, 24. cona urerset felmaic a fithithre, ib. 22.

fo-chartad *scouring, cleansing*, 91, 10.

fo-chéim *gait*. 97, 17. Cf. fochengat, LL. 295b.

foigdech (fo-gnidech) *beggar*. 71, 21.

fo-immthecht *gait*. 97, 17.

foithe *under her*. 122, 32.

folartnaige f. *sufficiency*. 115, 32. Cf. ar lórdatnaid 7 ar fholortnaige, Alex. 865.

follus gnáthech *plain-working*. 13, 17. 19, 8.

folmaigim *I empty, evacuate*. 128, 13. 14. falmaigter an tech umpa, Bk. of Fermoy, p. 34b. *lay waste:* dofalmaigemar in chrích 7 in ferann, Laud 610, fo. 123a, 1.

folmnech *roped, tied by a rope*. 73, 4. From folomna .i. róithéud *a strong cord or rope*, P. O'C. LU. 80a, 25. LL. 67b, 11. Cf. cú lomna len, LL. 251b, 43. Cf. W. llyfan *rope*.

foltnide *hairy*. 95, 22. From foltne *a single hair:* cach foltne ina chend, LU. 59a, 35. ni rothesctha oenfhoiltne dia moing no dia fhult, LBr. 127b.

fo-lúaimnigim *I fly*. 107, 11.

fomnaim *I beware, guard myself*. Imper. fomna 71, 11. 119, 9. eimdhe .i. fomnæ no bith do menma, H. 3. 18. = cave, Ir. Nenn. p. 82, 7. fomna in láech, LU. 73a, 14. Laws iii. p. 414, 24. maine aighis ina piana, ni fomnibtis, 23. P. 3, fo. 16a.

fomtiu f. *precaution, guard*. acc. fomtin 87, 16. ar fomtin 7 ar imgabáil, LU. 35b, 24. asbert in liaig fri Conchobar co m-beth i fomtin .i. arna tísad a fherg dó, Aid. Conch. 65. Atk., *Ir. Lexicogr.*, p. 22.

for-ard *very high*. 39, 4.

i forcipul .i. i filliuᵭ, LL. 266b. 9, 27. LU. 133a, 26. 55a, 12. dá nathraig for leimnig 7 for banganaig a forcipul a bairr, Cath Catharda.

for-lán *very full*. 118, 6. Wb. 3a, 7. LL. 268a. W. gorlawn.

forrgim (*for-fhragim, root vrag, Stokes) *I strike*. 29, 25. forraigim *I crush, overpower*, Tog. Tr. Ind. cóica foirrged digail, LL. 207b, 11. forrgither andsin é ó chnedaib, LL. 193b, 24.

fortgellaim, fortgillim *I declare*. 7, 15. 27, 4. 29, 27. 67, 5.

Wb. 4b, 27. is taid ocus is lator, fortgella in rí, LBr. 261a, 47. fortgellat, MI. 23c, 15. LL. 43a, 45.

for-tócbalta *uplifted.* 9, 27.

fostán *steadiness.* 35, 7. tre dúire ⁊ fostain, Alex. 32.

francach *French.* 127, 31. Cf. coileach no ceare francach *turkey.* luch fhrancach *rat,* cnú fr. *walnut,* aitean fr. *great furze or gorse,* bolgach fhr. *the French pox,* P. O'C.

frith no frioth .i. slighe *a road, way, passage,* P. O'C. 51, 24?

frith-airigid f. *fore-meal.* 3, 17.

frith-pían f. *preliminary torture.* 31, 2.

fúathróc f. *apron.* ro fhuaigsedar duillinda na fice ⁊ dorindsedar fuathroga doib dona duillennaib, LLec. p. 530a. Comp. lín-fh. 63, 3.

fuillim (fri) *I add (to).* 45, 18. osin immach ni fullim-sea, LU. 126a, 8. combad fhuillite a gráin, LL. 193b, 2.

fuirseóracht *juggling.* 43, 24. fuirsirecht gl. mimi, August Carol. 12c.

furachair *wary, vigilant, watchful,* P. O'C. 97, 20. co fichtha f., LL. 256b.

G.

gábadán *a small danger.* 197, 10. A humorous dimin. of gábud *danger,* M. gaue.

gabáil f. *profit.* 95, 2.

gaile *stomach, caul.* 122, 35. Three Fragm. p. 124. M. gailley.

gal f. *smoke, vapour, steam.* gen. gaile 35, 1. M. gaal.

galbech *peevish, testy, angry, stormy, tempestuous, outrageous,* P. O'C. 93, 16. sidi gáithi géri galbigi, LL. 253b, 50. ria n-dílind gailbig glúair, ib. 136b, 47. A frequent epithet of the "Saxon", e.g. ri báig Saxan n-galbech n-gand, LL. 154a, 20. 393b, 14.

garbán *a grain of coarse meal, a single bran, a grain of sand,* etc. P. O'C. gen. garbáin 35, 2. Comp. brusgarbán 87, 22.

garr *dung or ordure in the paunch,* P. O'C. *garbage, offal,* O'R. gen. gairr 85, 3.

gat *a withe.* 71, 26. M. gad.

gebbad *cropping?* 85, 4.

gebend f. *prison, confinement, any great distress,* P. O'C. 69, 12. fo gébind gibsig (rhymes with Érind), LL. 5b, 30. Alex. 1098. Cf. the proper name Geibennach, FM. 970. W. geſyn.

Glám dícind 45,28

geir f. *suet.* gen. gered 35, 23. 85, 11. 20. 121, 32. 122, 2. geriud 87, 25. Cf. W. gwer.

gelbund *sparrow.* Comp. pl. nom. min-gelbuind 95, 25. W. golfan.

gel-chruithnecht *white wheat.* 37, 10.

gem-shecal *winter-rye.* 85, 4.

genelach *genealogy.* 38, 10. LBr. 185, 2. pl. nom. genelaich, LL. 144b, 20.

gentlecht m. *heathenism*, also *magic*, P. O'C. 5, 26. genntliucht, LBr. 128a, 30. Cath M. Tuir. 1. dat. apair fris nacha n-erbbad i n-gentliucht, nan-erbbad i fírinne, LL. 294b, 20. Cf. draidecht 7 génntlidecht 7 sénairecht, LBr. 258b, 81.

gérait *warlike, heroic.* Eochu Garb, gerait Gædel, LL. 161b, 12. Compar. gératu 83, 22.

gére f. (1) *sharpness, acuteness.* 105, 15. Cf. 17, 11. (2) *greed.* 3, 12. 114, 1. Ml. 75b, 1.

gerrcend *bolt, bar.* 87, 19. From Lat. gergenna, Ducange. Reeves, Adamnan. p. 126, note c. Changed by popular etymology as if "short-head".

gerthech *suety.* gen. f. gerthige 35, 23. 85, 21.

gillim = gellaim *I vow.* Wind. 21, 6.

ginach m. and f. *craving, greed.* 125, 13. gen. teidm cróeis 7 ginaig dochumm a chota, LBr. 143a, 2. dat. ginaig 116, 6. 128, 19. From gin *mouth.* 105, 19.

glámm *guest? assembly*, used like dám of one person only? glaim 87, 4. greas 7 glamh (leg. glam?), Magh Rath p. 104, 1. pl. glámma 7 cliara, LL. 109b, 11. glamaigim *I gather?* rosnglamaigit leis a grega 7 a damrada, LL. 304a, 41.

glas-chráibech *green branches.* 115, 13.

gnidim *I fling?* gnidis 51, 15.

grían m. *gravel or sand of a sea, lake, or river*, P. O'C. 17, 1. Rev. Celt. x, p. 54, 5. dat. ar úir 7 grían, FB. 52. acc. fil and grian Glindi hAi, Rawl. B. 512, fo. 52b, 1. deotar eter úr 7 grian 7 fér, ib. 112a, 1. Comp. murgrían 37, 5. 85, 26. W. graian.

gríanad *to expose to the sun, sunning.* 11, 20.

gribda *pleasant?* 49, 5. mná glana gribda, LU. 38b, 25. gillai gribdai gráda, LL. 201b, 19. griabhdha (leg. griobhdha?), 3 Fragm. p. 34, 11. Cf. grib: an maidin chaom go n-glóir n-gribh "glorious", Moy Leana, p. 126, 11.

grib-dál f.? dat. gribdail 117, 15.

gríss f. *embers, hot ashes, heat, fire, sun;* also *pimples, rash pimples, blotches, spots on the skin*, P. O'C. 95, 26.

grissach f. *burning embers.* acc. grisaig 128, 11. M. greesagh.

gruiten f. *the small curds which remain mixed with the whey after the removal of the thicker substance*, Reeves, *Culdees*, p. 203. Corm. Tr. p. 86. grus grot gruiten, a groso cibo .i. dagbiad .i. scaiblin no braisech, H. 2. 16, col. 114. gen. gruitne 67, 29. acc. gruitin 127, 17. LBr. 9b, 28.

grut *curds.* grut bruithe, LL. 117b, 23. acc. gruit 127, 25.

gruth *curds.* 67, 23. rop gilithir gruth, Stokes, *Lives*, l. 4075. gen. grotha 85, 11. 24. Comp. fír-gruth 37, 22. sen-gruth 85, 21. 99, 18. M. groo.

gruthrach f. *curds.* LBr. 9b, 24. gen. gruthraige 35, 2.

guilbniugud *nibbling, biting.* 13, 3. From gulban, W. gylfin, *beak*, Wind. gl. *aculeum* Ml. 20d, 10. 32c, 11. 122b, 8.

H.

Hirophín *Cherubim.* 41, 10.

I.

Iar-comla f. *foramen podicis.* 85, 7. Alex. 705. LL. 64a, 5. dat. iarcomlaid 89, 19.

far-shliss *hind-quarter.* 79, 7. 124, 39.

idnocul *delirering.* 43, 6. idnacul, LU. 133b, 9. Cf. ronidnacht, LL. 285a, 19.

il-blassa *many sweet things, dainties.* 5, 13. 27. di énaib ⁊ lubaib ⁊ ilmblasaib, Ir. Texte ii. 1, p. 173, 8. *many tastes* or *fancies*, 93, 27.

imbert? leg. inbert? 81, 14.

immasech *crossed* (of legs). 65, 4.

imm-chassal m. *cover, coating.* 85, 10. cassal, from Lat. casula, is fem. in the Trip. Life, Ind., but masc. in the following passages: gen. ic figi chasil, LL. 358 marg. snim casil, ib. dat. dom chassul, Three Hom. p. 38, 7.

imm-chíallda *very sensible.* 97, 3.

imm-dorcha *very dark.* 15, 6.

imm-líge *licking.* 101, 26.

imm-lomm *very bare.* 63, 9.

imm-naiscim *I bind around, twist.* 11, 29. nonimnaisc 'mo chend feib imnaisc*th*er lathranna staible, LL. 110b, 40.

immorro *but, however.* Written out: immoro, LL. 238a, 40. ummoro, LL. 257b, 13. imora, Alex. 931. imuro, Laud 610, fo. 82b, 1. imoru, Harl. 5280, fo. 22b.

imm-thús *contending?* 73, 11. Cf. fá anghlonn ioma re triath, Moy Leana, 146b. morthu fri ríg, LL. 344b.

inbe *entrails; tripe.* indbe .i. biadh i n-indib .i. isna cælanaib, H. 3. 18. 33, 28. 81, 7. 15. 91, 20.

inbert *horseclo th?* 81, 7.

ind-ber *a large spit.* 39, 17. 79, 14. indb*er* íarind ar in dá drolam sin LU. 19a, 19. remithir inb*er* cairi crand cachæ dib, LU. 88a, 28. bert inb*er* in chore .i. inber iairnd, LU. 97b, 17. dobert nói m-bulli dond inb*iur* iarind, ib. 19. comemaid a choeldruim immon inber, LL. 292b, 32. gen. cend ind inbir, Trip. Life, xxii. 5. From bir *spit:* bir ia[i]rn ina láim, LL. 89a. gen. in bera, LU. 69b, 14. acc. biur, ib. 13. dat. den bir culind, LL. 74b. pl. gen. coica bera, LL. 207a.

indeo, an interjection. 51, 21. 55, 8.

ind-fhota *having a long point.* 117, 23.

indlaim *I wash.* 59, 17. 122, 25.

in-dligthech *unlawful, illegal.* 101, 24.

indmaim *I wash.* inf. indmad, 71, 15. 95, 20.

indorsa *now.* 61, 7. indorsai, Alex. 155.

indraithim *I invade, attack.* 77, 3.

indrechtán *pudding, sausage.* 33, 19. 89, 27, 29. .i. putóg, O'Cl.

indsén *an islet.* 33, 26. Cf. indsech, LL. 5b, 31.

indsmaim *I rivet, fasten, fix.* 47, 17. 87, 28. inf. cride in choimded iarna indsma isin croich, LBr. 158a. bui Conall ac indsma gai forsin ráith, H. 2. 17, fo. 475b. indsma sleg, 3 Fragm. p. 34, 12. *engagement, pledge* (of marriage), 73, 6.

ingerta *greasy.* 91, 10. See geir.

ingur 99, 30 *anchor?* Wind. Or *matter, pus, filth, dirt?* Or cf. forsgath no ingar gl. enigma, Ir. Gl. 137?

inichin? 39, 7. 121, 13.

inmar *juice, dripping, condiment.* 125, 13. Stokes, *Lives*, p. 316, 26. LBr. 11a, 6. gen. inmair 33, 20. gan mir n-ionmair, FM. 534. dat. inmar 63, 14. Cf. inmaire, Ml. 20a, 25.

inmarda *juicy.* 29, 23. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. gabaid for ongad-

inriud 95,8

chomailt a chuirp do ola ⁊ do neithib inmar[d]aib eile, Cath Catharda.

innram *serviee, attendanee.* O'R. 55, 18.

ir-chuitbed *mocking, deriding.* 71, 21.

is-at *thou art.* 57, 8. isit, 122, 9. Cf. itib *you are*, LL. 281b, 28.

istad-loc m. *treasure-house.* 101, 16. Salt. 4198. As to istad, O. Ir. etsad (1) *treasure*, (2) *treasury*, see Ir. Texte iii, p. 280. autsa[dh], O'Dav. p. 51.

íth *fat.* O'Don. Suppl. 79, 31. gen. ítha 33, 21. 77, 12. 81, 5. 119, 19. bó co n-oeib ítha, LL. 358, marg. sup. M. eeh.

ithamail *greedy, voraeious.* 87, 7.

íthascach f.? dat. íthascaig 77, 13.

ithemraige f. *voraeity.* 95, 1. 119, 17.

ith-lann f. *corn-yard.* 73, 25. lann .i. ithlann no ferand, O'Dav. A Mid. Ir. nom. form ithlu (cf. persu, Mórrígu) also occurs: ithla choitchend, Laws i. p. 140, 12. ni facbatís tech na uaim na ithlu innte cen iarrair ⁊ cen tochailt, LBr. 154b. M. yllan, yllin. W. ydlan.

ítmaire f. *thirst.* 95, 1. From ítmar *thirsty*, Alex. 647. 667.

iuchair *fish-spawn, roe.* pl. dat. iuchraib 122, 35. 124, 30. Manx oghyr.

iuchua *pale red.* pl. iuchanta 97, 16.

L.

lachtmar *rich in milk.* 93, 18.

láí f. *steering-oar, rudder.* 73, 17. lúi, Rev. x, 86, 21. claideb sithider loí churaig, LU. 68b, 11. sithithir a lám ri læ, LL. 44b, 29. *tail, brush:* il-láí cecha sinnaig, LBr. 127a, 33. W. llyw.

láid form *it troubles, harms me;* also *I am unable, I fail, miss.* 27, 2. 122, 28. Cf. lai (!) .i. feimed ut est: rolaei fiadnaise fair fuirmed, H. 3. 18, p. 62.

láinte *filled.* 33, 22. 124, 2.

láir f. *a mare.* Wind. gen. lára (for lárach) 73, 1. M. laayr.

lán-berbthe *fully boiled.* 107, 18.

lán-méth *full-fat.* 33, 19. 91, 14.

lassamain *inflammable.* 125, 34. ba lond lassamain lándían, LL. 224b, 19. As a noun: da chrín ⁊ do lassamain, LL. 268a, 28.

latrach ? gen. latraigh 127, 19.

lebar-thecht *long and clotted, viscous.* 101, 9.

leibend *dais, platform, bank.* 67, 23. 118, 9. 122, 6. *a raised road*, LBr. 109a, 58. lebend sciath, LL. 120a, 55. léibend, LL. 43a, 46.

léir-gním *arranging.* 67, 16. 91, 15. Cf. colléir, du léir (LU. 126a, 24) *de industria.* di léir gl. *diligenter*, Ml. 68a, 15. Cf. léir-thinol, 3 Fragm. p. 32, 9.

lemnacht *new milk.* Wind. 99, 19. gen. lemnachta 33, 19. 35. 24. loimm lemnaicht, LBr. 9b, 49.

il-leth fri *in the direction of, towards; with reference to.* 57, 7. (cf. p 53, 12.) 55, 1. Alex. 437.

less f. *thigh, haunch.* Wind. gen. lessi 33, 23. cnám lessi, LU. 86b, 43. Cf. Manx craue-leshey *haunch.* dual : a di leiss, LL. 117b, 22.

lethar *skin.* 89. 9. Cath Finntr. Ind.

leth-ard lit. *half-high ; uneven.* 73, 28. lethard condarta, Harl. 5280, fo. 41b. measam laigi lethard, Aibidil Cuigni.

lethind 33, 23, leg. lethcind ? cf. 124, 3.

lettromm lit. *half-heavy; unsided, partial.* 73, 29. is breth lettrom lesmathar, LL. 34a, 12. Hence lettruimme f. *partiality.* Gael. Journ. iv, p. 42b.

lilaicc *a milch cow.* gen. lilicca 93, 18. caire lulaice, Laws ii, 254, 2. pl. nom. secht lilica, LL. 286b, 37.

línaide adj. *linen.* 63, 4. a léine ligdæ linide, LU. 91a, 23.

lín-scót *a linen sheet.* pl. nom. -scóti 103, 15.

lista *slow, tedious, heavy,* P. O'C. *oppressive, importunate.* 95, 4. lista in slúag, LBr. 224 marg. at fer saignesach-su lista, LL. 66a, 13. Trip. Life, 32, 31. Hence listacht (*Lives*, Ind.) and lisdatus (Three Hom. 78, 22) *importunity.*

littiu f. *stirabout, porridge.* Wind. littu, LL. 214b, 27. lite, Laws ii, 148, 20. gen. litten 33, 29. acc. litin 127, 19. Comp. find-litte 99, 29. W. llith.

ló *a lock of wool, a blade of wool, a single hair.* P. O'C. Cf. O'Cl. 97, 6. cét lend lóchorcra, LL. 51a, 20. coic bruit corcra do caemlaeib, Bk. of Fen. 368, 6. 370, 4. *a flake :* loa snechtai, Rev. iii, 183.

loan, see (2) lon.

Conn Disagreeable 337

weazel

lóech-lestar n. *warrior-ship.* 35, 26. 39, 24. 120, 10. 121, 30.

lómar *nappy.* Tog. Tr. Ind. 113, 10.

(1) lon m. *demon.* 3, 12. 115, 2. gen. luin 3, 8, 20. 7. 7. 103, 24. dat. lun 107, 19. lon cráis, LBr. 143a, 4. Comp. cráeslon 103, 5.

(2) lon .i. leis *hip, thigh,* P. O'C. loan 77, 12. pl. acc. luna 99, 12. Cf. O'Cl. s. v. lon lairge.

(3) lon m. *a wether.* pl. acc. lunu 99, 13. 127, 15.

lon charna f. *rump-steak.* 91, 14.

lón-choire *a food-caldron.* lónchore mór, LU. 95a, 39. Dimin. lón-chorén 77, 14.

lón-fheiss f. *a meat-feast.* 29, 25.

long f. *the cartilage of the chest.* gen. loinge 33, 23. 124, 3. acc. dar loing a ochta, LL. 64a, 1. Cf. O'Cl. s. v. longa bronn.

longan? gen. longain 113, 10. Cf. lendanach longanach, Ir. Texte iii, p. 98.

lon-loingén, lon-loingín *the gullet, weazand.* 33, 22. 77, 13, 22. 91, 22. 99, 15. Cf. LL. 187c, 18. Also the name of a musical instrument, the flute or recorder. See Walker, *Irish Bards* i, p. 124. O'Dav. p. 103, glosses the word by taob *side.*

lorg f. *a peg.* 11, 27.

loth-ommar *a washing tub.* 11, 22. pl. n. -ommair, LL. 54a. Cf. loth *a lotion or washing,* P. O'C.

lúabann (gen.) *loin?* 33, 22. 124, 2.

luabin? 69, 1. Cf. luabainde gl. casiatum (quoddam cibi genus ex caseo farreque confectum, Duc.), Ml. 84b, 5?

lúasc *a swinging.* 97, 24. Cf. lúascad *a swinging, jolting, rocking,* P. O'C. ni luaisced gáeth caircech m-bó, H. 2. 18, col. 718.

lúb-diabalta *double-looped.* 99, 31. Cf. lúp.

luchtaire m. *a caldron-man.* Boroma, Ind. 39, 16. 121, 22. gl. lanista, Ir. Gl. 10. d'iarraid airigthi barsna luchtairib, LL. 300b, 44. Ir. Texte iii, p. 196, 9.

luchtairecht *taking food out of the caldron.* robáttur na Danair ag l., 3 Fragm. p. 122. fuine na l., LBr. 155b. gair na n-aithech ósna coirib ac l. dona slúagaib, Bk. of Fermoy, p. 169a.

luidim *I go.* Imper. luid 53, 13. Cf. conludim.

luindig *some kind of music*. 125, 21. duchonn .i. loinniucc no ceól, O'Dav. p. 73. oc luindiucc, LBr. 188b, 4. luinneag *a song, ditty, chorus*. Highl.

lumman f. *a coarse cover, a large great-coat, sackcloth*, P. O'C. acc. lummain 9, 27. 25, 15, 17. gen. hi fola na lumne, LU. 134a, 19. a n-ucht mo luimne, Bk. of Fermoy, p. 85a.

lúp f. *a winding, meander, maze*. gen. luipe 39, 24. 121, 30.

lurie ? 93, 19.

M.

máelán *beare, a kind of coarse barley*. 99, 4.

máelán *sandal, shoe*. Rev. ix. 490, 4. pl. acc. maelanu LU. 3b, 45 (in medio ficonis sui, Nennius).

máer m. *steward*. 57, 12. 113, 11. *keeper:* maoir na croisi Athracht, Hy Fiachr. p. 40. From Lat. maior.

mairgócán, a dimin. of mairg *woe!* 95, 14.

maith *well!* 17, 15. 19, 19. 71, 16. 115, 36. 119, 14. Interrog. *well?* followed by the answer *ni anse*, LL. 282b, 42.

maithe 122, 4; for maide *stick?*

maithem *remission*. Wind. 29, 18. Cf. mathim n-anacuil do Diarmait, LL. 358 marg.

mál, adj. *noble*. 3, 11. Salt. 865.

'mana *around his*. 63, 10.

mang f. *a fawn*. O'Cl. acc. maing 63, 8. Cf. lúaithi mang ina máthair, Corm. s. v. mang.

maróc f. *pudding, sausage*. gl. iolla, Ir. Gl. 55. gl. trolliamen, ib. gen. maróce 87, 19. 123, 11. dat maroicc 122, 4. pl. maróca 67, 20. See Rev. xii, p. 461. Comp. dond-m. 122, 4. 127, 2.

Marta *March*. Marta la nuna, LL. 188c, 59. gen. 63, 10.

matad m. *dog, cur*. gen. mataid 27, 19. pl. gen. tech matad, LU. 74a, 13. adba maddad m-birach, Fél. lxxxv, 23. voc. matadu 23, 25. 25, 22. Hence the proper name Matudán, LL. 184a, 39. M. moddey. Cf. W. madog *fox*.

mataidecht f. *doghood*. 101, 15.

matra m. *dog*. voc. a charr-matraid 101, 14. madra allaid *wolf*, Ir. Gl. 275. Eachtra an Mhadra Mhaoil, Jubainv. Catal. p. 119. Cf. W. madryn.

mát-roga *a swinish choice*. 27, 19. Cf. mátt *pig*, Corm. pl. nom. mátta, ib.

a merachad 'astray' 83,16

medg-usce *whey water*. 15, 1. Rev. x, 86, 18. LBr. 9b, 37.

megill *bleating*. 101, 11. Cf. Germ. meckern, mecke *ram*. Hence ro meglastar, Trip. Life, 180, 24.

mellánach *small-lumped*. 118, 13. From mellán *a small lump or mass*, P. O'C.

memraigim *I remember*. 17, 11. 116, 4. W. myfyrio, from Lat. memor.

menistir *a service-set*. 124, 32. 127, 35. From Lat. ministerium, sacrorum vasorum congeries et apparatus, Ducange.

mescaim *I dip, plunge*. 11, 26. Rev. x, 79, n. 2. mescthus isin duiblinn í sin, LU. 95a, 40. Trip. Life, 70, 27.

mescán *a small dish or roll of butter*, O'R. *a ball, lump, or mass mixed*, P. O'C. mescan .i. do mescad in loma ásas, H. 3. 18. 87, 16. 121, 38. 123, 31.

(1) messe *boiled*. .i. bruithe 99, 13. 127, 15. messe no bruthnigthe .i. forloiscthe gl. argentum igni examinatum, Ml. 31c. 28.

(2) messe *apparition, phantom*. taidbsi .i. messa 73, 22. messi .i. aurdraighe .i. aurdracht, Eg. 1782, fo. 15b, 2. meissi, O'Cl.

métail? dat. métail 89, 24. gen. metla 123, 19. 124, 33. Perh. for móetal *paunch, stomach*.

méth adj. *fat*. Comp. lán-méth 33, 19. 123, 39. M. mea.

mether *a covering*. 17, 25. meithir bís im cairig claim .i. forbrata míl, Laws i, 188, 17. cen mether imbi, LU. 68a, 14 = gan meither (.i. étach) ime, H. 3. 18, p. 538. *a head-covering for women:*

> ní holc lim
> ce beth calle finn form' chinn :
> bái mór mether cech datha
> form' chinn ic ól daglatha. H. 3. 18, p. 43.

Cf. the proper name Calb-mether.

metríne *a small measure*. 101, 6. Cf. metrén fochæl folethan a hind ferna fodluigthe, Rawl. 512, fo. 115a, 2. A dimin. of metar. See Rev. xii, 465.

mí-altromm *bad nursing or feeding*. gen. -altromma 93, 20.

mí-chæmna *bad cheer*. 93, 26.

mí-chuirdech? 85, 1.

mid-builc *belly*. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. gen. -builce 33, 13. builc,

originally the nom. pl. of bolc, has passed into a feminine singular. Cf. the origin of Engl. bible, chester, Germ. zähre, thräne, schläfe, etc.

mid-chúartach *having a mead-hall.* 87, 11.

midchuine f. *medicine.* 95, 16. From Lat. medicina. Cf. midach from medicus.

mifech = mifrech ? 45, 2.

mí-fhocul *an evil word.* 17, 14. mífocul mná di araile, Laws i, 146, 32. dobreth a mífhocla do Choinculaind, LL. 119a, 16.

mifrech *dejected, miserable.* miffrech 93, 25. Corm. 37, 7. LL. 45a, 32. Hence mifrige f. LBr. 108b. 134a, 13. 224a, 28. Cf. mifre f. oc derfadaig ⁊ oc mifri, LL. 256b. cen miffri, ib. 134a. See Stokes, Rev. x, 57, n. 2.

míl *a louse.* Rev. x, 74, 21. pl. n. míla 17, 26. M. meeyl.

mílach *lousy.* 11, 17.

mil-builc f. *honey-bag.* 123, 36. Cf. midbuilc.

millsén *any sweet thing; sweet whey, cheese-curds,* P. O'C. O'Cl. 33, 26. 79, 13. 85, 27. LBr. 9b, 23.

min-chirrad *a subtle gnawing.* 93, 27.

minde = minne *a small particle, speck?* 11, 15. From min *flour.* Cf. folt-ne, cuis-ne, etc.

min-scellic *a small rock.* 69, 17. 118, 27.

min-scomartach f. *small broken pieces.* 91, 19. briscbruan ⁊ minsc. LL. 61a, 4. Cf. doringni minbruan ⁊ minscomart din charput, ib. 61a, 1.

Mithemain lit. *midsummer; June.* 85, 4. domnach im-mís M., LL. 44a, 37. Corn. mes metheven, Meriasek 4303. Bret. mezeuen, W. mehefin *June.* The Irish word seems borrowed from the Welsh (th = h).

moch-loingthech *eating early.* 87, 7.

moch-longad *early eating.* 85, 24. 93, 24. 119, 20. 123, 50.

moethal f. *biestings, also thick milk curdled,* P.O'C. 33, 26. 85, 20. 81, 26. 119, 38. gen. mæthla 89, 2. 93, 9. 122, 32. dat. moethail 67, 27. 120, 27. ní do moethail no do chaisse, LBr. 9b, 18. pl. dat. mæthlaib 37, 17. 81, 26.

moethal *fruit.* for mæthla matha .i. forsna maethla mathi .i. mess ⁊ torud, LL. 187c, 4. Cf. O'Cl. and P. O'C. *the goodly fruits of the earth and of trees.*

móit *wish, desire.* 9, 7. Alex. 1101. is ed rofhiarfaig in budh

móid le rígh nime ⁊ talman a beith-sium ag éisdecht re scélaib na féinne, Agall. na Sen.

moltrad f. *wethers.* LL. 296a, 21. gen. moltraide 127, 7.

múch f. *smoke, vapour;* also *gloom, darkness, dreariness, heariness, weariness, fatigue;* .i. tóirse, *sadness, dulness,* P. O'C. gen. ar mét am-muiche, Goid. 158. dat. fo múich 93, 20. betitt huili fo muich marb *in mortal sadness,* Bk. of Fen. 374, 4. i n-doccomul ⁊ i muich iffirn, LBr. 256b. W. mwg.

mugdorn 122, 38. This is the place-name Mugdorn, Stokes. *Lives,* l. 2788.

muirn f. *high spirit, courage, wantonness,* P. O'C. 45, 2. Moy Leana, 12, 30. caide na cuirn no caide in mhuirn dobí 'cot athair? Gael. Journ. iv, 106b. gen. for aba fhledóil no múirne dímáinige in domnáin duthain, LBr. 273b, 69. M. moyrn *pride, conceit.*

mulba? 123, 14.

mulchán *cheese-curds pressed (but not in a cheese-vat) and baked by dairy people for food,* P. O'C. 81, 1. gl. glassia, Ir. Gl. 243.

muncach *wearing a necklace or collar.* 97, 5.

mur-grían m. *sea-gravel.* 85, 26. 119, 39. cluid ⁊ cairthe ⁊ carrce ⁊ táthleca ⁊ mur-grían in talman, LU. 80b, 5.

mur-raith *sea-fern?* gen. murrathu 124, 19. Cf. dá mecon do muráthaig, Fél. p. lxi, 44.

N.

nár *high.* .i. úasal, unde dicitur Nár mac Gúaire, H. 3. 18. O'Dav. p. 107. A frequent epithet of nem *heaven.* Salt. Ind. for nim nár, LL. 161b. gen. náir 7, 29.

nás *death.* .i. cel, H. 3. 18. .i. bás, O'Cl. gen. náis 7, 31.

nem-brisc *infrangible.* 105, 17.

nem-literda *illiterate.* 29, 21.

nert-lia *a stone on which to try one's strength?* 47, 16. n. gáise, SC. 38. ba n. fergi, LL. 255b, 16. Cf. M. clagh-niart *a load-stone, a putting-stone.*

nimtá *it is not so.* pl. nimtát 85, 29. See imtha, Wind. imta .i. is inann leam, Laws iii, 30. amal file tra deochair eter laechu ⁊ clerchu, eter maccaillecha ⁊ laichesa, imtha samlaid deochair eter a sæthar ⁊ a pennain, Rawl. 512, fo. 42b, 2.

nóedenán *a small child.* 127, 6.

nómaide f. *an ennead of nine hours=three days and three nights.* 27, 1. 3. 107, 10. Cf. nómad, Stokes, *Linguistic Value*, p. 9. ro áinius nómaid, LU. 16b, 37.

O.

ochar f. *legging, hose.* eochra (ochra O'Cl.) .i. bróga, ut est: rogab a dí eochra ime, H. 3. 18. O'Dav. p. 83. pl. dat. ochraib 89, 7. Ir. Texte iii, p. 238, 101. From Lat. ocrea.

ocht-shlisnech f. *an octagonal log.* 95, 24. Cf. slisnige, LL. 216a, 20.

odarda *dun.* 53, 18. odorda LL. 266b.

ó-derg *red-eared.* 113, 19.

og f. *egg.* Wind. Sg. 8b, 10. 3, 16. og thirimm, LBr. 9b, 18. acc. uig, Magh Rath, 128, 19. gen. cloch i n-inad uigi, Bk. of Fen. 138. pl. n. oga, LBr. 9b, 29. dat. ugib 127, 21.

oibell adj.? 105, 9.

oirbire f. *reproach.* 119, 26. 21, 2.

oirfitech *musical; a musician.* 87, 4. binnius airfitig inna guth, LL. 267b.

olar *juice?* 79, 19. 125, 13. 126, 17. gen. olair 33, 20. risin mnæ n-olair abbæth, LL. 210b, 4? Cf. the river-name Olor, LL. 24a, 2.

olarda *juicy?* 29, 22. 37, 31. 121, 2. olorda 85, 20.

onba? 33, 28. 118, 29. *meal*, Henn.

onfad = anfed *a storm at sea.*[1] anfud, Wind. bolg-onfad 85, 18. bocanfad 119, 37. anboth, Ml. 125d, 11.

ongha? 69, 22.

ordnim *I honour.* 129, 16.

oróit f. *prayer.* 17, 8. aróit 125, 6. doberat a n-oráit úadib, LBr. 258b, 52. From Lat. oratio.

P.

pater f. *the Lord's prayer; any prayer.* 13, 12. 81, 32. acc. cen phatir, cen chreda, LL. 309b, 4. M. padjer, W. pader.

pone m. *point.* Wind. is minphongc ɔ is nefní, LBr. 157a, 31. dat. punc 41, 8. ina pongcaib, LBr. 280b.

[1] doinenn *a storm on land.*

popul m. *a people or congregation, the public*, also *a tribe or sept*, P. O'C. 29, 29. 33, 7. aircinnig anettlaide, popul fodardach, Harl. 5280, fo. 42a. gen. pobail 114, 12. M. pobbyl, W. pobl.

putrall f. *the hair of the head*. 115, 35. Corm. Tr. 138. Stokes, *Lives*, Ind. acc. putraill 122,$^{5}_{6}$26. co pudrallaib imgerra urardda, LL. 268a, 1.

R.

rámа *oar*. 119, 32. LL. 12b, 26. M. maidjey-raue.

refeda *cords*. 31, 4. réfeda 63, 18. refóda 63, 24.

rell *a block?* 47, 16.

(1) reng f. *the waist, the lower part of the back near the hips; one of the loins*, P. O'C., who quotes the quatrain :

A rígh nimhe na naomh,
as tinn liom mo cheann,
cidh leabhar mo dhruim,
ni reamhar mo reang.

127, 28.

(2) reng f. *a wrinkle, string, welt, cord*, P. O'C. acc. reing 123, 7. 127, 1.

rer-cherc f. *a heath-poult*. 3, 16. O'Dav. 112. ib. 118, s. v. sallann. rer .i. lon. Corm. Tr. 145. Laws iii, 380, 7.

ressamnach ? 109, 21.

ríamnach f. *a fishing-line*. dat. riamnaig 122, 2. gen. rogab in gilla bratán ríamnaige, LU. 116b, 24. M. rimlagh.

ro-brechtán *a large custard*. 37, 7. 120, 18.

robud *warning*. 71, 18. 20. gen. tendál robaid, LU. 87a, 14. M. raaue.

ro-chaithem *great eating*. 125, 14.

ro-immfharcraid *great excess*. 21, 4.

ro-ítu *great thirst*. 125, 13.

ro-thé *very hot, too hot*. 31, 15.

ro-thecht *very clotted, viscous*. 101, 8. 9.

rúadán .i. cruithnecht rúadh .i. maolcruithnecht, O'Dav. 112. *buckwheat?* 99, 5. There is a sea-weed now called ruadhánach.

ruaimnech f. *a hair-line for fishing*. r. dubain. Ir. Gl. 428. dat. ruaimnig 91, 18. 21. Cf. ruaimne *a long hair; a fishing-line*, P. O'C.

ruith 79,30

S.

sab 125, 19 ; bad spelling for sad, sod *bitch*.

sab m. *staff, stave, block*, O'R. Rev. xii, 462. pl. dat. sabdaib 123, 10. 16.

Sacsanach *English*. 123, 20. Saxanach 61, 29.

sadail *comfortable, lazy*. sádhail *luxurious*. Three Shafts, Ind. Uath Beinne Etair, 45. slóg saidbir sattail, LL. 155a, 30. rochodal co sadail ⁊ co súantrom, Magh Rath, 110, 20.

sadall m. *saddle*. dat. sadull 89, 21. pl. acc. sadli, Rawl. B. 512. Rev. xi, 494.

sail f. *beam, prop, joist*, O'R. pl. n. sailghe 37, 19. nói sailge sin Senchais Móir, Corm. 32, 6. dat. 123, 27. for sailgib na n-eclais, LL. 188b, 24.

sain-ait *something specially pleasant, a dainty*. 77, 6.

sainchan *on all sides, everywhere*. 105, 2. Atk. Ir. Lexicogr. p. 21. sancan .i. anunn ⁊ anall, H. 3. 18, p. 538.

sain-ól *a special drink*. 107, 18.

sall ? 79, 24.

saltair m. *the Psalter*. 13, 7. 59, 18. pl. acc. saltracha, LL. 298b, 15.

sám-fhind *gentle and fair*. 87, 8.

Sarophín *Seraphim*. 41, 10.

Satan *a Satan*. 143, 3. sattan, 3, 12. is ina étun bís a satan comaitechta, LL. 282b, 25.

scaiblín *pottage*. 35, 1. See quotation under grut.

scaiblíne *a small caldron*. 89, 7. From scabal f. .i. aighean no coire, O'Cl. Rev. xii, 86, § 92. Laws i, 124, 4. 134, 1. gen. scaibaile, ib. 170, 5.

scál m. *an apparition, phantom*. 71, 15. 18. nidom scál-sa ém ⁊ nidom urtrach, Baile in Scáil, Harl. 5280.

scell *kernel, grain*. 71, 30. Cf. scallan *a kernel*, also *a thin slice ;* also *a thin pepple, a coin*, P. O'C.

scíathrach *a shield strap*. 67, 26. cró sciathrach, Alex. 470.

scíathar *a shield strap*. 118, 12.

scibar m. *pepper*. Z. 10, 780. gen. scibair 71, 30. grainne scibair, H. 3. 18, p. 6.

scób f. = scúap, Wind. *the tail* (of a horse). dat. scoíb 89, 19. W. ysgub. M. skeab. From Lat. scōpa.

scolóc (1) timthirid, gilla *a man-servant, attendant.* 13, 21. 15, 23. 17, 10. 11. 114, 9. 13. eiric giunta co lomad a ciabaib na crosan 7 na scoloc, Laws iii, p. 354, 6. *A farm-servant,* Lismore Lives, Ind. The word is now fem. and means *an old man, an elderly farmer,* P. O'C. Manx scollag *lad, stripling.*

(2) *a scholar, student.* Fél. cxxix, 1. In O'Curry's MS. Dictionary (now preserved in Clonliffe College) the following passage is quoted from the Bk. of Ballym. 41b, b (?) : tréde as mó menma bís .i. scolog ar légad a shalm 7 gilla iar legadh a erraidh úadh 7 ingen iar n-dénam mná dhi.

scor *a stud of mares.* 79, 25.

scúabad *sweeping.* 11, 15. scópthe *swept,* Goid. p. 4, p. 14. M skeabey, W. ysgubo.

sculmaire *a sculler,* O'Don. Suppl. scemgal na sculmairi ic a scoltud, LL. 236a, 10. *a rowing-pin?* 85, 13. 119, 34.

sébcaide = sebcaide *hawk-like?* 97, 15.

sechtach *sevenfold.* 105, 16.

secht-airdech *seven-pointed.* 122, 33.

secht-fhillte *sevenfold.* 9, 13. Cf. sechtfilltech, LBr. 277a, 48.

secht-trumma *seven times heavier.* 61, 16.

secul *rye.* 99, 4. M. shoggyl. From Lat. secale.

seg *strength, pith.* 55, 4. cin seg, cin súg, LBr. 163b, 8.

sel *a while.* 11, 9. Wind. sel bec, LBr. 8a, 45. Rev. ix, 18. andara sel *alternately,* 3 Fragm. 26, 24. dális dóib sel cach thrír lee, LU. 25a, 15. W. chwyl.

semtille *a beetle or mallet,* P. O'C. *the knocker of a door :* 123, 11. 17.

sénaim *I refuse, deny.* 5, 18. Inf. séna. Mer Uil. 9. Rev. vii, 302, l. 206.

sen-cháisse f. *old cheese.* 37, 18.

sengán *ant.* 125, 22. Alex. 687. From seng *slender.* M. sniengan.

serbán *wild-oats.* seruán 99, 4. serpan .i. cenel n-arbha .i. ba doich bidh é in corco, H. 3. 18, p. 637d.

sessar *I sat.* 93, 2.

sétige *blanket.* 11, 18. 28. 17, 25. From sét *bedding.* deich cind ina rosétaib, LU. 81b, 5. do cholcthechaib 7 brothrachaib 7 di sétaib ingantaib, ib. 134b, 26.

sifind? 11, 15.

o

Sin-al. 12. Stowe 17 20; 23, 28 S 107, 1

síl-cáith f. *seed-husk.* gen. sílcátha 15, 2. 19.

sinchán *a young fox.* 85, 2. Cf. sinchénae gl. vulpecula, Sg. 47a, 6.

sítach *silk.* gen. 115, 35.

síthalta *strained, clarified.* 83, 12. *transparent:* 97, 16. From síthal, W. hidl.

síthfe *rod, wand, switch,* P. O'C. 9, 21. Cf. ar ropé in síthbe óir dar in clár findruini síl Aeda Sláni dar Bregmag, LU. 52b.

slaimegil. 101, 11. Prob. miswritten for sraindmegil.

slatt f. *rod.* Wind. dat. slait 122, 2. M. slatt, W. llath.

sleith *having carnal communication with a woman without her leave or knowledge,* O'Don. Suppl. 85, 3. hi sleith do mná .i. cen forba n-gnímа, Laws i, 162, 26. gen. lánamnas ćiene no sleithe, Laws ii, 404, 14.

slemda *smooth, slippery.* 85, 1. From slim.

slemnaigim *I smoothe.* 122, 26.

slemne f. *smoothness.* 47, 26. metaph. slemna fria garbu, LBr. 260b, 88.

slicrech f. *small shells, thin pebbles, bits of broken glass or other ware, potsear, potsherds,* P. O'C. acc. slicrig 121, 36. From slice *a shell.*

slithemda *stealthy?* 85, 2.

sluccad-chocnom *swallowing and chewing.* 101, 10. 127, 29.

smé *I.* 71, 17. 123, 1. Rev. x, 82, 17, 24. ib. 85, n. 7.

snadadán, a humorous dimin. of snádud *protection.* 127, 10.

snedim *I fling?* snedis 49, 17. sneid slaitt forru, LL. 111b, 31.

so-accallaim f. *affability.* gen. 93, 7. atchonnarc and in suid sulbair soacallma, LL. 116a.

so-accallmach *fair-spoken, affable.* 99, 14. LL. 343d, 6.

so-accobrach *easily moved or moving to desire.* 9, 15. LL. 343d, 6. Cf. oldate ina suaccubri gl. quam *speciosa,* Ml. 59c, 7. suaccobrib *pretiosis,* Ml. 130a, 3.

so-bucc *affectionate?* 87, 8. Cf. buca: ni himond buca na báig daib-se do chlannaib Colmáin, LBr. 277a, 14.

soccair *steady, safe, sound, comfortable.* 85, 15.

sochla? 97, 3.

sod f. *bitch.* int sod maic thíre, LL. 301b, 39. LU. 77a, 5. sogh allaid gl. lupa, Ir. Gl. 297. sodh co cuileanaib, Ir. Texte iii, p. 36n. Cf. so[d]tech gl. lupanar, lit. *bitch-house,* Sg. 64a, 7.

taisselbait 17

so-dethbir *very right, natural.* 93, 17. 21. Trip. Life, p. 6, 15.
so-fhulaing *pleasant to bear.* 31, 15.
so-mesc *intoxicating.* 29, 23.
so-milis *very sweet.* 29, 23. 83, 12. LBr. 142a, 3.
sonba *beams?* 69, 21.
sond-chú *a dog tied to a stake.* 115, 3.
soscéle (1) *gospel.* Wind. (2) *the book of the gospels.* 107, 5. (3) *a text, particularly John* i, 1. in tan atbertin soscela erdraic: In principio erat verbum, LBr. 145a, 29. (4) *the leathern bag in which the gospel-text was put.* 11, 4. 81, 28. 20. 126, 37. 127, 1.
so-tor-chutbide *easily moved or moving to laughter.* 87, 8. Cf. cuitbide. (1) *laughing:* LU. 96b, 37. forchuitbide, ib. 32. (2) *laughable:* gl. frivolus, Sq. 49b, 10. cuitbide cach denmnetach, LL. 344c. cuitbide cach n-uallach, Aib. Cuigni.
spírtalda *spiritual.* 13, 10. LU. 34b, 2.
spled, for spleg *play, sport.* 43, 30. From A.-S. plega.
spréid f. *possession, stock.* gen. sprédi 9, 19. From Lat. praeda.
sraind-megil *snoring and bleating.* 101, 11. srann *snoring* Corm. Tr. 153. srand .i. srón ann. .i. isin sróin bís, H. 3. 18, p. 83b.
sreb f. *stream.* Salt. Ind. a fhir imthéit sále sreb, LL. 265b. dat. maigre'na srib, LL. 297b, 50. There is a sister-form srib, Corm. Tr. p. 97. tar an Siuainn sribhghlain, Rawl. 512, fo. 121b, 1.
sriball f. *stream.* acc. sribaill 125, 22.
srón f. (1) *nose.* (2) *ness, headland.* 85, 21.
stace f. *pile, piece.* gen. na staci 63, 12. dat. staic 65, 5. pl. u. staci 81, 20. acc. stacci 63, 2. From O. N. stakka f. *stump.*
stúag-lerg f. *an arched slope.* 9, 29.
súan? 127, 14. Cf. súan cech slemon, LL. 344a.
súan-torthim *deep slumber.* 107, 23.
súgmar *juicy.* 37, 19. 77, 21. 83, 1.

T.

tachur=tochur, Wind. *placing, setting, sending.* 5, 22. bárca do thochur i port, LL. 343a. *putting in order,* 15, 11.
taisec *restoring; delivering.* 45, 23. 73, 24. Rev. xii, 124. gen. diablud taisic *double restitution,* Laws ii, 64, 27.

taiscelta 87,16

Ir. mss. 97, 15

tanach f. *cheese pressed and formed.* 69, 18. 85, 22. 99, 25. gen. tainge 33, 25. 119, 35. dat. tanaig 67, 25. LL. 125a, 19. pl. acc. tangea gl. formellas, Reg. 215, fo. 95b (Kuhn, 30, p. 556).

tarcud *acquisition, gathering, acquired wealth,* O'Don. Suppl. 73, 26. Laws ii, 356, 9. targud, ib. 396, 28.

tarsund *condiment.* O'Don. Suppl. pl. acc. torsnu 99, 7.

tarthrann (pl. n.) *flitches?* 81, 25.

tascaid (sg. dat.) 89, 10. *flummery,* Henn. *fat heifer-beef,* O'C. iii, p. 104.

tassa f. *weakness.* 69, 28. A sister form of taisse.

táth .i. mulchán, *cheese unpressed made of sour milk curds,* P. O'C. biad cosmail do chássi nó tháth, LU. 25a, 11. gen. táith 121, 32. Cf. táth *solder or glue, cement; a knot or joint* P. O'C. M. taa, cf. W. todi.

tecbaim *I lift.* 11, 27. tecbaid in fial, LL. 212b, 19. tecbaid Beccan súas a aenláim. 23. P. 3, fo. 11b.

techt *coagulated, viscous.* 101, 10.

téith-milis *smooth and sweet.* 97, 18. srotha teithmillsi, Ir. Texte, p. 133, 3. Cf. teith .i. bláith, ut est: teithgela caema, H. 3. 18, p. 51. lem .i. cach téith, Corm. Tr. p. 100. lemh .i. gach maeth, ut est lemhlacht, Eg. 1782, fo. 15b.

tenga f. *the tongue of a bell.* 89, 24. 123, 21.

tenn-sháthach *fully satiated.* 39, 8. Cf. teannsháth *plenty, abundance, enough,* P. O'C. a tennsuith dona bochtaib, Laws, iii, 20, 3. im úr dia tumad ⁊ a tennsaith dóib di, ib. ii, 150, 3. The opposite seng-sháith, ib. 150, 1. sathach gl. satur, Ir. Gl. 402. LBr. 143a, 5. Compar. sathchu, LL. 203b, 12.

teó *vigour, strength, power,* O'R. 127, 16?

termund *limit or precinct; glebeland, sanctuary, asylum, refuge,* P. O'C. 41, 25. LL. 201a, 27. termon cell, LL. 147b, 34. From Lat. termon-, as W. terfyn is from Lat. terminus.

tesc f. *dish, paten.* mod no thesc no slice gl. *lanx,* Sg. 20a. dat. teisc 65, 6.

tét-bind *sweet as string music.* 97, 18.

tíag libuir f. *book-satchel.* 9, 21. 11, 26. 13, 6. cotorchratar tiaga libair hErenn dia n-aidlennaib, LL. 371c. cuirset na manaig in cend ina téig libair, LBr. 188b, 52.

tibrecht? 81, 7. 15.

tibrén *a small spring or fountain.* 85, 19.

tinthuid 13.
tochl 9,20 ; 23,11 ; 25,7

ticcim *I come*, used idiomatically = *I give*. 51, 6. 13. 87, 24.

tigadus *housekeeping, husbandry*. 73, 20, gen. gan adbar a thigedais leis d'ór 7 d'airget, Cog. G. 118, 17.

timm *tender, soft*. 67, 25. nirbat rochrúaid, nirbat rothim, LL. 345e.

tinbe? 126, 33.

tindrum .i. sgél, ut est: tindrum mac Miled dochum n-Erenn, H. 3. 18, p. 46¼. 105, 18.

tinme *cutting up, carving*. 128, 21. in lúathletrad 7 in lúathtinme, Tog. Tr. 2, 1653.

tinmim *I cut up, carve*. 65, 13. Rev. v, 379. tuarsena tinmthi don ár, Bk. of Fen. 376, 7.

tírmaide *dry*. 29, 24. 85, 22. 95, 25. Ml. 123d, 3.

tírm-cháise *dry cheese*. 81, 30.

tírm-charna *dried flesh*. 37, 15. 77, 22. A byname: Aed mac Echach Tirmcharna, LBr. 238c, a.

tochar *a fight or fray, a battle or skirmish*, P. O'C. 121, 32. tachar, Stokes, *Lives*, l. 3289. i tochur risna clérchib, LL. 150a, 8. nirbu gaine dom' athair-si tochur (.i. indsaigid nó iarair) fri Coinculaind, H. 3. 18, p. 601. Hence tochraim *I quarrel, fight*. mairg thochras ri clérchib, LL. 149b, 26. ib. 38. mairg triallas is tochras, ib. 150a, 10.

tocrád *injury, offence, insult*. 77, 8. Trip. Life, p. 394, 20.

tóeb fri *trusting*. 73, 4. Cf. ferr duind taob do tabairt fri fer dorosat hec omnia, Laws i, 22, 20. iontaobha *fit to be trusted*, Three Shafts, Ind.

tóebán *small side-beams on the roof of a house*, P. O'C. 69, 5. taebhán tellaigh no comladh gl. *trabecula*, Ir. Gl. 71.

tóescán *a spill of water, a flush*, P. O'C. 119, 35. Cf. a tóesca fola trethu, LU. 94, 22. in tóescach 7 in tinsaitin na fola, LL. 291a, 17.

tolg m. *bedstead, cot*. .i. lebaidh, H. 3. 18. Boroma Ind. tolg creduma ima leapaidh 7 seisium inti dogrés, Fled D. nang. p. 42. dat. tulg 59, 5. pl. n. tuilg adnocuil, Alex. 887. Hence tolcda *bedding*, which occurs in a quatrain quoted s. v. medb .i. serb, H. 3. 18, p. 82:

> "tolcda di coilcthib simenn,
> gáir peinn di dromaib duillenn.
> lind serb a béluib debenn,
> mid medb di bratuib cuilenn."

Brichemnad. 95,23; 105,3

tón f. *the bottom* (of a sieve). dat. tóin 73, 3. W. tin.

tonnach *covering?* tonnach crédumi forsin taig, LU. 134b, 24.

tonnach f. *quagmire*, O'Don. Suppl. acc. tonnaig 115, 4.

tor *tower*. dat. tuir 105, 3. doróne tor tened dermaire i n-dorus na huama, Cath Catharda.

torcrad f. *boars*. gen. torcraide 127, 8.

torsigim *I weary*. 25, 21.

torsnu, see tarsund.

tort f. *cake*. .i. bairgen, Corm. Tr. 156. pl. acc. tortea 127, 9. W. torth f. from Lat. torta.

tracht *strength*. 55, 7. Cf. díthracht *without strength*, díthrachtaim *I weaken:* romdithracht a díbad, LL. 123b, 17.

trebar *strong, firm, robust*, P. O'C. 87, 15. fer tailc trebur co sonairte ballraid, LU. 82b, 28. Comp. trebar-glan 87, 11.

trebarda *strong*. 37, 13.

tremunta *some beverage*. 33, 25. 37, 28. 85, 17. 119, 35. 122, 26. Cf. treabhantar *a syllabub, sour milk*, P. O'C.

tresc *refuse, offal*. ait in rocuired a tresc dorigne cnocc mór de ba hé a ainm Tresc in Máirimdill, Tochm. Em. Cf. tresc *draffish, full of swine-wash*, P. O'C.

tresse *strength*. 71, 70. 119, 8. Alex. p. 94, 15. is é tressi inn anfaíd raćrig dóib, LL. 172b, 12.

trilis f. (1) *hair*. Wind. (2) *a sheep-fold?* gen. trillsi 45, 21.

triubhus *trousers*. 124, 37. Scot. trews.

troch f. *one doomed, fey; coward*. dat. troich 71, 20=ba rabhadh do throich a dteagasg, Moy Leana, 18, 15. Lorcán Laigen i treib troch = the dead, FM. 941. mairg gusa tiagar, it troich (.i. mairb) gusa tiagar, Brud. Dá D., H. 3. 18, p. 531 = LU. 88a, 17. troich imda 7 mórchoscuir, LL. 120a, 27. fo thaidbsin troch, 108b, 2. ba turus troch tromthuitted, 198a, 24. ba teidm teined tar trocha, 7a, 3. gai glas gona troch, FM. 917. fri demnu troch, LL. 150a, 46. 191b, 34. 211b, 40. ná tabair táib ri troich. LL. 148b, 8. pl. acc. tollais trocha, ib. 184a. Hence trucha *short life*, O'R. cen trucha, LL. 11a, 2. fuair trucha 7 trénaithbe, LL. 129b, 4. 184a. 184b. 193a, 58. LU. 119b, 38.

tromm-tonn f. *a heavy wave*. 122, 16.

túathe *charm, spell*. 5, 25. 27.

tuir 81,11 umaltöit 13.4.

tuicsinech *chosen*. 111, 19. tuicsenach 99, 14.
tur-arán *dry bread*, i.e. without condiment. 37, 16. 91, 9. Cf. bargenai turai, Rev. xii, 70, § 39. Now arán tur.

U.

úatha f. *scarcity?* 93, 15.
ug-adart *some dish; egg-fritters*, Henn. 127, 23.
úr-móin *fresh turf or peat*. gen. -mónad 15, 20. dat. -mónaid 15, 3.
ursann f. *door-post*. gen. ursainde 59, 5. W. g-orsin.
usca *lard*. 37, 31. 85, 19. 122, 2. usca quasi súsce .i. geir suis .i. na muice, H. 3. 18. tumud na cainnell a geir 7 usca in carna, Laws ii, 252, 2. From Lat. axungia.
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CORRIGENDA.

TEXT.

P. 5, 20. For *ōmun* read *omun*. The shortness of the *o* is proved by the word frequently rhyming with *domun*, *e.g.* LBr. 91, marg. inf. So *omnaig* rhymes with *fodluig*, Salt. 7763.

P. 7, 23. Read *bá[i]n*. ib. 24, read *Samā[i]n*.

P. 11, 2. Read *for bolcsén*.

P. 13, 10. Read *spirtaldu*. ib. 11, read *annālaib*.

P. 31, 11. Read *nocho* n-*damad*.

P. 33, 23. For *lethind* read *leth[ch]ind*. ib. 26, read *Indsé[i]n*, *millsé[i]n*.

P. 34, 1. Read *bladmāir*. ib. 5, read *Ābéil*, *Ādaim*. ib. 7, read *fostá[i]n*, *trostá[i]n*.

P. 41, 6. Read *Ādam*. ib. 7, read *Ābēl*.

P. 43, 18. Read *Māil[c]finde*.

P. 57, 23. For *ēcna* read *ecna*. That *e* is short is proved by such rhymes as *ecna : ecla*, LBr. 255, marg. inf. *ecnae : Teclae*, Fél. Feb. 22, etc.

P. 65, 12. For *fódén* of the Fcs. the MS. has *fodén*.

P. 67, 7. For *fobrais* read *fōbrais*.

P. 73, 2. For *bóithe* of the Fcs. the MS. has *boithe*. ib. 10, read *bæthaib*. ib. 17, the MS. has *lái*.

P. 75, 17. After *comlethain* insert *cernaig cianfhota cethirláin*. ib. 18, for *trē* read trī.

P. 77, 3. The MS. has *itchótamar*, *láife*. ib. 6, for *blāsta* read *blasta*. ib. 7, the MS. has *coris*. ib. 21, the MS. has *fastáib*.

P. 79, 24. Read *Sall*. ib. 26, read *Is dīn*, etc.

P. 89, 23. The MS. has *bá bragait*.

P. 91, 4. Read *osslaicther*. ib. 7, *clíi* MS. ib. 10, read *c[l]ochdrochat*. ib. 19, for *lurgān* read *lurgan*. ib. 24, for *'ma* read *ina*.

P. 93, 14. For *ōs tuil* read *ōs t'[sh]āil*. ib. 17, *trómgalair* MS. ib. 18, *dagchoca* MS.

P. 95, 6. Read cethri *fodlaib* fich*et*. ib. 21, *dochosail* MS.

P. 97, 1. Read *fhót*. ib. 4, *sí* MS. ib. 6, *dá* MS. ib. 14, *segda* MS. ib. 20, *risimbenfa*.

P. 99, 3. *nidoscoicela* MS. ib. ó, read *cacha orbaind*. ib. 12, *hitha* MS. ib. 18, *sengruth* MS. ib. 21, *eclide* MS. ib. 23, *hétan* MS.

P. 101, 14. *this* MS. ib. 28, *doberthi*.

P. 103, 10. Read *sin fil*. ib. 11, *lebruib*. ib. 14, *deisi* MS.

P. 105, 15. Read *col-léri*. ib. read *cenai ;* 22, *cenaidecht ;* 28, *cenaide*.

P. 107, 5. *shoscela* MS. ib. 11, *ethiar*. ib. 15, *comberbad* MS. ib. 17, *chombruthi*. ib. 23, *fesiss*.

P. 109, 10. *ni* MS.

P. 114, 20. *iernabarmach* MS. ib. 25, *ar* corrected from *iar*.

P. 115, 12. *aniu* MS.

P. 116, 2. Read *atatcomnaic-si*. ib. 22, *or* MS. ib. 35, *upull* MS.

P. 117, 20. Read *atāidh*.

P. 118, 9. Read *scēit[h]*. ib. 34, after *asœ* insert *Ais*.

P. 119, 8. *saidaile* MS. ib. 12, read *cuil*. ib. 15, *scolaide* MS.

P. 123, 22. Read *in clochdrochat*. ib. 23, read *clochdrochat*. ib. 36, after *brothchāin* insert :

meic borrt[h]oraid breacbāin,
meic borrchroit[h]e blāithe, meic blāithchi, meic breachtāin,
Meic beōire (būaidh m-bainde).

P. 125, 4. Read *egna*. ib. 7, *foesom* MS.

P. 126, 36. Read *paitir*.

Translation.

P. 10, 3. Read *who put a gospel*.

P. 28, 29. Dele *to thee*.

P. 42, 13 and 21. Read *Maelfinde*.

P. 56, 7. For *and it was—on me* read *and this is what caused that misunderstanding between me and thee*.

P. 68, 28. Read *When I get to Butter-mount,*
May a gillie take off my shoes.

P. 70, 32. For *the husks* read *grains.*
P. 72, 4. For *mad* (*l*) read *roped.*
P. 86, 8. For *niggardly* read *shameless.*
P. 90, 13. For *lake-bridge* read *stone-dyke.* ib. 22, for *leg* read *shanks.*
P. 92, 15. For *brow* read *eye.* ib. 17, for *sharp* read *fierce.*
P. 96, 22. For *slender* read *transparent.*
P. 98, 6. Dele *fair.*
P. 104, 15. For *can* read *cannot.*

ADDENDA.

NOTES.

P. 132. *Mac Dá Cherda.* There is a poem on Femen in LL. p. 209b, which Mac Dá Cherda or Comgán is said to have composed together with Cummine.

Ib. *Dub Dá Thâath.* In H. 3. 18 the well-known poem beginning *Dia m-bad messe bad ri réil* is ascribed to him.

Ib. *Caillech Bérre.* After the notes were printed, I found so many further references to this Protean character, that there would be materials for a monograph on her. In H. 3. 18, p. 42, there is a long poem ascribed to her, with the following introduction: Sentane Berre, Digdi a [h]ainm, di Chorco Duibne di .i. dá Uaib *Maic* Iair Conchinn. Is dib da*na* Brigit ingen Iustain. Is diib dono Liadain b*en* Chuirithir. Is dib do*no* Uallach ingen Muineghain. Foracaib Finan *cel* doib ni biad cin caill*ig* n-amra n-áin dib. Is de robói Caillech Berre fuirre: cóica dalta di a m-Berri. Secht n-ais n -aith*edh*[1] a n-dech*aid*[2] condeged cech fer éc críne uade, com*tar* túathe 7 chenéla a húi 7 a iarmúi 7 cét m-bliadan di fo cail*le* iarna shenad do Cuiminiu for a cend. Dosnanic si œs 7 lobræ iarom. Is and asrubard sii.

"The Old Woman of Beare, Digdi was her name, of Corco Duibne (Corkaguiny), viz. of the Uí Maic Iair-Conchinn. Of them too was Brigit, the daughter of Iustán, and Liadain, the wife of Cuirither, and Uallach, the daughter of Muinegán. Finan left a prophecy for them that they should never be without a famous illustrious old woman of their race. The reason why she was called the Old Woman of Beare, was that she had fifty foster-children in Beare. She had seven periods of youth one after another, so that every man reached death by old age

[1] leg. áitedh = óited? [2] leg. i n-degaid.

before her, so that her grand-children and great grand-children were tribes and races. And one hundred years she was under the veil, after Cuimmine had blessed it on her head. After that she reached old age and debility. It was then she said"—

Then follows a poem beginning :

"Athbe dam-sa bés mara,
senta fomdera croan."

"My life ebbs from me like the sea,
Old age has made me yellow."

From this poem, a second copy of which is found in the same MS., p. 764, it appears that she had been a famous hetaira in her time. She compares her present life with that of her younger days :

"It máine
charthar lib, nitát dáine :
i n-inbuith im-marsamar,
bátar dóini carsamar."

"It is riches
That you love, not men :
In the time when we lived,
It was men we loved."

"It fálte na hingena,
ó thic dóib co Beltene :
is dethberiu dam-sa brón,
sech am tróg am sentane."

"The maidens rejoice
When Mayday comes to them :
For me sorrow is meeter,
For I am wretched and an old woman."

"Ni feraim cobra milis,
ni marbtar muilt im' banais,
is bec is liath mo trilis,
ni liach drochcaille tarais."

"I hold no sweet converse,
No wethers are killed at my wedding
My hair is all but grey,
The mean veil over it is no pity."

"Rombui denus la ríga
ic ól meda ocus fína:
indiú ibim medgusce
itir sentanib crína."

"Once I was with kings
Drinking mead and wine:
To-day I drink whey-water
Among withered old women."

In the same MS., p. 38, marg. inf. the following quatrain is found, in which she is said to have been the mother of St. Fintan (cf. Fél. p. liii) and of the fénnid Finn who fought at Cromglenn:

"Caillech Bérre, brígh go m-*blad*,
máthair fíralainn Fintain,
ocus in fennedha Fhinn
dochuired cath i Cromglinn."

The following lines in LL. 139a make her the wife of Fothud na Canóine, a well-known poet of the eighth century:

"Callech Bérri búan bind bunaid,
ben Fhathaid Chan*óine* na cét."

Father O'Growney has also collected several further modern stories about Cailleach Bhéirre, some of them from Castlebeare itself.

P. 135. As to the custom of making the night precede the day, cf. O'Dav. p. 114, s. v. saboit: lá reimtcit adaig nocotáinic núafiadṇaise 7 adaig reimteit lá ossin illé. "Day preceded night until the New Testament came, and night precedes day from that till now."

Ad p. 43, 23. Cf. girri cach n-uachtarach, libru cach n-ichtarach, LL. 266b, 30. With the whole scene compare the following description of a *nebulo*, in William of Malmesbury, ii, p. 438: praeter ceteros ludo mordente facetus, obscenos quoque gestus imitari peritus, si quando verbis minus agentibus destitueretur . . . primoque nudato inguine incestavit aera, tum deinde crepitu ventris emisso turbavit auras.

Ad p. 51, 11. Cf. LL. 45b, 34: Nói n-grád nimi ocus in dechmad grád talman tilchaig Is iat dilsi lúagi lemmghair dúani Crimthain.

Ad p. 103, 18. Cf. messu a chách leind do dál, Boroma, 139.

Glossary.

áer *satirising*. Sg. acc. bá-sa maith frim' áir, LU. 114a, 34.
ammaig lit. *out of the plain*.
annland *opsonium*. anlond, LL. 206a, 8.
arráir *last night*. areir, LL. 285b, 30.
assa *shoe*. gl. soccus, Sg. 22b, 9.
beoil *meat-juice*. beóil *grease*, Corm. s. v. mugeime.
bíthe *female, effeminate*. Olla sétig Séim bláith bíthi, LL. 136b, 38.
cliathán *the breast or side*, O'R. 99, 32.
cocnam *chewing*. in cocnam, Ml. 75b, 7.
comroircnech, Sg. 6a, 11. 26b, 7.
comrorcu *error*, seems a Middle-Ir. form for Old-Ir. comrorcon. Cf. connabí comrorcon and, Ml. 82d, 6. ib. 25d, 12.
cundrad gl. *merx*. Sg. 68b, 5. huanaib cundradaib cissib gl. *mercedibus*, Ml. 122a, 3.
dísertach *hermit*. LL. 281b, 3.
emnach *double*. 99, 31.
erdracaigim *I honour*. Cf. erdaircigidár gl. *concelebrat*, Ml. 28b, 15. erdarcaigfes, Ml. 89b, 4.
fail *arm-ring*. foil gl. *armillam*, Sg. 64a, 17.
fairci 120, 33 = fairre 37, 22.
fithir *tutor*. faig ferb fithir, LU. 10b, 36. it [fh]idera for fidchellaib, LL. 276a, 17.
folmugud *to lay waste*. Bk. of Fenagh, 312, 26. *to evacuate*. Ann. Loch Cé, 1315.
fomnaim *I beware*. fomnid-si, Wb. 33a, 15. foimnide, Trip. Life, 42, 9.
forlán, Wb. 3a, 7.
forrgim *I harass*. Cf. ní forrúich, LU. 86b. nachamforraig, LU. 71a, 13. 21. díanamforgea, ib. 22. romfhorraig, LL. 205b, 21.
fortgellaim. Cf. fortgellait fellsaim, LBr. 181b.
ginach *craving*. Such derivatives in *-ach* used substantively are either masc. or fem. Cf. Z. 810.
lái *steering-oar*. Better lui, dat. luith, Corm. s. v. prull. W. llyw points to urkelt. *levo- or *lŋgo-.

muirn *high spirit.* Hence muirnech *cheerful*, Bk. of Fenagh, 276.

og, *egg.* The pl. dat. *ugib* shows that the word was still declined as an s-stem when the original of LBr. was written.

síthfe. sithbi isin brutt ós a brunni, LL. 231a.

sliserech *small shells.* Cf. sligre ⁊ turrscar, Fél. xxxviii, 36.

soccair *comfortable.* m'inar, édach sídam*ail* soccuir, Eg. 1782, fo. 33a. 2.

somilis *very sweet.* Hence somailse gl. *dulcedo*, Sg. 52a.

spirtalde, Wb. 15b, 2. The *i* is short. Cf. the rhyme ilulc : spirut, Maelísu's Hymn, 6.

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